

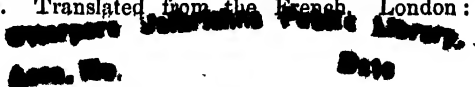
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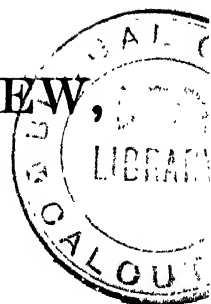
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ART. I.—1. *The Administration of the Marquis of Lansdowne as Viceroy and Governor-General of India, 1888-94.*
By GEORGE W. FORREST, M.A. Calcutta: 1894.

2. *Statement exhibiting the Moral and Material Progress and Condition of India during the Year 1891-92 and the Nine Preceding Years.*

3. *Statement exhibiting the Moral and Material Progress and Condition of India during the Year 1892-93.*

4. *Correspondence respecting the Affairs of Siam.* No. 1.
August 1894.

OFFICIAL statements purporting to exhibit the moral and material progress of a great country during a term of years are never likely to attract the general reader. For to him the Blue Book is deterrent, because its colour and usual contents belong to a kind of literature that either makes no attempt to deserve popularity, preferring dulness to incaution or inaccuracy, or else incurs legitimate suspicion if it attempts any deviation from the hard dry road of facts, figures, and strict induction of practical conclusions. Nor are retrospective surveys of administrative periods likely to find much favour even with the politician, who lives almost entirely in the present, and finds ample occupation in the incessant discussion over contemporary affairs which is provided for him by journalism and the unceasing flood of orations within and without Parliament.

Nevertheless the two publications that stand first in the list at the head of this article appear to us to merit some general attention. In his succinct history of Lord Lansdowne's administration of India from 1888 to 1894 Mr. Forrest has described, well and impartially, the work of a

Viceroy who unquestionably exercised great personal influence upon the course of government during those five years, and whose activity, firmness of purpose, and generosity of character are universally acknowledged even by those who do not regard some aspects of his foreign policy with unqualified approval. The 'Statement of the Moral and 'Material Progress of India between 1882 and 1892' is not a mere record of events and transactions within that decade; it is prefaced by a brief and useful summary of antecedent history, leading up to the point at which the special narrative begins. We are thus presented with a complete review of foreign politics, of our relations with the internal native States, of the formation of the chief British provinces, of the administrative machinery, and of the constitution of the Indian Empire as it has been gradually built up by parliamentary statutes, by public ordinances, and by the operation of the Indian legislature. In like manner the sections dealing with municipalities, local government, the military and marine forces, and public instruction take up their story from the beginning, while under all other important departments of public business the area traversed by this report is sufficiently large to afford a comprehensive view of the subject.

We find no fault with these publications for being tinged with the natural colour of healthy optimism. It is not the business of official or semi-official writers to touch otherwise than very lightly indeed upon the defects or drawbacks which are inseparable from every system of government, or to lay stress upon the underlying difficulties that necessarily adhere to such a grand and unprecedented experiment in the art of managing alien dependencies as that upon which we are engaged in India. In this, as in every other record of accomplished facts, the work of criticising results may safely be left to volunteers, whose zeal and acuteness in discovering the weak parts of the official case may usually be relied upon. For ourselves, while it is the main purpose of this article to survey rapidly, and from an independent standpoint, the immense field that is covered by these two able and ample dissertations, we shall not be extreme in marking what is done amiss, but neither shall we abstain from drawing attention to problems of delicacy or complexity, or to any noteworthy tendencies or symptoms, that the publicist or the political biographer may have fairly thought himself entitled to overlook.

To begin with the foreign affairs of India : In the political

terminology of Europe the word 'protectorate' has risen to remarkable prominence during recent years, denoting a species of relations that, although they have existed from time immemorial between strong and weak States, had not previously been quite so openly affirmed or formally defined as at present. Every leading European Power now lays claim to certain spheres of influence, over which it may or may not assert a distinct suzerainty, but within which no interference by rival Powers is allowed. The subordinate rulerships may either be enclosed within the superior dominion, or may lie outside as breakwaters against foreign impact or invasion; and it follows, as a necessary consequence of such a position, that the protecting Power finds itself in charge of a double line of frontiers—the interior line circumscribing its actual jurisdiction, and the exterior border including those spheres which it is pledged to defend. Nowhere is this peculiar formation better distinguished than in India; nowhere can its growth and characteristics, or the responsibilities which it entails on the sovereign Power, be more instructively examined.

It may be useful to extract from the Blue Book a passage that sketches briefly the geographical features of the Indian borderlands.

'The continental frontier of India presents a great and most interesting variety of political and ethnic elements. On the west, in the direction of Persia, are the pastoral freebooters of the Biluchistan plains, succeeded by the warlike and predatory highlanders of the strip of mountainous country known as Yaghistan, or the Independent tract that remains unground between the upper millstone of fitful aggression from Afghanistan and the nether, in the shape of the uncompromising peace and order enforced by the British in the Indus valley. Next comes the mountain barrier of the Himalaya, the greater part of which is under the comparatively strong administration of chiefs of Indian descent; but towards the east these give place to hill and forest tribes of Mongoloidic origin, which spread southwards, forming a fringe all along the frontier of Assam and Burmah, where they meet their kinsmen under the sovereignty of China and Siam.'

In the foregoing citation the frontier which is delineated is that which surrounds the Indian continent, within which lie most of the older native principalities, surrounded and isolated by the British dominion. Upon the condition and progress of these interior States the Blue Book provides ample information.

'Here,' says the writer, 'we are brought face to face with a series of political conditions absolutely unique, and for complexity, variety

and the novelty of principles that have to be applied for their regulation without a parallel in any other part of the world. These States cover an area of nearly 600,000 square miles, and contain a population of more than 66 millions. There are in round numbers 690 of them, varying in size from Haiderabad, with its $11\frac{1}{2}$ millions of subjects, to the petty chiefship in Central India or Kathiawar, extending over a couple of villages with less than 1,000 inhabitants.

But it must not be inferred that our protected States or spheres lie all within that geographical circumscription. As a matter of fact the range of our protectorate stretches far beyond the red line which marks British possession, embracing not only the semi-independent tribes whose highlands form the fringe that encircles our true border, but also the great outlying rulerships of Afghanistan and Baluchistan, and such minor States as Sikhim and the petty chiefships on the north-east. It is with these outlying countries that our external relations have been principally concerned during the last ten years, and it is upon Lord Lansdowne's management of the important questions involved in our position upon this debateable ground, interposed as it is between our proper territory and the outposts of strong and active rivals, that the Viceroy's foreign policy must rest its claim for deliberate approval.

The general situation is well sketched out in Mr. Forrest's short history.

'The independent principalities and Powers beyond the bounds of Hindustan which come within the purview of the Viceroy of India extend from the Arabian Sea to the little-known dependencies of Burmah lying beyond the Salween river. To consolidate our friendship with the independent kingdoms, to define our sphere of influence over the petty States and wild tribes that border our Empire, and to distinctly demarcate the boundaries which separate us from our neighbours, have been important features in the external policy of Lord Lansdowne, and much has been accomplished during the past five years in all these directions. As Lord Lansdowne stated in the address to the Calcutta Chamber of Commerce which signalled the close of his administration, we can no longer afford to be indifferent to what passes within the territory* of petty chiefs on our border. "Russia on the one side, France on the other, and China on the third " have steadily advanced."

It is quite true that the gradual approach towards our frontier of Russia from the north-west and of France from the south-east has profoundly modified the strategical position of India, and has, to borrow Mr. Forrest's words, 'enormously increased our interest in the intervening 'country.' Upon what principles, then, are we to introduce

and uphold the influence which for our own safety we are to exert over those tribes and kingdoms that still remain standing as a barrier against the inevitable expansion in Asia of two energetic European Powers? No competent authority will now affirm that the policy of masterly inactivity, although it served us well thirty years ago, applies to the existing state or prospect of affairs; nor will any one contest the disadvantage of permitting the landmarks of French or Russian annexation to be pushed forward until the frontier dividing them from us becomes, as between States on the European continent, a geographical line that can be overstepped at will. There can be no doubt that the right principle is to determine what extent of country must be maintained as a barrier, and to bring that country so effectively under our protectorate as to bar out aggression from the further side, abstaining at the same time from all avoidable interference in the interior concerns of the tribes or the rulers. But this broad rule is easier to lay down generally than to carry out in particulars. For in the first place the statesman has to decide, upon considerations political, strategical, and financial, how far he shall advance and where he shall stop. What is to be, in the far northern regions along the Upper Oxus and the Pamir ranges, the line at which we are to say to Russia, with a resolute intention of making our words good, 'Thus far shalt thou come and no further'? Whereabouts, in the wild hill country inhabited by predatory clans that separates China from Burmah, are we to insist on thrusting back the Yunan mandarins, who exact revenue and levy dues on commerce? And, above all, at what point on the upper waters of the Mekong are we to make a stand against the somewhat contentious emissaries of France, who are the harder to manage because, unlike the Russians, they know not exactly what is best for themselves?

Secondly, whenever these exterior frontiers shall have at last been adjusted, which is as yet by no means the case, we have to consider the precise degree and measure within which it may be possible to confine our interference among the tribes and chiefships that have thus been brought under our protectorate. If the British Government, respecting their independence, endeavours to hold entirely aloof, and to leave barbarous rulers and wild folk to their own devices, there is apt to supervene a state of things not unlike that which existed eighty years ago among the native principalities in the centre of India, before the great pacification which was imposed upon them by Lord Hastings. Civil

war and tribal feuds distract the country; the beaten partisans appeal for help to the protecting Power; while the predatory clans not only make our own border unsafe, but, what is much worse for our foreign policy, they harass the external frontier by disorderly conduct, which brings down upon the Government urgent remonstrances from the watchful rivals to whom we are particularly anxious that no pretext shall be given for aggression. In this manner we are led onward step by step into closer control and regulation of the protected belt, until we find ourselves burdened with the administration of some unruly people from whose barren hills and narrow valleys no revenue can be extracted, and who can only be quieted by enrolment into a kind of border militia, at some cost, or by the judicious distribution of subsidies.

Such are, then, in outline, the problems upon which Lord Dufferin's remarkable diplomatic skill and accumulated experience were fully employed, and which have since pressed with redoubled urgency upon Lord Lansdowne. Under the former Viceroy the most important section of the Affghan frontier was finally settled, while the acquisition of Upper Burmah determined our general position towards China and Siam. Upon the latter has devolved the task of completing our external frontier line at both extremities of the Empire, and also of giving practical shape to our relations with the rulers and tribes inside that line, whom it has become necessary to protect, pacify, and conciliate. The main object of Sir Mortimer Durand's mission to Affghanistan in 1892 was to induce the Amir to withdraw his troops from certain frontier districts of Trans-Oxiana, which lay beyond the limits up to which we were prepared to extend that guarantee of his dominions from external aggression which is the basis of our arrangements with Abdurrahman Khan. But a second and scarcely less important object was the adjustment of a border line defining the limits of the Amir's jurisdiction on its eastern side, where a belt of independent tribal highlands is interposed between the Affghan kingdom and British India. In default of any such recognised line the tribes had been naturally prone to play off the British authorities against the Affghan rulers, and *vice versa*, appealing alternately to one or the other in aid of their domestic quarrels, plundering impartially, and taking aid or subsidies from both. Sir Mortimer Durand succeeded, by dint of patience, tact, and ability, in effecting an agreement with the Amir upon both these difficult questions of the inner and

of the outer boundary line, so that a joint commission is just starting to demarcate the Amir's eastern border; and, as the Affghan troops have evacuated the districts beyond the Oxus river, negotiations are now proceeding with Russia for the completion of the north-west frontier of Affghanistan, which in 1886 was carried no further than the Oxus. Although upon certain minor points there may be controversy and delay, we have little doubt that within a short time this delimitation will be prolonged eastward along the Upper Oxus to its source, and thence across the Pamir plateau until it touches Chinese territory. The result will be that a broad strip of that vast mountainous region which overhangs the north-western angle of India, where it runs up to a point in the Indus valley, will be diplomatically guaranteed from the encroachments to which a masterless, ill-defined tract, separating two powerful and expansive empires, is inevitably liable. In the meantime, and in anticipation of this new frontier adjustment, the net of our political responsibilities has taken a wider cast. It has now been thrown over the petty chiefships lying north and north-westward of Kashmir on the southern slopes of the Hindu Kush mountains—Chitral, Hunza, and Nagur—and the Indian Government has imposed, not without some preliminary fighting, a kind of overlordship upon some of the tribes inhabiting those remote highlands.

In Baluchistan, the wide sparsely populated country that stretches from below Affghanistan southward to the Arabian Sea, changes of less political importance, but similar in character and result, have been taking place. It is now about fifteen years since an expedition to Kandahar imposed upon us the necessity of interfering actively in the affairs of the Baluch tribes, through whose territory lay our communications with India. The result has been that, notwithstanding the reluctance of successive Viceroys to extend their responsibilities, the British Government has been compelled, as a consequence of assuming the office of mediator and protector, to intervene more and more directly in local quarrels, for the purpose of sustaining the very weak authority of the Kelat chief, who has a kind of hereditary primacy over all the clans, and thus to stretch out a controlling hand up to the furthest corners of Baluchistan, where it meets Affghanistan on the north and Persia on the west. In those remote parts the Baluch caterans have been accustomed to harry their neighbours with comparative impunity, returning into their deserts to avoid reprisals.

The local governors, Affghan or Persian, kept their borders as best they might, since diplomatic notes were just as little in fashion as on the Anglo-Scottish marches in the sixteenth century. Now, however, that the political subordination of all Baluchistan to the British Government is becoming an accomplished fact, the situation is materially changed, for the Shah of Persia or the Kabul Amir can demand either that we shall undertake to put down marauding or allow him to undertake it—a dilemma out of which issues invariably the acceptance by India of a fresh and more distant obligation.

The general result is, therefore, that from the shores of the Arabian Sea right round India to the Chinese frontier we have established a broad band of protected territory, sweeping within its circumference Baluchistan, Affghanistan, the lofty mountainous region beyond Kashmir, and some half-explored tracts on the southern edge of the Pamir, and that within this territory our duties and responsibilities are multiplying every year. Let us now observe what has been going on in the south-east, beyond Burmah, where the activity of France in Siam is producing a situation precisely analogous to that caused by the pressure of Russia upon our neighbours in Central Asia. The negotiations with China for the purpose of settling our Burmese frontier have terminated with an agreement upon a line that brings within our protectorate a tract of rough hilly country occupied for the most part by the Kachin tribes, troublesome neighbours and indocile subjects, who had hitherto paid very nominal allegiance either to Burmah or China. As in the north-west so in the south-east, this lawless independence must now be exchanged for gradual subordination to light-handed but irresistible mastership; and thus the ever-breaking shore of barbarism subsides slowly under the spreading waves of civilised dominion. The establishment of a common frontier with China, an inert and comparatively friendly neighbour, adds little to our political anxieties; but further southward, where our territory impinges on the northernmost district of Siam, the case is very different. Here the sudden developement of the sphere of influence claimed by the French, who have pushed forward by long strides up the left bank of the Mekong river, has reproduced the very problems which our negotiations with Russia have gone far to solve on the Pamirs, for here also we are endeavouring to demarcate the boundaries which are to check the further advance towards each other of the European States, and to

set up a barrier designed to prevent their actual contact or collision. The course of our pursuit after a solution of these problems is recorded in the Blue Book of the correspondence respecting the affairs of Siam.

It will be seen from these papers that so long ago as in 1889 the French ambassador, M. Waddington, made an important proposal to Lord Salisbury.

'The French ambassador called on me to-day, by appointment, to make a proposal for the neutralisation of Siam. He stated that the French Government had a twofold object in view. They wished to establish a strong independent kingdom of Siam, with well-defined frontier on both sides; and they desired to come to an arrangement by which a permanent barrier might be established between the possessions of Great Britain and France in the Indo-Chinese peninsula. Such an arrangement would be advantageous to both countries, and would prevent the complications which might otherwise arise between them.'*

The discussion that followed took various turns, for neither France nor England was able to explain its own boundary to the other's satisfaction, until, in February 1892, M. Waddington called on Lord Salisbury 'for the purpose of 'making an unofficial suggestion.'

'His Government were of opinion that, in order to avoid further differences between the two Powers, it might be advantageous that each Power should bind itself to the other not to extend its influence beyond the Mekong. Neither Power had yet advanced practically to the banks of that river, but this engagement would prevent either Power suspecting the other of desiring to encroach upon what was essentially Siamese territory. I objected that such an engagement would have the appearance of giving respectively to the French and English Governments territory which did not belong to the other of the two Powers, and was therefore not at its discretion to assign. He said that that was not his intention. He did not propose any engagement of a positive character; he did not propose that either Power should recognise the other as advancing as far as the banks of the Mekong; he only proposed the negative engagement that each Power should bind itself to the other not to cross that river.'

Lord Salisbury seems to have been inclined to give this project at least attentive consideration, and in consulting upon it the Secretary of State for India he made a remark which, when read by the light of subsequent events, may be certainly placed to the credit of his foresight and penetration.

'He would, however, deprecate a merely evasive answer, as likely

Marquis of Salisbury to Lord Lytton (No. 3, April 3, 1889),

to induce the belief that her Majesty's Government have designs on the other side of the river, and that speedy action on the part of France is necessary to secure for her a share in the contemplated annexation.' *

It is not worth while even to summarise the series of letters, reports, and somewhat fruitless negotiations that ensued. In December 1892 the English Foreign Office finally replied to the French proposals in a letter which was read at Paris in an ambiguous sense, and which not impossibly produced, unintentionally, upon a sensitive and not very stable ministry the very impression that Lord Salisbury had desired to avoid making. However this may be, it is clear that early in 1893, when the forward colonial policy gained a predominance in the councils of France, the French officials at Saigon lost no time in discovering sufficient grounds or pretexts for assuming towards the Siamese Government a very menacing attitude, and the French chargé d'affaires in London complained that 'for the last ten years France had been suffering a series of petty wrongs and encroachments on the part of Siam.' All this culminated in the issue of an ultimatum demanding the cession to France of all territory in Siamese occupation on the left bank of the Mekong, to which, as it was enforced by a vigorous blockade of their capital, the Siamese inevitably submitted.

Looking back over the course of these transactions, we may admit the probability that if, in 1889, Lord Salisbury had been able to take M. Waddington at his word, and to fix the Mekong as the parting line between the spheres of influence claimable by France and England respectively, the French would, nevertheless, have advanced eventually, though with greater deliberation, to the left bank of that river. It may also be conceded that whenever the agreement between the two nations should have been disclosed, the Siamese would have had some colourable reason for suspecting that a virtual partition of their territory on the Upper Mekong was under contemplation. On the other hand there would have been this advantage: that the French would now be under a formal diplomatic engagement never to cross the river, whereas at the present moment they are under no such obligation. So that the whole of Siam between the right bank and British territory would, in any event, have constituted a far broader and more solid barrier

* Foreign Office to India Office (No. 17, May 14, 1892).

against any ulterior approximation of English and French possessions than can possibly be erected by the international commission which is now undertaking the awkward business of measuring out a small, artificial, and not very trustworthy buffer (*état tampon*) on the Upper Mekong. We fear that the outcome of these proceedings cannot fail to leave us with a narrow and weak barrier towards French Siam, and that we have missed an opportunity of establishing on that side a compact Siamese kingdom, which, either under our protectorate or under a treaty of neutralisation, would have been as serviceable in keeping us at a convenient distance from France in Asia as is Afghanistan in holding Russia courteously at arm's length. And one consequence must be that, whereas in the vicinity of Siamese or Chinese outposts the frontier can easily be controlled by a few stations of our armed police, we may before long find it necessary to set guards along the French border line upon the military scale required by European usage in similar situations.

Finally, with regard to the only Asiatic Power with which India is seriously concerned, it must be manifest that, whatever may be the result of the war raging between China and Japan, it cannot fail to affect our confidence in the comparative security of that long section of our Indian frontier which marches with the Chinese territory. Let it be supposed that the Japanese succeed in inflicting a vital blow upon that great empire which from time immemorial has dominated Eastern Asia. In that event it is to be expected that insurrection, local revolts, and brigandage will again, as in the time of the Taiping rebellion, break out in Yunnan and Kashgar, the provinces furthest from the capital, and will thus throw into confusion precisely those countries which border upon our Indian possessions, and also lie within the reach of France and Russia. Such a state of affairs would in all probability afford to the two European Governments very fair arguments for the necessity of extending their own influence in the interest of order. And it is quite possible that in this manner we may find ourselves face to face with European rivals upon points of our frontier where we have hitherto acquiesced in the exclusive system maintained by China against neighbourly commerce and communications, because, although she has declined to let us into her house, she has kept out others effectually. Russia might not let go an opportunity of placing Kashgar under her protectorate or of resuming the occupation of Ili, which she retroceded to China in 1881; while the French would be under strong

temptation to anticipate our trading enterprise in the markets of South-Western China.

But let us make the very conceivable supposition that China, by a tremendous effort, shall have repelled the Japanese invasion and maintained her political equilibrium, or that foreign mediation shall have saved her. In that case, after so sharp a lesson against the danger of neglecting the modern art of war, she will almost certainly proceed to raise a powerful standing army, organised upon the European model, drawing unsparingly upon the copious resources of wealth and population that must be available within that immense dominion. We do not by any means accept to their full extent the speculative conclusions upon which the late Mr. Charles Pearson (in 'National Life and Character') founded his prediction that China will sooner or later become a most serious danger to the British power in India. Yet it must be obvious that what Japan has actually achieved may be also accomplished by China, whose people are known to possess the qualities of enduring courage, of industrious ingenuity, while the organising faculty might easily be developed among their governing classes. Nor can there be the least doubt that a Chinese empire armed to the teeth, under a capable despot with a reformed administration, overhanging our Indian frontier from near the sources of the Oxus south-eastward to the upper waters of the Mekong, would complete the gradual transformation, which has already begun, of the old political system in Asia into that condition of jealous diplomatic watchfulness, of great armaments and fortified frontiers, which has probably reached at this moment its climax in Europe.

With these contingencies in view, and remembering the great importance to our Indian empire of maintaining, so long as it may be possible, the *status quo* in China, we can readily understand the motives that may have induced Lord Rosebery's Government to make overtures for a joint mediation of the European Powers between China and Japan. It is, unfortunately, no less easy to comprehend the indifference, to say the least, with which France and Russia may have contemplated such a proposal, and their refusal to entertain it. We believe, nevertheless, that England has no reason to regret having given proof of a friendly disposition towards the Chinese, nor do we think that the failure of the attempt affords adequate ground for declaring that it ought never to have been made. To those who watch the slow, uncertain revolutions of politics in Asia, where the era of

barbaric invasions and vast conquests seems to have closed, leaving the huge mill-wheel of change inert and stationary until forced into motion by the current of European forces, it must be interesting to speculate upon the apparent shifting of the traditional Eastern Question from the shores of the Mediterranean and the Black Sea to the other side of the continent—to China, Japan, and Manchuria.

It is due to the memory of the late Tsar, Alexander III., to record the fact that his attitude and policy towards this country were not only not adverse, but friendly, pacific, and straightforward in the course of these transactions. The result has happily been a material improvement in our relations with Russia. But whilst the death of the late sovereign is sincerely deplored by England there is every reason to hope and believe, from the close personal and domestic ties subsisting between the reigning families of Russia and Great Britain, that their political relations will be governed by the same principles. Nothing can tend more to the maintenance of peace, both in Asia and in Europe, than a good understanding between the two great European Powers that rule the north and south of Asia. They have many interests in common—interests far more important than the questions that divide them—and their united action might possibly lead to the termination of the present disastrous war in the far East.

The precursory symptoms of some such transition may already be discovered in certain significant changes of our frontier policy. Up to the last ten or twelve years the expansion of our dominions had taken the form of subduing open, accessible, and fertile countries within the geographical limits of India, whose population was more or less (except in Burmah) homogeneous with our subjects in the older provinces. Although we annexed Sind in 1843 and the Punjab in 1849, our jurisdiction stopped at the foot of the Affghan and the Baluch hills; while beyond Kashmir, which acknowledged our suzerainty, the tribes and petty rulerships along the slopes of the Hindu Kush and the Karakoram mountains lived in savage independence. Within the last twelve or fourteen years, and particularly within the last five years, we have taken under our guardianship all the passes leading from India through the highlands into Affghanistan, and from Kashmir northward to Badakshan and the Pamir tablelands; and we have occupied the Baluch plateau, whence the defiles run down into Sind. On our eastern frontier the large *enclave* of hilly country lying between Assam,

Chittagong, and Burmah has been brought into subjection, and roads through it have been opened up. Beyond the frontier of Burmah towards China and Siam the Shan States have become our tributaries; on the south of the Shan States the Karen country has been set in order; and even the wild races in the almost unknown tracts to the north of Burmah have been partially brought under our authority. Our determination to hold all the avenues into India, to keep the keys of all its gates, to open out trade routes, and to control barbarism, not only within, but beyond the line of our actual possessions, necessitates the imposition of political jurisdiction and military control upon a great variety of tribes with whom it had been an axiom of our earlier policy not to interfere except when raids on our border had to be punished. Whereas formerly we were content to leave the custody of these passes in the hands of the independent clans, it has latterly been thought imperative that we ourselves should take charge of them. Out of this change of policy various consequences are flowing. We are including within the sphere of empire some very unruly races, who will not be easily tamed down to quiet incorporation with the general population; we are multiplying the military points to be held and the length of frontier to be guarded; we are pushing forward our stations to greater distances from the centres of supply and reinforcement; the lines of necessary communication become longer and less secure. All these circumstances compel us not only to increase our army strength, but also to modify its composition, for service among Afghan hills or in the high valleys of Gilgit and Chitral is disliked even by the native soldier of north India, while the southerners are in no way fit for it. Upon this subject we may quote an extract from the Blue Book.

‘It must be borne in mind that the conditions of soldiering in India have undergone an almost complete reversal since the time when the native force was called into existence, or, it may even be said, was last called out for extensive active operations within the country itself. The points of resistance have shifted from the interior to the frontier, from the mild and constant temperature of the tropics to the fierce extremes of heat and cold in the mountains and tablelands of the north-west, and to the swamps and thickets of the far east. Within the period now in question the Indian soldier has been called upon to breast the fastnesses of Afghanistan and the Hindu Kush, to be “sniped” by fugitive dacoits in the scarcely penetrable bamboo forests of Burmah, and to man a *zariba* in the eastern Soudan; and going back not so very many years, we find him on exhibition in Valetta and piloting the “elephants of India over the mountains of Rasselas.” It

is true, of course, that distant expeditions were not unknown to the sipahi before the present generation, but they have not only been more frequent of late, but everything points to the continuance of the tendency mentioned above—namely, to transfer the scene of military attention from the tropics to the outskirts of India, and more especially in the direction of the north-western frontier.'

But since in every material augmentation of our Indian forces a due proportion between English and native troops is always observed, we have been adding to the strength of both establishments; and thus one inevitable result of the enlargement of our borders is to be detected in a sympathetic swelling of the military estimates; for the cost of the army services, which amounted in 1881-82 to 37 per cent. of the total charges of the Empire, rose to 43 per cent. by the end of the decade.

So long, indeed, as the Government of India conceive themselves obliged to accede to the military and political arguments that are incessantly pressed in favour of taking up advanced points and fresh ground upon strategical considerations that are less urgent than important, the Indian Treasury cannot logically refuse to provide whatever ways and means may be declared by the army chiefs to be indispensable for maintaining the new position. In the excellent speech on Indian Finance delivered in the House of Lords on July 20 Lord Lansdowne rightly defended the rise of military expenditure on the ground that military responsibilities had simultaneously increased; but he touched lightly on the connexion between the steady accumulation of army charges and the series of recent operations upon our north-western frontier. It has been the Viceroy's foreign policy to complete beforehand all possible dispositions in view of the contingency that a serious hostile movement against us from Central Asia may eventually be developed. But there is, we think, room for doubting whether, in fixing his eye on the far horizon, he did not overlook nearer political and financial considerations at his base. For this continual expansion of our external frontier adds to the Indian charges without increasing the Indian revenues, because it locks up both money and troops in the military occupation of outlying districts. We may undoubtedly take into account the countervailing advantage that the defences of India are thereby understood to be strengthened. But the reserve capital of that great enterprise which is known as the British Empire in India consists, at the last resort, in the British army; and, as in finance so in politics, the invest-

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ments and liabilities of an active and solvent administration must be carefully proportioned to the funds that are ready and easily moveable upon an emergency.

It is well known, and the fact has recently been brought home to Englishmen by the death duties, that a substantial strengthening of the national armament means raising the revenue demand; and it is always a serious matter for the British Government to levy fresh taxes on the Indian people. The difficulty is enhanced at the present time by the embarrassment into which the finances of the Empire have been thrown by the unfavourable exchanges, which have so operated as to produce a heavy surcharge upon the ordinary remittances for the payment of India's debt to England. For the discharge of their annual obligations to lay down gold in London the Indian Government has now to collect from the people many more rupees than were sufficient a few years ago. And the strain upon the Indian taxpayer's loyalty and patience is in no sense mitigated by the discovery that his Government are not even permitted to adopt those methods of raising additional funds which are most suitable and popular, but must regulate the incidence of the new import duties according to the exigencies and interest of English commerce. Remembering always that finance is the mainspring of administrative mechanism, that the Indian people accept our civilisation with indifference, and that if they consent to be hustled onward along the road of moral and material progress it is chiefly on condition that they are not required to pay much for the blessings that are showered upon them, we are bound to deal very cautiously with all measures of fiscal enhancement. In exchange for protection from foreign invasion and for internal peace, the two benefits of English rule that are really appreciated, the Indian population is willing to allow us a very free hand in governing them; but the price which they care to pay must not be exorbitant, and its weight must be adroitly distributed. The question is not so much whether the import duties on cotton goods would or would not tally with the axioms of enlightened political economy as well as with the interests of our manufacturing towns; it is whether, if the Indian financier be debarred from this expedient, he may not be driven to unpopular and inelastic pressure in endeavouring to extract more money from the land, the excise, the salt tax, the income tax, or other main sources of the existing revenue. The sheet anchor of Indian finance has hitherto been the land revenue, and so long as there is

a steady demand for export to Europe this revenue is easily collected. But the Indian corn trade is exposed to such sharp competition from North America, Russia, and the Argentine States, and the prices have fallen so low, that it is not safe to count upon the permanence of this profitable outlet, while if it were interrupted or closed the existing assessments upon the rents or produce of land in India might become difficult to maintain. .

Such considerations as these naturally draw attention to the internal aspect of British India, of which the Blue Books now before us present a picture that the English reader may be pardoned for regarding with complacency. During the past ten years the exports and imports of India's trade with foreign countries have increased largely; there has been a remarkable extension of railways; the great productive irrigation works of North India have shot out new branches that spread far and wide the inexhaustible supply of the snow-fed rivers; the web of telegraph lines has been spun out wider and interlaced more closely; the area under scientific survey has been extended. In the principal departments of government, in the administration of justice, in the police, the prisons, and the management of revenue, reforms and improvements go forward uninterruptedly; the statistics of public instruction are most satisfactory, while, in spite of the dearth caused by bad seasons, the population has increased in ten years by 19½ millions, a number 'more than equivalent to the population of England, 'and not far below that of the kingdom of Italy.' The chapter on the movements and condition of the people contains some instructive and well-placed remarks upon the causes—social, climatic, and geographical—which have governed and still affect the variations in number and local distribution of this immense population, with some remarkable conclusions as to the crops and food supply, the tenures of land, the incidence of the land tax, and the general condition in different provinces of the agricultural classes.

No one, in short, who knows or has studied Indian affairs could deny that this administrative record is a very good one, could doubt that the health and wealth, the morals and the knowledge, of the people are improving. All these authentic facts and figures are the outward, visible proofs that the public estate is under excellent management, which of itself gives strength and stability to the rulers. Let us, then, take leave of the official annalist, to whom are due many commendations for the accuracy, skill, and clear comprehen-

siveness displayed in the ten years' statement; and let us, as irresponsible critics, venture upon an excursion into the region of pure politics as distinguished from departmental administration.

It would be strange indeed if, when all organised governments in the world have their essential defects and accidental difficulties, the course of our rule in India were free from them; and the only matter for surprise is that the troubles are so few when the risks are so many. The immemorial antagonism between religions, for example, of which the pernicious effects are prominently visible in almost every crisis of European history, is at this moment not only active but powerful in India, where it is evidently gathering strength in an atmosphere that might have been expected to soften and dissolve it. In the great cities there are certain classes who have become imbued with the ideas and negative convictions propagated by the manners and teaching of Europe; but the vast multitude is everywhere conservative and follows leaders whose sense of danger to the ancestral creed has sharpened the edge of religious animosity. The agitation set up by the Hindus against the killing of kine by Mahomedans denotes the persistence, under altered circumstances, of an ancient and inexhaustible quarrel between two religious systems that are in strong contrast upon almost every cardinal point of ritual or belief. The bitter animosity thus generated between Hindus and Mahomedans culminated in very serious riots for three days in Bombay city, and in some fatal affrays in the eastern provinces near Benares and Patna. Lord Lansdowne, who suppressed these disturbances vigorously, took a subsequent occasion of laying down in plain terms the British policy of strict neutrality and toleration towards religions, coupled with a firm intention to put down violence; nor need it be feared that Lord Elgin will hesitate about maintaining public order. Nevertheless fresh quarrels have again broken out within the last few months at Poona; and this remarkable outflow of religious jealousy is still spreading, while it is supposed that active demonstrations against the killing of cows are still being concerted in many parts of India. Under the native rulers the disturbances from this cause were chronic and inextinguishable wherever the factions were evenly balanced; and there was peace only where one side or the other was irresistibly overmatched. No such collision as that which has been recently reported could have occurred at Poona so long as it was the capital of the Brahmin Peshwas, for the plain reason that the Mahomedans would

have been instantly crushed ; nor is it likely that under the Moghul emperors the Hindus could have raised a tumult against the slaughter of kine at Delhi or Agra. Moreover in those days of disturbed and dilatory communications no concerted action among the sects in distant parts of India was possible ; so that a petty religious war might have broken out in the north without stirring up unruly affections in Bengal or the Dekhan. But in these respects the condition of India is now entirely changed. The enlightened toleration of the British Government, although no religious party accepts it in principle, does nevertheless in practice provide all disputants with a fair field, shows no favour, and even withholds police interference up to a certain limit which, when it is reached, there is great temptation for excitable sections to overstep. That the Mahomedans should be legally protected, or the Hindus strictly restrained, in the public celebration of their worship in the streets of Poona or in the holy city of Benares, tallies better with administrative notions of rigid impartiality than with native ideas and traditions. Local custom and established precedent are of course the safest guides ; but when disputes of this kind come before the law courts the decision is almost sure to irritate the losing side, and if a turbulent minority wins it is much tempted to provoke resentment by triumphantly insisting on the extreme exercise of the rights decreed. If any collision follows it is noised abroad throughout the length and breadth of India ; religious passions and prejudices are fomented by the journals, and the summons to rally in defence of a menaced faith goes round among people who, whether Hindus or Mahomedans, have never been backward in answering such calls. Remembering that religious changes and controversies on a grand scale began in the West, where the Roman Empire had levelled local barriers, established free intercourse among nations, and professed neutrality towards all religions that did not interfere with politics, we have no sure ground for assuming that in the East they will be extinguished or even greatly discouraged by the *pax Britannica*.

Our opinion is, therefore, that there is no reason for expecting the disappearance, in India, of troubles bred out of the jealousies of rival faiths. On the contrary, as under the empire of the Cæsars so now in the land of English imperialism, peace, prosperity, and the equalisation of races and religions under one universal and impartial dominion are conditions rather favourable than unfavourable to wide-

spread religious movements among a people profoundly interested in things spiritual. The British Government does well to be prepared beforehand for such possibilities, and to watch vigilantly any precursory symptoms; but we must take care to anticipate nothing, and above all things the Government should avoid vain and premature alarms. The attempt made last summer in England to raise a scare over the mysterious smearing of trees in Behar did ill service to British rule in India; it suggested the notion that Englishmen could be easily frightened, and it was founded on a tendency to exaggerate and misunderstand the true bearing of such manifestations. No sane person could disregard, still less would he deride, these signs and tokens in India; but even false confidence is less dangerous than the attitude of undignified panic, or the assumption that because an unintelligible fact requires cautious investigation it is the forerunner of some vast political conspiracy. It is true that the origin and purpose of the circulation of cakes, which immediately preceded the Mutiny of 1857, have never been explained; but a reference to the evidence collected on this subject in Kaye's 'History of the Sepoy War' will show that even at that time, when men's minds had been startled by a sudden unforeseen eruption of fanaticism, the opinions of competent observers differed considerably as to any connexion between the cakes and the military revolt. One thing is certain, that among the innumerable sects of Hinduism the use of mystic signals and the passing round of emblems and intimations, sacrificial, prophetic, or (so to speak) masonic, are not unfrequent in India; and it seems also fairly established that the population at large, far from joining an immense conspiracy of silence, are usually as much puzzled by these phenomena as their rulers. The passage through the villages of cakes in 1857 was the common talk of the country-side. The peasantry were open-mouthed about it; they consulted the English officials, and if there were any deep secret the people at large were certainly not in it. History and past experience throw little light on these questions, for undoubtedly great disturbances have occurred without any such premonitory symptoms, while, on the other hand, these curious incidents have often happened without any subsequent commotion.

We do not desire that these things should be treated lightly or negligently; but of all rulers the English in India are least likely to be caught in a fool's paradise, and nothing breeds panics in the people like unsteadiness in their

government. There is at least one example on record, though now entirely forgotten, of the consequences of administrative credulity. In the year 1834 palm leaves with seditious notices or warnings written upon them were found hanging on trees by the side of all the roads leading to Kandy in Ceylon. The Government took alarm, made secret inquiry, surrounded with troops the palace of a high native officer, arrested him at night, and prosecuted him, when the whole affair turned out to be a plot, not for the overturn of British rule, but for the damage and disgrace of the said officer.

Finally, we may quote upon this curious question the opinion of a very competent native observer of high education and capacity.

‘What about the mysterious daubing of mango trees in Behar? Well, if this incident shows anything it shows from what little causes the excited imagination may jump to large, sweeping conclusions. This smearing of trees is by no means the first occurrence of its kind, though the first, certainly, to be taken so much notice of. . . . Once the incident was raised into a portent of political danger, and excitement rose to its height where all should have been calm indifference, it needed but little ingenuity to weave explanations and gloomy forecasts. Very much the same importance was given to the distribution of *chupâtis* just before the outbreak of the sepoy revolt. That, too, was a mysterious occurrence, and could not but have caused the troubles it preceded. In fact, however, the Mutiny has never been traced to the *chupâtis*. The latter were more likely distributed by some happy father out of gratitude to his gods’ having heard his prayers for a son and heir. He was probably rich enough to distribute them in large quantities, and the balance was passed on from village to village till the origin of the *chupâti* became lost, and they went on their way rejoicing as sacred *prasâd*—that is, food sent by the gods to their followers, to be partaken of sparingly and passed on to believers still further off. . . . The *chupâtis* had, perhaps, no more to do with the Mutiny than had the “Ferocious Dooly” immortalised by the M.P. knowing everything about it all. The moral of such incidents is that if the people of India are superstitious some of its administrators are no less ready to lose their heads.’

So much has been made in some quarters of the smearing of trees that it has seemed to us worth while to give some of the reasons why it need not be regarded as a portentous omen, like the writing on the wall of Belshazzar’s palace. On the other hand, though we deprecate belief in mystic signals and thickening plots as not conducive to a calm survey of the political horizon, we are by no means disposed to take an optimistic view of the present or prospective

situation in India. No prophetic interpreter of a mysterious language is required to discover what the educated native politicians are thinking about in a country where the native press, open-mouthed, voluble, and hard-hitting, has at any rate not joined the conspiracy of silence, and where a National Congress holds annual meetings. Nor is anything beyond native experience of Asiatic affairs needed to tell us that in India spiritual and temporal matters are closely connected, that the political agitator may make his market out of a religious fermentation, and that thus the old-fashioned conservative Hindu, who may imagine his caste or his customs to be losing ground, may be prevailed upon to follow leaders whose real aim and tactics he by no means understands. In these circumstances it is no easy matter for the British Government to maintain the necessary equipoise among jarring creeds, and to satisfy those who press for a policy of advanced Liberalism upon questions of administrative and social reforms, without offending the very sensitive prejudices of those whose attachment to our rule is strictly conditional upon our abstaining from all interference with their domestic and religious institutions. And embarrassments of this sort are materially intensified when the pressure of the native reformer, whose views and aspirations are natural enough, is supported by the co-operation of well-meaning but inexperienced advocates in England.

We desire to make it clearly understood that we are not hostile, in principle, to the wishes of the educated natives for a larger share in the government of their country. During Lord Lansdowne's viceroyalty a considerable advance (we quote from Mr. Forrest) has been made in associating the natives of India not only with legislation, but also with the judicial and executive administration. Ninety-three offices which had hitherto been held only by members of the covenanted civil service have been declared open to the different provincial services, which are almost exclusively filled by gentlemen of Indian parentage. What we are endeavouring to point out is that the obstacles, drawbacks, and intricacies which beset the path of Indian liberalism are very liable to be overlooked both by the native gentlemen who have little or no experience in the working of the Western institutions that they are anxious to introduce, and by the European politicians who are no less ignorant of the true conditions and circumstances of Indian affairs. The proposal to hold competitive examinations for the civil service simultaneously

in India and in England is a case in point. It was approved by a resolution passed rather unexpectedly through the House of Commons; and of course it was a central plank in the platform of the highly educated native reformers in the presidency towns of India. Yet, although something might be said for the demand, if it be treated as a question of abstract right apart from practical expediency, the project fell to pieces so completely under the dissection of the Indian governments, who showed clearly how it would operate and what would be its consequences, that our English Ministry, whose extreme liberalism is beyond suspicion, has lost no time, on reading the reports of their responsible advisers, in setting aside the resolution by a decisive negative. There was, indeed, no difficulty in demonstrating that the holding of examinations in India would attract an unmanageable multitude of candidates, who might swamp in a few years the European element, replacing Englishmen by natives from those provinces and classes which, in the advantage of European education, have had the start of Upper India by one or two generations at least. It is manifest that superiority in this respect would hardly counterbalance other disqualifications for the control of the northern races. Nor would it have been altogether prudent or opportune to fill the higher ranks of the civil service with many Hindus and a few Mahomedans at a time when the relations between the two religious parties were so undeniably strained that a member of either faith would be inextricably hampered by the duty of interposing as an authoritative and unbiassed mediator in any open discussion between them. And, lastly, remembering that the vast majority of Indians do sincerely desire the tranquillity of the country, the security of invested capital, and the maintenance of the existing relations between England and India, it must be admitted that these essential conditions of progress and prosperity can only be preserved upon a system by which an effective proportion of Englishmen in the higher ranks of the administration can be assured.

The question of relaxing the limitations which have hitherto been imposed upon the trial of criminal cases before a jury must be regarded from a similar point of view. The prime object of all legal procedure is the conviction of offenders and the prevention of crime; and among a people which is infinitely divided by castes and sects, among some of whom mutual animosity prevails, while others are under the bias

of ingrained prepossessions against the taking of life, whether of man or of animals—prepossessions which their neighbours may utterly reject and despise—and none are much accustomed to face responsibility or unpopularity by looking solely to the public interest in giving a verdict, among such a people the method of trial by jury comes as an exotic innovation, with little probability of success, except by gradual and discriminating introduction. Nevertheless the attempt which was lately made in Bengal to withdraw from juries certain classes of offences which had previously been within their cognisance was hardly judicious, and Lord Lansdowne's Government acted wisely in referring the whole question to a Commission, by whose report and the orders passed upon it all matters in difference appear to have been quietly adjusted.

It should be reckoned to the credit of Lord Lansdowne that the most important measure of constitutional reform that has recently been enacted for India by the British Parliament was vigorously supported by his Government and passed during his viceroyalty, though it had previously been initiated by Lord Dufferin. The Indian Councils Act of 1892 gave a Legislative Council to the North-West Provinces; it increased the numbers of the members of all the councils, provided for the selection of non-official members on a representative principle, and materially enlarged the functions of these bodies. The privilege of recommending members for the Imperial Legislative Council has been bestowed on the four provincial legislatures, and upon academic, commercial, and municipal associations or corporations; and under the rules now issued a certain proportion of the members of the provincial councils will be proposed and nominated after the same manner. 'There is no part of the scheme' (says Mr. Forrest) 'for which Lord Lansdowne has greater personal responsibility than that in which this principle is admitted; ' and when we add that in the new councils the members have the right of financial discussion and of interpellation it will be allowed that they have acquired powers of a certain substantial value.

Nothing can be more interesting to the student of history and of the art of government than to watch the course and conduct of the great experiment in the slow devolution of political enfranchisement that the English have undertaken for India. The present time is in some respects favourable for the prevention of this difficult operation. Englishmen and Indians see much more of each other at home, and know each other much better than formerly; education is bringing

the upper classes nearer to a common level; while capital, commerce, and even literature are bringing about a stronger community of ideas and interests. There need be no surprise if native politicians, however able and well-intentioned, are usually found to be in their novitiate with regard to the complex problems raised by the application of political science to the government of dependencies; but among their English colleagues and advocates one might have looked for the habit of reasoning from past observation and experience. Yet even in England there is a party that seems seriously to advocate schemes for marking off all British India into electoral districts with a low voting suffrage. There is in recent history but one prominent instance of the sudden introduction of popular representation into a country that had for centuries been governed autocratically through powerful officials, and that instance is afforded by the assemblage of the States-General of France in 1789, when the ignorance of the people, the utter inexperience of the deputies, and the total absence among the ministers of any practice or precedents in the management of representative institutions produced speedy confusion and irremediable disorder. If rash and revolutionary changes could bring such rapid political ruin upon a compact and highly civilised nationality, what other results might be expected in the midst of the vast incoherent miscellany of tribes and castes that compose the population of India?

In order that constitutional reforms may be successful they must follow some intelligent order, and must not begin at the wrong end. Let us look for an illustration in the history of a country where England undoubtedly possessed for some time the ascendancy, though some may think that at the present moment the tables have been turned. How did we set about enlarging the civil rights of the Irish Catholics? We began by conferring upon a people, the mass of whom were extremely ignorant and easily misled, the privilege of voting for members of Parliament; but it was not until after a long interval of discontent and disaffection that the voters were allowed to elect representatives of their own faith, who were in fact their natural leaders; and when that had been done there was more delay before the question of general education in Ireland was seriously taken up. It must be clear to those who look back upon the results of this policy that much confusion would have been avoided if the order of these reforms had been reversed. In Ireland this may or may not have been possible; in India, at any rate,

it is practicable to adjourn radical changes of the governing constitution until public instruction, which is slowly permeating all ranks of the population, shall have raised the general level of intelligence, and to defer placing the mechanism of representative government in the hands of a masterless multitude until there is a fair certitude that they will not be utterly bewildered and misdirected in endeavouring to use it.

‘All political rules are dependent on the special circumstances, conditions, and character of the people for whom they are intended. The political art is essentially an art of adaptation; it admits of very few general terms, and the course which is suited for one stage of society is wholly unsuited for another.’ Although in the page from which this passage is extracted Mr. Lecky was discussing the problem of the legitimate sphere of government action, his remark applies as well to the suitability of political forms. We believe that among the intelligent classes of the Indian people, with the possible exception of those who are not unnaturally eager for place and power, the enlargement of the legislative councils and the method of nominating upon responsible recommendation are accepted as suitable and sufficient. The next step should be to establish a local council in all the great provinces of the Indian empire, and to aim at gradually entrusting these bodies with complete jurisdiction over provincial concerns, so that the vital principle of decentralising an administration that has a constant tendency to congestion at the head may be consistently observed. If it be true, as we believe, that Occidental civilisation acts upon Indian society as a powerful solvent, loosening its antique bonds and breaking down its subdivisions, there is at least some political advantage in assisting the people to arrange themselves in fresh compartments, to collect round local centres, and to preserve the distinctions that have grown up naturally in a country which exhibits manifest diversities of climate, race, and history.

But in order that this programme for the development and distribution of powers shall be successfully carried out the English nation must deal logically and consistently with India. Institutions that have been strengthened acquire additional titles to be respected; and legislative councils which have been invested with the rights of interpellation and of examining financial statements will soon find a way of making themselves heard. The statutory relations between the Indian Legislature and the English Executive

Government which controls it, are so constitutionally delicate that they should not be subjected to any avoidable strain, and it is particularly advisable to avoid even the appearance of depreciating the legitimate authority or dignity either of the Councils or of the Government in India. For the legislative and executive bodies within that country are the two grand agencies by whose influence and reputation the business of a distant empire is peaceably transacted by the energy and ability of a few able men set over many millions. Such considerations as these should induce the English Parliament, to which, of course, the English Ministry is entirely responsible, to hesitate before it prefers, in such a question as the laying of import duties on cotton, the immediate interest of its constituencies to the wishes, and indeed the needs, of India, by negating beforehand measures which it is manifest that the Indian Legislature, if left to choose its own ways and means, would undoubtedly have adopted.

Among the better-informed and moderate leaders of native opinion the financial dependence of India upon England is already becoming a matter of remark and dissatisfaction, while our military expenditure is a salient point for their criticism. And it is observed, not without reason, that in these respects India is by no means on a footing with the self-governing colonies. That the ultimate and unimpeachable decision upon all Indian questions shall rest with the Imperial Parliament, is so far from being contested in India that in all quarrels or grievances against officials the native reformer invariably cries out upon the House of Commons for succour. It would be deplorable if in the course of his political education he should imbibe a loss of confidence in this supreme guardian of his liberties, if his latest apotheosis should prove something much less than divine, and if the truth of the warning which has been more than once hinted to him should at last dawn upon his understanding, that it is possible for the Parliament to interfere too much.

It may not be irrelevant, in connexion with this subject, to refer to a remarkable speech delivered more than twenty years ago by Mr. Gladstone, in reply to a complaint by a member of the House of Commons that the will of the English people and the control of their representatives in Parliament were disregarded by those who had the management of foreign politics and of dependencies. After showing by a string of examples that in regard to wars, annexations, and high-handed proceedings generally, by governors or chief officers in India and elsewhere, the

parliamentary control had usually taken the form of emphatic approval, he sums up as follows :—

‘The main moral is this: what you really want is not merely the improvement of the machinery by which the central authority controls its extraneous agents, it is the improvement of the central authority itself, the formation of just habits of thought; it is that we should be more modest and less arrogant; it is that we shall uniformly regard every other State and every other people as standing upon the same level of right as ourselves. It is that, in the prosecution of our interest, we shall not be so carried away by zeal as to allow it to make us for one moment forgetful of the equal claims and rights of others. That is a very grave question indeed, and one upon which I am bound to say I believe the central authority is quite as much in need of self-discipline and self-restraint as its extraneous agents.’ *

The moral to be drawn is that even the British Parliament, being neither infallible nor always impartial, nor even always well informed, should beware of interfering arbitrarily or unnecessarily between the governments and the people of distant dependencies; and that in proportion as the edifice of local self-government is built up, step by step, in India, the greater is the necessity for discretion in the exercise of the indisputable prerogative of arbitrary control. Before the Irish Union many able statesmen upheld the doctrine that the Irish Legislature must be maintained in a condition of permanent and unvarying subjection to the English Executive; but that doctrine was soon seen to be incompatible with the reform or strengthening of the provincial body; and the discovery had much to do with its abolition. There can be no doubt that the fairest prospect of solving the prodigiously difficult problem of retaining India in a state of contented subordinate relation to England lies in allowing to the Indian legislative bodies free scope within the limitations imposed upon them by statute, except always in those cases where a full survey and fair balancing of the interests of the whole British Empire lead to the conclusion that paramount imperial considerations must prevail. Upon any other view the expediency of strengthening these councils, and adding to the number of their members, is by no means so clear as it ought to be; for in proportion as their functions and machinery are brought into closer accord with representative institutions they become less suited for the registry of decrees, especially when those decrees are

* Speech by Mr. Gladstone, April 29, 1881.

passed by a popular chamber elsewhere. The duty of supporting their governments sits awkwardly upon the official members; the non-official members cease to represent the views or voice of the community; nor can such incongruities fail in time to affect the influence and character of the legislative bodies.

That the material advantages accruing to India from the stable and enlightened government established by England are immense is of course beyond doubt or dispute; but these things are very imperfectly realised by the mass of the Indian people. On the other side we have to take into account certain economical and social changes which, however natural or necessary they may seem to economists, do undoubtedly affect the natives with a vague sense of uneasiness. The multiplication of quick and sure communications between Europe and Asia has drawn in upon the Eastern countries a flood of cheap manufactures; the adventurous capital and commerce of the West, backed by steam, coal, and the tremendous pressure of population, are overwhelming the weaker, more backward, and less concentrated crafts and arts of India. All the petty manufactured articles of universal consumption, all the supply of those luxuries that are demanded by tastes which Europe has created, are exported from the West into India, and the country is inundated by goods of third-rate quality that easily displace commodities hitherto produced by slow handiwork. It is easy enough to prove that our railways, factories, and public works find employment for a very great number of labourers and artisans. Nevertheless the decay of ancient callings and the shifting of population are painful processes unless they take effect gradually; and as for the higher forms of Indian art, these delicate organisms run great risk of being trampled under foot in the rough competition of the markets.

We have to understand in England that these economical changes are necessarily modifying the whole structure of native society, and producing a disintegration of the antique groups which marked off trades, professions, and industries into separate communities under the form of hereditary castes. It is true that caste rules have never in reality been the stiff, insuperable barriers which they are commonly supposed to be, and that men have always passed without much difficulty from one circle to another; nevertheless they lie at the base of religious and family life in India. And the gospel of individualism, which up to the last five-and-twenty years had been preached in England with such success that it was accepted

as a necessary truth, never took any root in India until it was propagated by the English, who are now themselves on the high road towards forsaking it at home. Thus the influx of European produce loosens the framework of Indian industries, while in Western Europe the workers are fast organising themselves into exclusive unions with socialistic tendencies, whose influence upon their governments increases yearly, and whose subsistence depends upon forcing open new outlets for their wares. So that we may possibly behold some day the curious spectacle of collectivism in Europe exporting to India its old-fashioned individualism, among other articles that have become obsolete and superfluous at home. The pure economist will point out that Indian factories are springing up, and that if Manchester undersells the Indian weaver the Indian cultivator can aid Russia and America in deluging England with cheap wheat to his own profit and the English farmer's damage; but for the politician who lives in the present it is enough that the period of transition is a period of perceptible unrest.

Assuming, however, that the forms of Indian society are undergoing inevitable modifications, there arises the question whether and to what extent the Anglo-Indian Government should endeavour to meet and facilitate impending changes, moral and material. One or two high-minded and disinterested Indian gentlemen have applied themselves, to their peculiar credit, to the promotion of social reforms, among which the condition of women has been given a prominent place. The importance of the subject cannot be over-estimated; nor can it be denied that infant marriages and perpetual widowhood of young girls are incompatible with Western notions of reason, justice, hygiene.

'What could you expect of a nation whose mothers have to live in perpetual infamy, married in their early teens, often to become widows before they are out of their teens? Can these be the mothers of heroes and patriots and statesmen? When will Government practise the neutrality which they preach, by simply declining to give their sanction to infant marriages? When will they refuse to entertain the claim for "restitution of conjugal rights, "or at least leave the matter to the discretion of the courts"? A wife at 10, a widow at 12, a mother at 13—these are monstrosities in the face of which it is madness to think of a consistent, progressive public life.'

Thus writes a prominent native reformer, with all the fervour and boldness of a man who is in advance of the ideas

and convictions of his generation. Finding that the great majority of his fellow-countrymen are adverse or inert, and that even his supporters lack initiative, he calls upon the Government to lead the way, or at least to remove all legal obstacles that forbid departure from the ancient paths.

When the English Government in India proclaimed Religious Neutrality as the basis of their policy, they probably imagined that at least this side of their position would be sheltered from attack. On the contrary, it has been repeatedly assaulted by those who accept the principle but differ widely as to the application—by Christian missionaries, who summoned the Government to withdraw absolutely from any kind of protection or guarantee to the endowments made by heathen rulers to temples or shrines; by English Non-conformists, who demanded that no allotment of revenues paid by a non-Christian people should be made to Scotch or English chaplains; by the extreme ritualistic Hindus, who insist that the State has no right to interfere with the car of Jaggunâth or with religious self-immolation; and finally by the pioneers of Hindu liberalism, who desire that the law and the law courts shall no longer give their sanction to social usages which fetter the emancipation of women in India. The fact is that, in a country where everything depends on the State's initiative, neutrality pleases no ardent controversialist, and yet it is plain that the State can only act on the broadest view of political considerations, lest in giving way to one party it should expose itself to a much more formidable attack from another party. In the matter of women's rights Lord Lansdowne's Government has already gone quite as far as was prudent by passing what is called the Age of Consent Act, by which the limit of age up to which girls, whether married or unmarried, are absolutely protected is raised from ten to twelve years. In the discussion upon the measure it was contended, unreasonably, that the Queen's proclamation of religious neutrality barred any such interference with marriage customs; nor is it certain that the passing of even so slight and obviously justifiable an amendment did not excite suspicious disapproval in the centres of Hindu orthodoxy. At any rate the present time can hardly be opportune for going further in the same direction, when religious feeling among the Hindus has been extensively stirred by the agitation against the slaughter of kine, when there seems to be abroad a wholly unfounded impression that British officers have shown a leaning towards the side of the Mahomedans, and when the sanitary pre-

cautions taken to prevent great fairs from breeding fatal epidemics are thought by ignorant folk to indicate an intention to meddle with religious pilgrimages.

In short, the English Government in India has so many difficult duties to perform, so many possible misunderstandings to face, that they cannot undertake the risk of anticipating public opinion upon the road of social reform, except in the cases expressly reserved by Lord Lansdowne, 'where demands preferred in the name of religion would lead to practices inconsistent with individual safety and the public peace, and condemned by every system of law and morality.' What, then, is the upshot of the criticisms and observations which in the foregoing pages we have laid before our readers? It is that while we may regard with legitimate satisfaction the evidence of moral and material progress contained in the official papers which we have quoted, and while much honour is due to Lord Lansdowne as a strong and successful governor, there are certain aspects of the situation within and without India which should arrest our attention and induce us to walk warily. The rapid extension of our frontiers in the direction of other European Powers in Asia involves fresh problems in politics and strategy, which are not altogether unconnected with the condition of our finances; and while the new wine of political aspirations and intellectual enlightenment is working among the educated classes, there appears to be going on simultaneously a fermentation of the earlier ideas and religious antipathies which still dominate extensively the religious mind of India. In such circumstances the Indian Government has need of all its statecraft, foresight, and penetration; and the English Parliament should take care that its control is not only vigilant but disinterested. From a reference in an English journal to the travels of the present Tsar through India it may be gathered that in his judgement the fault of our rule, meritorious in many respects, is its mechanical character, its want of insight into and sympathy with those spiritual factors which have in the long run always determined the destiny of India. The best way of taking the criticism is to consider what truth there may be in it. Our position will in no event be improved by sudden undignified alarms; and on the whole England may regard her vast interests in India as tolerably secure if the country is administered with prudence and thrift, if fair dealing in financial transactions is strictly observed, and if in matters social and religious the Indian people are left as much as possible to their own ways and traditions.

ART. II.—1. *The Shaving of Shagpat : an Arabian Entertainment*. 1856; 2. *The Ordeal of Richard Feverel*; 3. *Diana of the Crossways*; 4. *Lord Ormont and his Aminta*; and many other novels.

MR. MEREDITH'S novels are an exceptionally curious and interesting study, because they stand alone in English literature. Whether they excite admiration or provoke censure, they defy any tolerable imitation. Indeed, it is difficult to pass a fair and comprehensive judgment on them, because the reader, unless of frigid and unsympathetic temperament, is perpetually being wrought up into fever fits of irritation. They should be read, or rather analysed, by very moderate instalments. A thousand times we are tempted to toss the volumes aside; but then, on despondingly turning the page, we come upon some passage of extraordinary power, or on some scene which is presented with wonderful felicity. We are delighted by a brilliant epigram, or enlivened by a startling paradox. It strikes us as matter of regret that Mr. Meredith did not flourish in the days of the Patriarchs. When men came to the maturity of their intellect after the lapse of four or five centuries, he might have had time to form a taste, though he could never have originated a school. We are glad to know that the works which had been so long admired and neglected are at last circulating in a popular edition. It is a creditable sign of the progress of the times that there are so many of us who undertake the study of noteworthy fiction as if they were bracing themselves for a course of subtle philosophy. Nor can we withhold our admiration for Mr. Meredith's sturdy independence, and patient and persevering self-sufficiency. He has been content, like Wordsworth, to work and wait, in the belief that he would be appreciated in the fullness of time, or, in any case, that he would make his mark with posterity. As we shall presently show by suggestive passages in his novels, he must have known that he could have assured himself profit and immediate celebrity had he stooped from the serene spheres of his superior intelligence to catch the capricious breaths of popular favour. His mission was to elevate his art, even at the cost of misapprehension or martyrdom; he could not bring himself to debase it. He stooped, nevertheless, but it was towards the realms of dark chaos and black night. These realms which he sought to make his own would have been intolerable to less

impassioned travellers had they not been illuminated by the fitful gleams of radiance which promise to lighten up the sky, but die out tantalisingly in fleeting splendour. The fact is that Mr. Meredith has devoted himself to the study of obscurity with baneful success. We have said that he could never have formed a school, or found successful imitators, and it is because he is only redeemed from being dull by rare and original genius. Nor would that alone have sufficed to secure him a position of his own had he not possessed extraordinary intellectual staying power. We have wondered at such morbidly intellectual *tours de force* as Mr. Stevenson's 'Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde,' which would seem to have been dashed off in the inspiration of a prolonged and horrible nightmare. But it seems to us that Mr. Meredith's brain must be ever in a condition of preternatural activity. He makes us live among incessant bouquets of fireworks, in the blaze of rockets, dissolving in showers of sparks before we have had time to receive a definite impression, and in the bewildering whirl of catherine-wheels. It is a marvel that he keeps his own head in such surroundings—sometimes we more than suspect that he loses it—but he makes impossible demands on his readers when he expects them to be equally collected.

We have always maintained that the primary function of novel-writing is to entertain, and that no novelist has the right to demand such severe and sustained effort. We resent Mr. Meredith's methods the more, that he gratuitously aggravates our troubles. He might have expressed his profound thoughts and his far-fetched and subtle psychological speculations in intelligible language. In other words, he might have written in the pure English which has been modestly accepted by acknowledged masters of style who have trodden in the footsteps of our famous classics. But Mr. Meredith has adopted a manner of his own, which in most respects is the antithesis of all ordinary rules. There is constant inversion and perverse involution. So much so that when we come on anything simple or natural we are mystified—we suspect that surely there must be some hidden meaning. Before we have well realised that we might have rested our faculties for a few moments, they are again being racked and strained. So that we would wish for our own sake, and still more for his, that he had been cursed with something less of the volatile electricity of genius.

We cannot doubt that 'Diana of the Crossways,' when she betakes herself to novel-writing, is the reflection of her

creator's ideas and aspirations. It is true that Diana makes money, and a great deal of money, notwithstanding her aggressive waywardness and exalted ideas; but then, as Meredith regretfully and wistfully admits, that was owing to her charms and other exceptional causes.

'Antonia,' Diana's pet name, 'whatever her faults as a writer, was not one of the order whose muse is the public taste. She did, at least, draw her inspiration from herself, and there was much to be feared from the work, if a sale was the object. . . . Her aim, in the teeth of her independent style, was at the means of independence. . . . We have a work of genius. Genius is good for the public. What is good for the public should be recommended by the critics.' Diana is exquisitely sensitive to depressing influences, and, as with all writers and orators of the finer fibres, the inspiration comes to her by fits and starts. Because a friend takes moral exceptions to her 'Cantatrice'—because the friend finds a certain realistic scene, not only personal but verging on the vulgar—Diana is paralysed while paying her a visit. She is under stress of pecuniary difficulties, but, though the pressure is painful and intense, the muse of fiction will not be hustled. Were she to try a lower flight, all would be easy, and the prospects of gain would be immeasurably increased. The temptation is great, it is almost irresistible—we dare to say Mr. Meredith may have often experienced it—but she will not succumb. She will work in her own way, according to her fixed determination, or not at all. Yet,

'Strange to think, she could have flared away at once in the stuff Danvers delighted to read—wicked princes, rogue noblemen, titled wantons, daisy and lily innocents, traitorous marriages, murders, a gallows dangling a corpse dotted by a man and a woman bowed beneath. She could have written with the certainty that in the upper and the middle, as well as in the lower classes of the country, there would be a multitude to read that stuff—so cordially, despite the gaps between them, are they one in their literary tastes. And why should they not read it?'

Why not, indeed? If we were to answer it in the sense which Diana and Mr. Meredith seem to expect—from the dictates of good taste and calm reason—we should sentence at once to an *index expurgatorius* great part of Scott, almost all Dumas, the most fascinating chapters in Balzac and Hugo; to say nothing of some of our more fashionable contemporaries who have been reviving successfully, because artistically and with knowledge, the moribund historical novel.

Mr. Meredith has pronounced views, and they claim respectful consideration; but we hesitate to offer, as a sacrifice to his fallacies or fancies, 'Monte Christo' or the 'Three Musketeers,' 'Notre Dame de Paris' and 'L'Histoire des Treize.' What a world of pleasure we should be denied were we to conform to the austere æsthetic doctrines to which he has deliberately elected to sacrifice himself! His own novels, taken in moderation, may be an invigorating literary tonic; but if we were condemned to an exclusive course of them by way of fiction, we should seek recreation, by preference, in the lighter and more lively fields of science, philosophy, and dogmatic divinity.

Yet there was a time, towards the beginning of his literary career, when he stood in evident hesitation at the parting of the ways. 'The Shaving of Shagpat,' which we believe to have been the first of his published works, indicates little as to his future course, except that it must be full of brilliant promise; but in 'Farina,' with all the extravagances of legendary romance, he writes in readable English; and even in 'Richard Feverel' and 'Evan Harrington' he condescends to be almost invariably intelligible. Yet 'Shagpat' must not be summarily dismissed; and it demands attention for many reasons. If it demonstrated nothing else, it displayed the luxuriant exuberance of a glowing imagination and a flow of poetic feeling, which was sparkling and sometimes profound. 'Shagpat' was original also in many respects, and especially in that presentation of the writer's strong individuality which is one of Mr. Meredith's redeeming virtues. It is difficult to fathom its meaning, or to understand the author's purpose—if, indeed, he had any beyond displaying his versatility in an ingenious freak of the fancies. Superficially, it is the most grotesque of grotesque parodies on the 'Arabian Nights' and that discursive art of Oriental story-telling where the *raconteur* is perpetually flying off at a tangent. Mr. Meredith lets his gay imagination run riot, though guided, if not controlled, by his Eastern models, in a world of whims, absurdities, and incredibilities. Perhaps the idea of the adventurous barber's quest, which ends amid convulsions of nature and the deadly conflict of the supernatural powers, in the shearing of the charmed lock which blazes on the head of Shagpat, was borrowed from the mission of Thalaba the Destroyer, who triumphed over the 'Race of Hell,' and stormed the 'Daniel strongholds of Eblis.' The barber fights out the protracted battle by the charm of spells and the aid of potent

magicians, who contend with adversaries almost as formidable as themselves, with arsenals of enchantments at their command. Inevitably, though to some extent there are Oriental precedents, broad comedy and screaming farce are mingled with his marvels and portents that might otherwise impress us, but a little of that goes a long way. We soon have enough of these tales, although pleased and entertained by three or four chapters, and we take leave of Mr. Meredith in gratitude for his timely reminder to renew acquaintance with our good old friends Cogi Hassan and Sindbad the Sailor. But there is a point of view from which we still find 'Shagpat' consistently delightful. As is always the case with Mr. Meredith, there is much poetry in his prose; but here, and in 'Farina,' the poetry finds expression in bursts and snatches of melodious song. In 'Shagpat' especially he shows rare flexibility in his command of the diverse varieties of measure. There are philosophical apophthegms appropriately enunciated in stately couplets. There are lofty flights of far-fetched Oriental metaphors in grave and solemn stanzas. But the most lustrous of the many poetic gems, although perhaps the least suited to the setting, are the verses that are simple and abrupt, though still harmonious, and which are modelled on the Old English and Scottish ballads. We fancy that Mr. Meredith may have taken the idea from Love Peacock's half-metrical romance of 'Maid Marian.'

Perhaps the most pleasing of the light and unaffected verse, sounding like the trill of the lark or the warble of the nightingale, is to be found in 'Farina'; but from 'Shagpat' we may quote, as specimens, a stanza or two in more polished and elaborate style, and we take them almost at random. A musical vizier, who has drunk deep of the wine of Shiraz in disregard of the precepts of his prophet, paying his court to the coy houri at his side, breaks out in passionate song—

'Tis said that love brings beauty to the cheeks
Of those that love and meet, but mine are pale;
For merciless disdain on me she wreaks,
And hides her visage from my passionate tale:
I hear her only, only when she speaks—
Bhanavar, unveil!

'I have thee, and I have thee not! Like one
Lifted by spirits to a shining dale
In Paradise, who seeks to leap and run
And clasp the beauty, but his foot doth fail,
For he is blind: ah! then more woful none!
Bhanavar, unveil!'

'Farina,' like 'Shagpat,' is a grotesque travesty of romance and passion, where, as we are hurried along in the fantastical changes of moods, we scarcely know when to smile or be serious. It is a travesty of the legends of the feudal Rhine, and of the guilds of the wealthy cities of the Empire. Making every allowance for comedy or caricature, the mediæval life is marvellously vivid. 'Farina' rises to the sublimity of momentous single combat between the embodied spirit of Evil and the saintly champion of the Church, as when the Archangel Michael contended with the Devil—amid lightnings and storm on the summit of the Drachenfels; and it drops and ends in the comical bathos of distilling the *eau de Cologne* which made the fortune of the first of the Farinas. Extravagant as the story is, and as it is meant to be, it is nevertheless a spirited and natural piece of writing. There are sundry of these delightful love-passages in which Meredith excels: there are the feats of wild chivalry and reckless adventure, that fire the blood as we follow them, although they go beyond the limits of the credible. The young author, evidently fresh from a tour on the Rhine, before 'the broad and flowing' river had been defaced by the industrial prosperity which he would despise and detest, had transferred the bright local colouring to his canvas. He conjures up the mediæval Cologne, the Northern Rome for its sanctity, the Northern Venice for its commerce, where the chimes of its hundred churches, dedicated to obscure saints and mythical martyrs, echoed the thunders of the peal from the minster, when pilgrims from all Northern Europe laid their tributes at the venerated shrine of the Three Kings. There are the narrow streets, gloomy at noonday, overshadowed by the Gothic gables of houses that at night become so many civic fortresses. Notwithstanding the rapacity of baronial robbers, the great merchants of the flourishing city had been accumulating wealth. Gottlieb von Groschen, the father of the lovely heroine, had bought, like the Fuggers, the favour of the Emperor by free-handed lending on slight security. His buffet is overburdened with silver and gold; his cellars are stocked with the choicest vintages from the sunny slopes of Worms to the castle-crowned Bacharach, and the daughter who is to inherit his wealth is a paragon of matchless beauty. What more need be asked to suggest illustrative situations? Feudal tyrants and their fierce retainers are set upon the maiden and her wealth, and they succeed in spiriting her away to a fortress in the volcanic uplands of the Eifel. There is hot pursuit; the

beauty is sought and brought back before her purity has been sullied. Superstition and supernatural interposition, and secret passages are all brought into play, to make the most extravagant of the episodes somewhat less incredible. That may all be said to be *de jeu*, and though Mr. Meredith's romance runs often into rhodomontade, we still maintain that 'Farina' is excellent in its manner, and, what is more to our present purpose, is natural and pleasing in style. Mr. Meredith excels in delicately touching off attractive women, though he will injure his first taking effects by persistently returning to touch and retouch. But in our opinion he has never presented a more fascinating girl than the fair daughter of Von Groschen. Thank Heaven, she is not too clever, though sprightly and even witty as well as modest and virtuous. But she suns herself in the glow of her own beauty, and in the consciousness of her command of the susceptible hearts of the admirers she dazzles by her charms. There is delightful satire in the overflow of her youthful spirits, and in her mockery of the respectable virgin aunt, who wistfully longs for the love-grapes that are sour. She is always breaking out into songs, which, though not much in themselves, are appropriate and charming in their simplicity. We do not know that Mr. Meredith would select the following as a sample of his best poetry—probably now-a-days it is blest to him by the sweet simplicity which commends it to our memory and fancy:—

'The thrush and the lark and the blackbird,
They taught me how to sing:
And O that the hawk would lend his eye,
And the eagle lend his wing!

'For I would view the lands they view,
And be where they have been:
It is not enough to be singing
For ever in dells unseen.'

With 'The Ordeal of Richard Feverel' he took his new departure. It was his first serious piece of English fiction. It is the fruit of profound and deliberate thought, and is full of those flashes of the fancy which, if they do not fail to illuminate the reader, nevertheless put a severe strain on his intellect. Still the novel is in many respects agreeably and intelligibly conventional. There are scenes which strongly appeal to us, and whole chapters which we can comprehend or appreciate with no excessive effort. Yet already there is ample subject for painful meditation, if we

are determined to puzzle out the author's innermost meaning. No novelist has been more philosophical or has bestowed more thoughtful labour on his work. As in 'Diana of the Cross-ways,' there are pregnant extracts from a diary, condensing the experiences of a cynical woman of the world, so here quotations are interspersed from 'The Pilgrim's Scrip,' an unpublished volume by a speculative recluse, who would regulate his world on a system. There are epigrams and aphorisms and mystical paradoxes, which may be interpreted by various meanings. As for example, 'For this reason so many fall away from God who have attained to Him; that they cling to Him with their weakness and not their strength.' We select the aphorism at haphazard, and it may be heterodox or orthodox, as we understand it—it is one of the puzzles which Mr. Meredith delights in propounding. Sir Austin Feverel will bring up his only son on 'the system,' and thence the ordeal which has a tragic termination. Mr. Meredith scatters the gifts of fortune with a careless magnificence worthy of Lord Beaconsfield. Sir Austin, a landowner of the olden time, has boundless wealth which is always increasing, and he pensions or maintains in ample luxury the impecunious members of his family. Mr. Meredith, in his vein of humorous analysis, elaborately describes them all. There is the maimed soldier who consoles himself for the mutilation which has shelved him, with free indulgence in pleasure, keeping up the family credit for hospitality by entertaining his friends in the baronet's deserted mansion in London. There is the dyspeptic making himself at home in the ancestral seat in the country, a worn-out *gourmet* who endures the torments of Tantalus, whether he tastes or avoids the dishes which would bring terrible retribution on the morrow. Mr. Meredith, who must be surely a *bon vivant* from the gusto with which he dwells on French cookery and old wine, sympathetically depicts the hesitation of the dyspeptic over the second glass of venerable Madeira. And among the collateral relatives there is Adrian Harley, who had been destined for the Church, although he had never taken orders. He was his eccentric uncle's intellectual favourite: he is the most clever and quick-witted of the family, and like the author's characters, with scarce an exception, they all excel in conversational repartee. Mr. Meredith has given special attention to Adrian, and he is the masculine of the fair heroine of 'the Egoist'—'a dainty rogue in delicate porcelain.' But with his undeniable merits as a *figurant* in genteel comedy,

we confess we hardly know what to make of him. He is sly, Jesuitical, insidious, and in any commonplace novel we should say he was destined to deeds of stealthy villainy, and very probably intriguing to supplant the heir. Yet Adrian's inveterate spirit of mischief seems rather amiable than malignant; his conceptions of morality are elastic in the extreme, and he looks on with the interest of a dispassionate sage at those juvenile outbreaks which border upon the vicious. But far from doing young Richard any actual injury, he inclines to screen the scrapegrace he encourages.

On the other hand, we see Mr. Meredith in a very different aspect when he deals with ingenuous youth and plain-spoken farmers. His boys are capital, and he is as tolerant of their indiscretions as Adrian. Young Richard Feverel is all that the fondest father could desire. He is handsome and high-spirited, and naturally frank and generous. Had he been sent to a public school, the novel would never have been written. But his father educates him privately and on the system, and the system which makes him headstrong, self-confident, and uncandid is answerable for his follies and his fate. He has his shadow and humble worshipper in the son of his father's lawyer, who ultimately, with the consolidation of his character, developes into his staunchest friend. The two boys are delightful, and never more so than when, as we are sorry to say, like Roger, the monk of the 'Ingoldsby Legends,' they get excessively drunk. Mr. Meredith reproduces young Dick's intoxicated babble with inimitable realism, without a touch of vulgarity. The boys go poaching, and though the baronet's domains are wide, they must needs be trespassing on the land of a neighbouring farmer. There is a capital scene when they are caught in flagrant delict by the sturdy farmer Blaize, who metes out terrible justice with his horsewhip in response to the cock pheasant which has been flung in his face. Then there is one of Mr. Meredith's character touches, indicating the dark future of his young hero, which seems as yet so bright and promising. His comrade would fill his pocket with stones, and take boyish vengeance from a safe distance. Richard has his full share of the pride of the Feverels, which is to hurry him afterwards to an untimely end, because his indulgent father has, for once, been coldly unforgiving. In his precocious vindictiveness he resorts to an act of revenge which brings him within reach of the law, and constrains him, sorely against his will, to ask grace of the outraged farmer. That is one of those telling

situations in which Mr. Meredith is admirable, wrought out with equal humour and power, and bringing out in strong relief the characters of the persons concerned. The hot-tempered but jovial farmer, mollified by the baronet's advances, is willing to forgive; but he insists on each word of the apology stipulated for. The proud boy wellnigh chokes over the humble pie; nor would fear of consequences have induced him to swallow it had he not stood convicted by shame and conscience.

And Mr. Meredith, when it pleases him to make them simple and unaffected, can paint women to the life, and make them strangely fascinating. He has the sense of beauty strongly developed, and no subject excites him more passionately. He knows how women may be wooed and won, according to their several moods and temperaments. Alive to the beauties of Nature as he is to the beauty of woman, he grasps and harmonises appropriate surroundings with his instincts of deep poetic feeling. There are three fair candidates for Richard's hand or affections. One who has been reared under his roof is regarded with the familiarity which breeds indifference. She is doomed to love and suffer in silence. Another, who is amusingly outspoken, is so much of a tomboy that he almost forgets her sex, and in any case would have stopped at good fellowship. But his heart has already been taken by storm by the third, and it is no wonder. Lucy, the niece of Farmer Blaize, is enchanting, and the looks that dazzle are the least of her seductions. Mr. Meredith works this girl into a noble woman, through an ordeal more severe than that of Feverel. The pair meet in comically romantic fashion on the banks of the Thames, where Richard chivalrously rescues her from nothing worse than wet shoes. We extract some of the most striking passages to do justice to the natural Mr. Meredith:—

'When Nature has made us ripe for love, it seldom occurs that the Fates are behindhand in furnishing a temple for the flame.

'Above green-flashing plunges of a weir, and shaken by the thunders below, lilies golden and white were swaying at anchor among the reeds. Meadow-sweet hung from the banks, thick with weeds and trailing bramble, and there also hung a daughter of earth. Her face was shaded by a broad straw hat with a flexible brim, that left her lips and chin in the sun, and, sometimes nodding, sent forth a light of promising eyes. Across her shoulders and behind flowed large loose curls, brown in shadow, almost golden where the ray touched them. On a closer inspection you might see that her lips were stained. This blooming young person was regaling on dew-berries. . . . The little skylark

went up above her, all song, to the smooth southern cloud lying along the blue; from a dewy copse standing dark over her nodding hat the blackbird fluted, calling to her with thrice mellow note; the kingfisher flashed emerald out of green osiers; a bow-winged heron travelled aloft, seeking solitude; a boat slipped towards her containing a dreamy youth, and still she plucked the fruit, and ate and mused as if no fairy prince were invading her territories, and as if she wished not for one, or knew not her wishes.'

The Miranda of the water and the woodland woke up from her maiden meditation to see her fate in the approach of the 'Magnetic Youth.'

"O Women!" says the "Pilgrim's Scrip," in one of its solitary outbursts; "Women, who like and will have for hero a rake! how soon are you not to learn that you have taken bankrupts to your bosoms, and that the putrescent gold that attracted you is the slime of the Lake of Sin!"

The mutual magnetism works swiftly in stolen meetings. The eloquent eyes betray their bashful mistress, and the sweet sorrow of one of the partings precipitates the inevitable crisis:—

"You will not go?" Mechanically he drew the white hand nearer his thumping heart.

"I must," she faltered piteously.

"You will not go?"

"Oh, yes! yes!"

"Tell me. Do you wish me to go?"

'Her hand became a closer prisoner. All at once an alarming, delicious shudder ran through her frame. From him to her it coursed, and back from her to him. Forward and back love's electric messages rushed from heart to heart, knocking at each, till it surged tumultuously against the bars of its prison, crying out for its mate. They stood trembling in unison, a lovely couple under these fair heavens of the morning.

'Strange, that now she was released she should linger by him. Strange, that his audacity, instead of the executioner, brought blushes and timid tenderness to his side, and the sweet words, "You are not angry with me?"

'The sweet heaven-bird shivered out his song above him. The gracious glory of heaven fell upon his soul. He touched her hand, not moving his eyes from her, nor speaking; and she, with a soft word of farewell, passed across the stile, and up the pathway through the dewy shades of the copse, and out of the arch of the light, away from his eyes.'

That seems to us an exquisitely poetical, yet truthful

imagining, and there, as often elsewhere, we admire the dexterity with which Mr. Meredith treads the edge of extremely delicate ground. The passages must quicken the pulses of a girl's heart, yet there is nothing that is mischievously suggestive or that need bring the blushes to her cheek.

We may not dwell on the rest of the novel or on the ordeal to which Feverel succumbs. He marries, to the not unnatural disgust of his sire, a woman who in every way except rank is far more than worthy of him. The author of the 'Pilgrim's Scrip' resents the signal failure of his system, and there are misunderstandings which facilitate the infamous plot of which Richard and his adored Lucy are the victims. If Feverel was to blame, the penalty is signal, and, unfortunately, the blameless are involved in the punishment of the guilty. Mr. Meredith as a rule loves to take leave of his creations with a laugh, but here we have a terribly melancholy ending. We have been carried away from sylvan scenes to the wild whirl of the dissipations of fashionable London, where Richard is caught in the snares of a Circe. Some of the heroes of vicious frivolity are powerfully delineated, and Mr. Meredith invites us to lively banquets at the 'Star and Garter,' and introduces us to luxurious apartments in Pimlico, where strict morality is by no means *de rigueur*. We recognise the manner of Charles Reade and his bluff Saxon speech, only redeemed from indecency by its blunt honesty, in Mrs. Berry, the good lodging-house keeper. She is a species of Dame Quickly, who puts the refined 'Lady Blandish's thoughts in bad English.' Yet Mrs. Berry, in her motherly tenderness for the forsaken girl-wife, is winning as the fair Lucy herself.

We have been tempted to linger over 'Richard Feverel,' and we can only speak briefly of 'Evan Harrington,' which also in its manner belongs to the earlier period. It is less of a novel of actualities than 'Feverel,' and really more of a comedy than 'The Egoist,' which so styles itself on the title-page. It is comedy rather in the English than in the Italian meaning of the word. The incidents are extravagant, and the *dénouement* wellnigh impossible; nevertheless, we are carried along in incessant illusion by the inexhaustible *verve* and the vigorous stage effects. Evan, for his misfortune, is the son of a provincial tailor, and, more unfortunately, of a tailor who has made himself notorious by talents, eccentricities, and airs as a man of fashion. Evan, with his accomplishments, graces, and native dignity,



might have been the Prince Charming of the fairy tale. He inherits nothing but the paternal debts and the business to which his mother wishes to tie him. He is introduced, though scarcely through any fault of his, under false pretences into good society. He is alternately helped and hindered by a sister, who has married a noble foreigner, who feels that her new *noblesse oblige*, and who is the most mendacious and audacious of women. The hereditry of the tailor's shop burns on Evan like the robe of Nessus—the rather that he resolves to tell the whole truth, even if he shame the sister who represents him as a personage. His honesty proves the best policy; he finds a most eccentric benefactor, whose humours furnish continual fun; he has had the good luck to give his heart to a well-born girl who is in every way worthy of him, and as pecuniary and social difficulties melt away, the curtain comes down on a happy marriage. We can scarcely be intended to take the story seriously, but when Mr. Meredith wrote it he was in his most genial vein, and, without pausing to let his thoughts crystallise, abandoned himself lightly to frolic.

Thenceforth we turn to the novels with subdued spirit and solemn apprehension. We may be entertained, or our feelings may be much the reverse. We have entered upon the era of endless monologues and dialogues of minutely irritating psychological analysis, and the perverse mannerisms which further obscure the dimness of the meaning upon which at the best we can but speculate. Yet we must reiterate, in simple justice, that Mr. Meredith, in spite of the foibles of his genius, always commands respectful attention, as he encourages us to persevere in our study, by brilliant interludes in his earlier manner. We need not attempt to follow chronological sequence, for almost all his subsequent novels have suffered a sad sea change, and their undeniable brightness and beauties are swamped in the surging flood of turbid thought and obscure phraseology. For, perhaps, there is something of an exception in 'Harry Richmond' and in 'Vittoria,' the sequel to 'Emilia in England,' where there is an embarrassment of swift and melodramatic action. Yet even in 'Vittoria' the novelist overcrowds his scenes, multiplies irrelevant episodes, and barely indicates inscrutable motives, while, nevertheless, snatching leisure in breathless pauses to offer insoluble conundrums in cryptogrammatic ellipsis. But to indicate the transition from the earlier style to the later and confirmed manner, we may contrast with the quotations from 'Richard

'Feverel' some passages from the introduction to 'Diana,' which is entitled 'Diaries and Diarists.' It is as eminently significant of Mr. Meredith's self-confidence as it is gratuitously outraging to his unfortunate readers. A novelist should indeed be sure of himself who deliberately raises such a barrier on his threshold, for many people will turn back in sheer alarm. Even should they slip past, they will find themselves confronted by bristling *chevaux de frise* in the first chapter. Browning and Carlyle must have breathed inspiration on the composition, where the fragments of bright-coloured marble are shaken up and cast down at haphazard to form a strange mosaic. Perhaps we are infected by Mr. Meredith with his wild mixing of metaphors:—

'A witty woman is a treasure; a witty beauty is a power. Has she actual beauty, actual wit?—not simply a tidal, material beauty that passes current among pretty flippancy or staggering pretentiousness? Grant the combination, she will appear a veritable queen of her period, fit for homage, at least meriting a disposition to believe the best of her, in the teeth of foul rumour; because the well of true wit is truth itself, the gathering of the precious drops of right reason, wisdom's lighting; and no soul possessing and dispensing it can justly be a target for the world, however well armed the world confronting her. Our contemporary world—that Old Credulity and stone-hurling urchin in one, supposes it possible for a woman to be mentally active up to the point of spiritual clarity, and also fleshly vile—a guide to life and a biter at the fruits of death—both open mind and hypocrite.'

We can imagine the reviser of proofs being puzzled over imaginary misquotations, and annotating them with frequent marks of interrogation. Again Mr. Meredith, in uneasy self-consciousness, makes another of his indirect apologies for the eccentricities of his fiction:—

'Instead, therefore, of objurgating the timid intrusions of Philosophy, invoke her presence, I pray you. History without her is the skeleton map of events; Fiction, a picture of figures modelled on no skeleton-anatomy. But each, with Philosophy in aid, blooms and is humanly shapely. To demand of us truth to nature, excluding philosophy, is really to bid a pumpkin caper. As much as legs are wanted for the dance, philosophy is required to make our human nature credible and acceptable. Fiction implores you to heave a bigger breast and take her in with this heavenly preservative help-mate, her inspiration and her essence. There is a peepshow and a Punch's at the corner of every street, one magnifying the lace-work of life, another the ventral tumulus, and it is there for you, dry bones, if you do not open to Philosophy.'

That mystical preface introduces the beautiful and brilliant Diana—an orphaned waif in the world, with a will and

individuality of her own. Strong in the sense of irresistible charms of mind and person, she is wayward, imperative, and capricious. Mr. Meredith is fond of selecting for sympathetic analysis the Celtic types from either side of the Channel. Diana is an Irishwoman, with all the Irish *verve*—emotional and impulsive, with the desire to sparkle, and a thoroughly Irish indifference to the future and to consequences. She would chain social and political celebrities to her car, that they may drag her into political and social influence. *Venit, vincit.* By sheer power of beauty, and with scarcely a perceptible effort, she has half-a-dozen notorieties of all sorts at her feet. Mr. Meredith's skill comes into play in contrasting her various admirers. Her first conquest is the veteran hero of a Dublin *fête*, breathing the incense of the admiration of his war-loving country-folk; her second is a hot-headed fire-eater, who thenceforth becomes her champion in season and out of season, and who begins by quarrelling with her third, a practical and hard-headed Saxon. Afterwards she becomes the Egeria of a venerable peer and statesman, at the cost of considerable, though groundless scandal; and then her affections and intelligence pass, as by inheritance, to his Lordship's favourite nephew, a rising politician. In nothing does Mr. Meredith show his power more than in substituting what we may call effective mental sensations for the more commonplace sentiments of actual peril. In 'Diana' there are two situations which specially merit notice, as displaying the strength and the weakness of a self-contained and yet passionate temperament. In the first she is suddenly taken aback by the ardent declaration of the husband of her dearest friend, whom she has hitherto regarded as a sort of guardian and protector. Thence arises a strange variety of painful embarrassments and incoherent complications. In the second her pride and self-respect are humbled by having to plead guilty to a shameful indiscretion; and so much does she feel it that the blow is softened which separates her from the lover who has hitherto revered her as an angelic familiar. In the first instance she poses as the goddess outraged; in the second she must renounce the pretensions to divinity, when the idol is trampled under foot by its adorer. Perhaps it is somewhat out of character, but, under severe pecuniary pressure, the haughty beauty, though in a moment of aberration, has sold a State secret to an enterprising journalist. It is surprising that Mr. Meredith should have made this high-souled heroine succumb to such paltry temptations as debt and the fear of restraint. Money,

with the details of getting and keeping it, he always treats in magnificently contemptuous fashion. His well-born heroes have generally a plurality of expectations from generous relatives, receiving the cheques and allowances all the same whether they are in high favour or disgrace. Here the staunch friend and admirer, whom Diana ultimately marries, starting with a very few thousands and no sort of financial experience, rapidly amasses a fortune in railways, and figures as an English Jay Gould, though without soiling his fingers. Yet he has all the qualities of a knight-errant of romance, starts fasting on a long night-ride to save his lady's reputation; and if his speeches as chairman or director were as epigrammatic as his ordinary talk, he must have mystified any meeting of shareholders. There is a pleasant mingling of romance and common sense in the closing love scene, when the storm-tossed Diana finds a shelter at last in the strong arms of the prosperous capitalist.

'She had a slight shock of cowering under eyes tolerably hawkish in their male glitter, but her coolness was not disturbed. . . . She was up at his heart, fast-locked, undergoing a change greater than the sea works—her thought one blush, her brain one fire-fount. This was not like being seated on a throne.'

But the fact is that in that novel of 'Diana,' and notably in the discreditable and inconsistent episode of selling the secret confided to her by trusting friendship, Mr. Meredith drew upon his fancy, although not in the way we should assume. It was tolerably notorious that the prototype of the fascinating beauty of the novel was a lady who sparkled in London society, and that the admirer she betrayed was a well-known minister who held high office in the Cabinet. The scene was suggested, not by facts, but by calumnies which were exposed and refuted, though for a time they obtained circulation and a certain credence.*

* We observe with regret that the late Sir William Gregory, in his interesting autobiography, has revived a calumnious and unfounded anecdote, to which Mr. Meredith had previously given circulation in this novel. We are enabled to state, and we do state from our personal knowledge, that the story is absolutely false in every particular, and that the persons thus offensively referred to had nothing to do with the matter. The intention of the Government to propose the repeal of the Corn Laws was communicated openly by Lord Aberdeen to Mr. Delane, the editor of the 'Times.' There was no sort of intrigue or bribery in the transaction.

'The Egoist, a Comedy in Narrative,' as befits a comedy, is in lighter vein. But as there was a mystical introduction to 'Diana,' so there is a frolicsome 'prelude' to the comedy. We select a sentence or two, and, so far as we can judge, they lose little in intelligibility by being torn from the context.

'For verily we must read what we can of it [comedy] if we would be men. One, with an index to the book, cries out in a style, pardonable to his fervency: The comedy of your frightful affliction is here, through the stillatory of Comedy, and not in Science nor yet in Speed, whose name is but another for vivacity. Why, to be alive, to be quick in your soul, there should be diversity in the companion-throb of your pulse. Interrogate them. They limp along like the old lob-legs of Dobbin the horse, or do their business like cudgels of carpet-thackers expelling dust, or the cottage clock pendulum touching the infant hour over midnight simple arithmetic. This, too, in spite of Bacchus. . . . Monstrous monotonousness has enfolded us as with the arms of Amphitrite!'

But having got over these simple and lucid definitions of the functions of comedy, we find in the Egoist himself a delightful and delicately shaded piece of satire. Sir Willoughby Patterne is a provincial satrap, flourishing before the days of agricultural depression, rich beyond the ordinary dreams of avarice, and nursed in his hereditary self-importance. Like Feverel he has never had the discipline of a public school, nor been in contact with either superiors or equals. As it pleases Mr. Meredith to express him, 'he has a leg.' So the lady whom he most seriously sets himself to win is defined by a woman of the world as 'a dainty rogue in porcelain,' and we fancy we can follow out Mr. Meredith's thoughts, which are meant as a running commentary on his comedy. Sir Willoughby, supercilious and superb, is charmingly unconscious of his ingrained selfishness. He is helped to misconceive himself by confounding prodigality with generosity. He has been befooled and flattered to the top of his bent, and he enjoys nothing more than the luxury of condescending patronage. He reveals his selfishness with intense *naïveté*, and never more so than when he is most in earnest. With that leg of his he prides himself on his success with women; he well knows how much he has to bestow on a wife. Three times he fancied himself in love, and thrice he is jilted or rejected. Even the vanity he wears as armour of proof is pierced by the aggravations of his humiliation, for he is baffled by rivals who are either poor or dependent on him. It will be seen that there is ample material for laughter, and Mr. Meredith

with light-hearted cynicism makes the most of it. The baronet holds to his second and most serious engagement, when the perverse young lady is struggling to break away, not only because he is fascinated by her beauty, but because his pride is deeply engaged. It is characteristic that he would rather undergo any amount of secret mortification than have his final discomfiture proclaimed to the world. But as 'The Egoist' is professedly a comedy, it ends, contrary to Mr. Meredith's usual fashion, in something approaching burlesque. The curtain descends in a cross-shuffle of the characters and their circumstances; and the supercilious baronet is wedded to a deserving young woman, whom he had long regarded as a chattel and a slave, and who had blindly bowed to his caprices, as she had been dazzled by the radiance of his smiles. To be sure, that *dénouement* is made more probable by her being provoked into asserting her feminine dignity, when refusing a belated offer of the Egoist. Withdrawing herself beyond his reach, she became a prize worth the courting and winning. By the way, Mr. Meredith in his sarcasms does not spare himself, for when he makes one of his characters exclaim, 'How you must 'enjoy a spell of dulness!' we can hardly doubt that he had his readers in his mind.

Mr. Meredith, with all his gifts, is neither a Shakespeare nor a Garrick. He cannot identify himself with the grave-diggers as easily as with Hamlet, or play low comedy so as to bring down the house he has been moving to tears with his pathos in tragedy. The lot of his 'Emilia in England' is cast among a family of wealthy *parvenus*, struggling hard for a position in county society. But they are all too refined and brilliant for their parts and, in spite of themselves, will show the instincts of refined ladies and gentlemen. We need hardly say that they sparkle in their talk, and excel in the subtleties of social diplomacy. They worship Mammon, but they worship after a fashion which might bring that vulgar diplomacy into decent repute. The satire, which is fanciful and somewhat far-fetched, is apparently drawn from the author's disagreeable experiences of suburban capitalists. The interest and ingenuity are in the presentation of the characters, who are to be evolved and transformed under very different circumstances in the sequel, 'Vittoria.' For some reason, the original title of 'Emilia in England' was afterwards changed to 'Sandra Belloni.' Emilia is a gifted child of nature, the incarnation of childlike simplicity and musical genius. She has one of

those voices which, from their phenomenal rarity, create a European sensation and may command fabulous sums. The frank little girl has no suspicion of her brilliant destinies. The daughter of a Bohemian father, she has run unknown risks, but she touches slime without a stain on her purity, and her confidence in humanity makes her comparatively safe. Wilfred, the only son of the wealthy Mr. Pole, falls cautiously in love at first sight—or rather at first hearing of the notes of this nightingale. There is really good comedy in these first interviews. She tells him that Mr. Pericles, a rich and reckless impresario, intends to take her to Italy to be taught.

“He told me to keep it secret. I have no secrets from my friends.”

“Would you not rather let me take you?”

“Not quite.” She shook her head. “No! because you do not understand music as he does. And are you as rich? I cost a great deal of money for eating alone. But you will be glad when you hear me when I come back.”

She proceeds to tell him all about her father—a violin at the Opera, and ‘one of the most wonderful men in the ‘whole world.’ And she goes on to relate with charming simplicity an adventure which befell her in the Park, when her father flew into an unaccountable fit of passion with a gentleman who had been making kindly advances *pour le mauvais motif*. ‘I was mad with joy,’ says the unsophisticated maiden, ‘and so delighted to have made a friend. I had never before had a rich friend. I sang to him in ‘the Park. His eyes looked beautiful with pleasure. I knew ‘I enchanted him.’ As she could not understand how her father, who once surprised them in a *tête-à-tête*, should have pelted her friend with the potatoes he was carrying home for dinner, so she is annoyed that her little narrative should ruffle and irritate Mr. Wilfred. In the course of the novel Emilia does not progress much in knowledge of the world. When the rich Mr. Pole, who has practically adopted her, suggests that she would do well to marry Mr. Pericles, who, partly from eagerness to become undisputed possessor of the voice, was ready to throw himself and his fortune at her feet, she gravely objects.

‘But, oh! if he married me he would kiss me.’ And Mr. Pole, in conscience, cannot deny the probability. He laughed and blinked. ‘Well!’ he remarked as one gravely cogitating, and, with the native delicacy of a Briton, turned it off with a playful ‘so shall I now.’

That touch of comedy comes off in a highly dramatic scene, which Mr. Meredith has rendered with an analytical realism worthy of Zola at his best. Mr. Pole has been breaking down under the prolonged strain of pecuniary troubles. Driven inch by inch nearer the verge of ruin, he has taken none of his household into his confidence. Perhaps he is more in sympathy with this simple-minded little maiden than with any of them, and he has taken her to dine at one of his hotel haunts. He guesses rather than knows that a brain attack is stealing upon him, and she passes through successive stages of uneasiness and fright, as ominous signs develope into certainties.

Other troubles are in store for her, besides the illness and probable ruin of her benefactor, and Mr. Meredith, with characteristic ingenuity, piles up the misery which schools as it steels her in the furnace of adversity. The course of true love runs by no means smoothly. Wilfred, to whom she had almost given her heart as she had actually promised her hand, calculates, hesitates, is unfaithful and repents. The family desire to rise inclines him to an aristocratic marriage, and he forges fetters which he finds it difficult to shake off when he has ultimately made up his mind that his happiness is bound up in Emilia. When he tardily repents and returns, he seems to have lost her irretrievably—and yet her influence is still so strong, that it induces him to resign his commission and to take service with the Austrians. When he bade adieu to Emilia her prospects were even more doubtful and cheerless. The sudden loss of her voice, demonstrated by some heart-breaking experiments, has reduced her and Mr. Pericles to the depths of despair. And Mr. Pericles, who cannot count self-control among his good qualities, has expressed his despair as to her future with uncompromising frankness.

When the curtain rises on 'Vittoria' all is metamorphosed, and the sequel is an absolute antithesis to its predecessor. Vittoria, the illustrious *prima donna*, the star of the Scala, passing on from triumph to triumph, courted by all the men, flattered and hated by envious women, is no other than our old acquaintance Emilia. She has not only recovered but cultivated her voice, and is successful far beyond her most ambitious dreams. Her trainer, Mr. Pericles, is always in attendance, enclosing thousand-pound cheques in bouquets in testimony of approval, and jealously guarding his treasure against rival dragons on the prowl. But that stage-play and the stage successes are only acces-

sories to a grand international drama. We are no longer concerned with the paltry intrigues of local cliques in Surrey. Italy is throbbing from the Alps to the Adriatic and revolting against the iron rule of the foreigner. Hot brains are at fever-heat and blood is boiling. We are in a whirl of angry passion and a labyrinth of conspiracies and intrigues. Love comes in to complicate matters—there are engagements, marriages, jealousies, jiltings, provocations, and fierce interchanging of challenges; and, as is usual with Mr. Meredith, he utterly confuses us in the crowd of supernumeraries he thrusts forward on the scenes. But still Vittoria and her old admirer Wilfred stand out to the front. Wilfred distinguishes himself by chivalrous and rather absurd self-sacrifice—for the once candid Vittoria too evidently makes a tool of him, taking shabby advantage of his unselfish devotion. If she had reason to complain of his proceedings in Surrey, assuredly in Italy she has ample revenge. She has married a noble Lombard patriot, and her passionate Italian temperament, which fitfully flushed out in 'Sandra Belloni,' has finally and fatally asserted itself. She is patriotic like her husband, passionately emotional, subtle, secret, and vindictive. All is condoned for her by devotion to her husband and her country.

Necessarily the subject gives Mr. Meredith great opportunities for strong dramatic presentation and picturesque description. The scenes change from the fair Italian lakes and the fertile plains of Lombardy to the passes of the Italian Tyrol and the pastoral valleys on the Swiss frontier. Now we are smelling the stage lamps, or mixing with a mob in Milan that has risen in mad *émeute*, and again we are among the rocks and glaciers, or threading the pathless pine woods with gendarmerie and light cavalry following close on our heels. There is a dance at La Scala, where the adored and bewitching *cantatrice* raises Milan in semi-revolution with a seditious song. That is succeeded by her hasty flight across the frontiers. In fact there is a general *sauve qui peut*, and among other things we have a melodramatic duel in the mountains between an Italian armed only with a poniard and an Austrian with all the advantages of weapons. There are suspected traitors to the Italian cause, living between the double terror of dagger and gallows; and wounded refugees sheltered from the proscription by sympathisers whose necks are in deadly peril. Women violently separated from husbands or lovers, or resenting the faithlessness of adorers who seem to have forgotten them, carry us

through the gamut of the emotions. And yet, pervading the whole, is still the invariable vein of comedy. For there is Mr. Pericles, in the thickest of the terror and the fighting, appalled by no danger, arrested by no scruple, abstracted in the absorbing enthusiasm of his vocation, and still keeping his eye on the volatile *prima donna*, who, like the will o' the wisp, always threatens to elude him. Mr. Meredith has been painting a series of portraits and scenes rather than writing a connected story, and so he brings down the curtain abruptly. The victims of a defeated cause disappear simultaneously in a tragic *dénouement*, and Vittoria is left lamenting but resigned. There are some eloquent passages in the epilogue. 'Her soul had crossed the darkness of the river of death in that quiet agony preceding the revelation of her Maker's will, and she drew her dead husband to her bosom and kissed him on the eyes and the forehead, not as one who had gone quite away from her, but as one who lay upon another shore whither she would come.'

As for 'One of our Conquerors,' we may sum up our criticism in three words. If it is not *Sturm und Drang*, it is spasm and gasp. Here Mr. Meredith has surpassed himself in his peculiar manner, and no more need be said.

Passing on to 'Beauchamp's Career,' which, with all its eccentricities, has much more to recommend it, with no wish to be ill-natured we may again quote Mr. Meredith himself as unintentionally indicating his favourite style. After describing his hero's character he remarks: 'That was the impression conveyed to a not unsympathetic hearer by his forlorn efforts to make himself understood, which were like the tappings of the stick of a blind man, mystified by his sense of touch at wrong corners. His bewilderment and speechlessness are a comic display, tragic to him.' Though we modestly admit that the bewilderment may be on our own part, and the 'speechlessness' ought to be translated into elliptic and unintelligible speech. A page or two afterwards is another sentence equally applicable, but more self-flattering: 'Since the day of his purchase he had gone at it [his book] again and again, getting golden nibbles of golden meaning by instalments, as with a solitary pick in a very dark mine, until the illumination of an idea struck him that there was a great deal more in the book than there was in himself.' We assent to the truth of the last sentence, but we might be helped to a clearer knowledge did we understand the book's purport. Here,

as often, Mr. Meredith puzzles us. Is 'Beauchamp's 'Career' a satire upon political faddists or a eulogy of far-sighted sturdy independence? Are we to admire the hero for conscientious tenacity of purpose, or ridicule him for perverse pigheadedness? As usual, Beauchamp and his wealthy connexions regard filthy lucre with supreme contempt, so that the risks he runs, and the sacrifices he courts, are more apparent than real. In ordinary life, as in ordinary fiction, the youth who offends the uncle from whom he has great expectations knows exactly what he may expect. When he makes an ineligible marriage, or goes to grief in any other way, he has counted the cost, and is prepared to pay the penalty. But Mr. Meredith's heroes, with a sublime assurance, which is seldom misplaced, show their faith in the nobility of paternal or avuncular nature by following up gross offences by the drawing of heavy cheques. Beauchamp thwarts his uncle's opinions and crotchets in every conceivable way, and then looks to the reactionary aristocrat for the election expenses when he stands as an advanced and subversive democrat. Yet Lord Romfrey did draw the line at a certain point. Beauchamp 'made use of the 'house in London, and he called at Steynham for money 'that he could have obtained on the one condition, which 'was no sooner mentioned than fiery words flew in the 'room.' The condition had nothing to do with politics; and it was only because Beauchamp could not accede to it, that the uncle got irritated over the nephew's radicalism. The election drags out to tedious length, and is described rather metaphysically than dramatically. In point of exciting interest it will bear no comparison with the contests that have been immortalised by Warren, Thackeray, and the first Lord Lytton. But Beauchamp's first love affair is handled with wonderful force and delicacy, when he surprises the heart of a beautiful French girl whose hand has been pledged by a family compact. Her father, and her brother, who is Beauchamp's admiring comrade, have absolute confidence in her. Nor is the confidence misplaced, for duty triumphs over love, although opportunity and the voluptuous associations of romantic Venice nearly betray her into forgetfulness and an elopement. The tie between them is relaxed, but not severed, after she has resigned herself to the fateful *mariage de convenance*; for afterwards she summons Beauchamp to France, when urgent private affairs demand his presence in England. It is characteristic of him that, casting prudence and the proprieties to the winds,

he is prompt to respond to the summons. Of two courses he will always choose the more absurd, and any crotchet or rash act has an irresistible charm, if it only sets his interests and common sense at defiance. The object of his early adoration has taken leave of her husband, and a very delicate reason is assigned for the sudden snapping of the ungenial connexion. Matters might have been simplified had the husband had the courtesy to die; and with advancing years and failing strength he might have taken himself away to the other world politely and decorously. But that natural solution would have been too much in accordance with conventional rule. Beauchamp not inconsistently engages himself to a girl whom he may have reason to respect, but never pretended to regard with affection. Possibly he pledges himself out of gratitude to her guardian, who has inoculated him with the visionary doctrines which have marred a promising career. At least, they have so far marred it as to make him a political failure, and an object of ridicule to his friends and relations, although their abilities were infinitely inferior to his own. But otherwise his follies have cost him nothing, so we fail to find a moral or a meaning in his story. For his tragic end was a simple accident, the result of his acting upon one of his habitual impulses; and it was his unfortunate betrothed who was the more to be pitied, though we doubt whether the happiness she had hoped for would have long outlasted the honeymoon.

We have found as little meaning, and certainly less of moral, in Mr. Meredith's last novel. The style is exceptionally involved, and the purpose is phenomenally obscure. As in 'One of Our Conquerors,' the main interest in the plot turns upon the false position of an unacknowledged wife. But in the former novel vice was visited by retribution; in 'Lord Ormont and his Aminta' the sinners not only escape with impunity, but have coals of fire heaped upon their heads, and are blessed by a victim to whom cursing came naturally, and who was the last man to let injury pass unavenged. If there be a moral, the moral is this: That it is safe to give illicit affection free course, and not only right, but wise to run away with the wife of your benefactor. Matthew Weyburn has no sort of claim to Aminta beyond that of a foolish boyish fancy. If they had a common tie, it was in a sympathetic hero worship. Young Weyburn, who must have been a precocious and rather priggish private schoolboy, had devoted himself to the study of contemporary military history. He made a personal grievance

ance of the wrongs and grievances of Lord Ormont, the brilliant Indian general, who had been misconceived and maltreated by a scurrilous press and an ungrateful country. A strange coincidence makes Weyburn confidential secretary to Lord Ormont. The injured and neglected hero is writing his memoirs, which are to be an indictment of the crass stupidity and gross ingratitude of that 'lout' the English people. Weyburn admires as much as ever, but he is thrown into familiar relations with the insulted wife. The superficial ice of that frozen statue is melted, and she first betrays herself when she and her old school acquaintance stand together over the death-bed of his mother. When she flies from the stately home and the protection of her chivalrous but egotistical husband, she confides unreservedly in Weyburn, who for the time, to do him justice, does not abuse the trust. They come to an understanding in circumstances which should have cooled or tempered the passion. It is grotesquely characteristic of Mr. Meredith, and yet a delightful bit of extravagant comedy, when the world is well lost for both of them in the waves, as they indulge in a prolonged and epigrammatic *tête-à-tête* while bathing off the Essex coast. Weyburn's secretaryship has only been an interlude in his fixed life purpose, which was to become the philanthropic principal of an international school. The prelude of a culpable elopement would hardly have seemed a recommendation to parents, but Weyburn actually makes capital out of crime. For the gifted and charming companion of his flight is there to superintend a seminary for young ladies. Weyburn's worldly success in the circumstances is something of a shock to our moral principles, but Lord Ormont's conduct throughout staggers us still more. We should have said that no man was less likely to bend his will to popular prejudice, and having placed a coronet on Aminta's head, why should he hesitate to avow the act? He is robbed of the wife he really adores by the favoured *protégé* he has admitted to his intimacy; and a chance brings him into contact with the ravisher when the pair who have outraged him were peaceable and prosperous. By all we know of human nature and of this hot-tempered and vindictive soldier, we should look for a terrible outbreak of wrath. A word from him as to their past would suffice to ruin them. We do not pretend to say whether it is from transcendental generosity or sublime contempt, but the fateful word is never spoken. On the contrary, Lord Ormont sends his favourite grandson to be educated and cherished by the vipers who had stung him

when he had taken them to his bosom. What is the meaning of it all? we ask again, as we have to ask so often in attempting the interpretation of these novels. As the mystic of fiction, Mr. Meredith takes precedence before Browning, the mystic of poetry, as in the eccentric contortions of his style he far surpasses Carlyle. To the last, and after conscientious and scrutinising study, we dare hazard no conjecture as to whether he thinks in the dialect he has originated or does his work in ordinary English, translating as he goes along. We believe that most brilliant writers yield to the fascination of their own fictions, and that their enjoyable abstraction among the creations of their fancy sweetens the intellectual toil, and repays them for physical exhaustion. But we feel inclined to pity Mr. Meredith for the self-imposed and intolerable strain which turns to incessant *tours de force* what might be pleasant diversions in light literature. And when criticism concerns itself with a man of his calibre, it is impossible to avoid an uneasy consciousness that the fault may be ours if we have not adequately appreciated the genius we have cordially recognised. For undoubtedly the man must be extraordinarily gifted who by persevering determination has asserted a position which makes it a fashion to profess some familiarity with his novels among triflers who, if they cared to read, could have scarcely a glimmer of their meaning.

ART. III.—*State Papers relating to the Defeat of the Spanish Armada, anno 1588.* Edited by JOHN KNOX LAUGHTON, M.A., R.N. Printed for the Navy Records Society. 2 vols. London: 1894.

THESE volumes compose the first publication of a society which has undertaken a task in the prosecution of which it deserves to be encouraged by every patriotic British subject. The Navy Records Society, as we learn from its prospectus, has been established for the purpose of printing rare or unpublished works of naval interest, and aims at rendering accessible the sources of our naval history. The general indifference of English historical writers, especially those of our own age, to naval affairs has aroused the astonishment of foreigners. It may be stated with confidence that in no maritime country in the world has less attention been paid to the naval side of the national history than in our own. This has not been always, if ever, due to a want of sympathy with the actors in the great maritime drama which has for its *dénouement* the British Empire as we now see it. The illustrious writer whose loss we are still mourning—Professor J. A. Froude—was not only an enthusiastic admirer of the deeds of English seamen: he was also passionately attached to the sea, and had no mean practical knowledge of seamanship himself. More than any other Englishman he has spread abroad amongst his countrymen a knowledge of the deeds of the Elizabethan seamen, amongst whom were the men whose share in the great events of 1588 is described, in many cases by themselves, in these two volumes. Whatever charges of inaccuracy or want of precision may be made against him, no one can deny that he used his admirable power of dramatic presentation to make these worthies live again for his contemporaries, and that his inimitably pellucid style reached no higher point than when it was employed in narrating or commenting on their exploits.

Notwithstanding this, our naval history has not received, at the hands of our own fellow-subjects at least, the treatment to which its importance entitles it, and which, as we believe the contents of these volumes will go far to prove, its intrinsic interest would justify. It is a really surprising fact that no one has yet been found to give us a continuation of the work of Sir Harris Nicolas.* This being so, we hail

* This is said in no disparagement of the work of such writers as Mr. Oppenheim and others, whose occasional papers are of great value.

with especial pleasure the appearance of this Navy Records Society publication. The guise in which it appears is decidedly attractive. The binding is neat and appropriate. The printing and paper are admirable; and we hope that we are right in inferring from the excellence of both that the funds of the Society are in a satisfactory condition. But this is a work which has strong claims on public support, and for the sum of one guinea the subscribers will receive two highly interesting volumes annually.

Of the manner in which Professor Laughton has performed his editorial work we must speak at greater length. The Professor's unrivalled knowledge of naval history, and his considerable experience of naval life, qualify him especially for the task of editing the memorials of one of the most momentous periods in the annals of our fleet. High expectations were formed of the manner in which he would acquit himself, and they have not been disappointed. Mere editing—in the sense of preparing transcripts of old documents for the press and appending short comments to them—was but a small part of his labour. The book as it stands is largely his own production. The documents which it contains had to be selected from a great mass of official papers, and the task of selecting them must have been a more difficult and onerous one than that of 'editing' the selection when made. Opinions may differ as to the inclusion or omission of one document or another; but we anticipate a very general acceptance of the conclusion that, taken as a whole, no better selection could have been made. Where there is disagreement as to the importance of any particular paper, we think it nearly certain that no one would be more readily taken as arbiter than Professor Laughton. The notes of the editor leave nothing to be desired. They are never too long; they contain interesting, and quite sufficient, biographical information about the persons whose names occur in the text; and they explain with clearness the meaning of rare words and archaic phrases. After repeated examinations of every State paper in the two volumes, we feel bound to say that we are unable to point out any passage on which an additional note would be desirable.

The part of the work which is most likely to be frequently perused from beginning to end is the Introduction, seventy-six pages in length, prefixed to the State papers. This not only contains a succinct and careful history of the Armada campaign, expanded from a former lecture of Professor Laughton's at the Royal Institution: it comprises also

discussions of such important subjects as the real causes of the war between Spain and England, the truth of the charges of mischievous parsimony so often brought against Elizabeth, the treatment of English residents in the Spanish dominions, and the relative effective strength of the contending fleets. On all of these Professor Laughton has thrown new light, and after a candid examination of his statements it will not be easy to maintain that the opinions hitherto received are justified. To these matters we shall return in the course of our notice of the more interesting of the State papers. The latter part of the second volume is taken up with a series of valuable appendices, amongst which the editor, with admirable judgement, has included a translation of the Duke of Medina-Sidonia's Relation, or report of the Armada's proceedings during the campaign in the English Channel and North Sea. The reader can therefore compare the Spanish with the English accounts of the operations.

The documents now published cover almost exactly a year. The earliest date given is December 21, 1587, attached to Howard's commission; and the latest is December 27, 1588—both dates being Old Style, which, as is generally known, continued in use in England till the middle of the last century. Amongst the documents are letters from Howard, H. Seymour, Drake, J. Hawkins, Wynter, and other admirals and captains, to the Queen, to the Council, to Burghley, to Walsyngham, and to each other. Here and there we find a letter of Burghley's; memoranda for the conduct of business noted down by him; maxims to be observed by the statesmen of a country threatened by a formidable enemy—a valuable lesson for English statesmen in our own day; verification, or, more correctly, re-computation of accounts by the Lord Treasurer's own hand. Reports on the condition of Her Majesty's ships; statements of the steps taken to supply the fleet with victuals, stores, and ammunition; letters from private persons offering advice to the authorities, as private persons are still fond of doing; and ending, as such letters generally end now, in imperfectly disguised requests for some 'good thing;' inventories of stores found in captured ships; translations of letters of Spanish prisoners, are amongst the contents of the two volumes. The mere enumeration shows how many things worth reading they contain.

The document which comes first in order is, for several reasons, invested with a special interest. It is printed from a manuscript in the British Museum (Cotton, Julius, F. x. ff.

111-117), and to it the editor appends the following footnote:—

‘The MS. has nothing externally to indicate its origin; internally, there is much in favour of the opinion that it is official; and it does not seem improbable that it was drawn up under Howard’s authority, as “the more particular relation” with which he proposed “at better leisure” to supplement “the brief abstract of accidents” sent to Walsyngham on August 7. It must, however, be remembered that this is only conjecture, and that the relation has not the authority of an authenticated document. Still, none of the statements in it are contradicted by other papers of greater value; and most of them are directly corroborated, often in the very words.’

The recent history of this document bears in it convincing testimony not only to the care and caution, but also to the perspicacity, of Professor Laughton as an editor. The first volume was given to the public some weeks before the second. The ‘Relation’ at once attracted attention, and the similarity between it and ‘A Discourse concerning the Spanish Fleet,’ printed by Ryther in 1590, was pointed out, it being suggested that both may have been translations from the Italian of Petruccio Ubaldino. Ryther’s ‘Discourse’ was admittedly such, because added to its title are the words, ‘Written in Italian by Petruccio Ubaldini, Citizen of Florence, and translated for A. Ryther.’ All uncertainty as to the origin of the ‘Relation’ has now been removed. In Appendix H (vol. ii.) the editor informs us that Ubaldino’s MS. has been found in the British Museum (O. R. 14, A x.); and we are given a translation of the dedication, which is to Howard himself. It begins:—

‘Your Lordship’s own relation of what happened against the enemy’s fleet in these seas, *first written in English, now returns to you in Italian*, to the end that the abundant content won for the English nation by the happy success of those days may also bear witness to other nations, in a language which they understand, of the valour and conduct of your Lordship,” &c.

The official character and high authority of the ‘Relation’ are now conclusively established, and the conjecture modestly put forward by the editor in the early part of vol. i. is fully borne out.

Often as it has been told, there is good reason for once more repeating the history of the Armada campaign. It is still believed by many people that the Armada was in reality defeated by bad weather; and on this belief is founded the demand, so often put forward by Lord Wolseley and others, that we should not trust to our fleet to keep off invasion.

When people give themselves up to an extreme opinion, it is useless to put before them evidence to show that they are wrong—*Non ragioniam di lor!* There must be many educated Englishmen who still think that 'when the odds 'against us were most terrible' Providence came to our help by sending a storm, but whose spirit is sufficiently judicial to incline them to accept as truth what is proved by abundant and irrefragable testimony. To these we may appeal. The summer, it is true, had been a stormy one. Lord Henry Seymour, less accustomed to rough weather than Drake, Hawkins, Frobisher, and other 'sea-dogs,' says so several times.

'Such summer season saw I never the like; for what for storms and variable, unsettled winds, the same unsettleth and altereth our determinations for lying on the other coast' (July 12, Seymour to Walsyngham).

'I find no manner of difference between winter and summer, saving that the days be now longer' (July 18, Seymour to Walsyngham).

Towards the end of July the weather mended, and there was a fine interval of more than a week,* which exactly covered the time from the first contact between Howard's fleet and the Armada off Plymouth till the Spaniards had got as far north as the latitude of Newcastle in their flight. As a matter of fact, the wind throughout this period was generally most annoyingly light. Even on the night of Sunday-Monday (July ²¹/₃₁ to ^{July 28}/_{August 1}), after the first action, the wind, though it had freshened, was not strong enough to prevent the English from using their ships' open boats. Open boats, indeed, were used—and often by both sides—from the first appearance of the Armada in the Channel till the day before it was last seen from Howard's fleet—a sure proof that the weather was moderate. The councils held would have been impossible had it not been practicable to go from ship to ship by boat.

Information concerning the weather will be found in a very careful account of the Armada catastrophe written, not by an Englishman, be it noted, but by an American, Mr. W. F. Tilton, and published in German. This work, which is to be followed by a fuller History of the Armada, was composed by Mr. Tilton as his inaugural dissertation for the degree of Ph.D. in the University of Freiburg. It is

* Froude ('Hist.' xii. 406) says, 'less than a week of calm and sunshine;' but calm and sunshine are not essential to make what seamen consider fine weather.

entitled 'Die Katastrophe der spanischen Armada, 31. Juli-
'8. August 1588.'* On the day of the first action
(Sunday) the wind came off the land, and could not have
caused a rough sea. On Monday night the sea was very
calm. On Tuesday the sun rose in fine weather. On
Wednesday there was good weather. On Thursday it was
calm part of the day. On Friday the sun rose in a calm.
On Saturday, when both the hostile fleets were at anchor off
Calais, where anchoring would have been out of the question
had it been anything but fine, boats passed repeatedly between
ship and ship and between the ships and the shore. On Sunday,
as far as weather was concerned, there was nothing to render
the anchorage off Calais inconvenient. On Monday it was
fine enough to permit of boats going to the Spanish galeass
stranded during the previous night, and between her and
the town. There was no fighting after this Monday, the
defeat of the Armada having been then completed. The fore-
going account may have been found tedious; it is essential
to a right understanding of the campaign, without which
injustice would be done to the memory of Howard and his
valiant companions; for it was by their valour, skill, and
endurance, and not in the least by bad weather, that England
was saved.

Professor Laughton maintains that 'nothing can be more
'inaccurate' than to represent the war between Elizabeth
and Philip II. as religious. 'It is indeed,' he says, 'quite
'certain that religious bitterness was imported into the
'quarrel, but the war had its origin in two perfectly clear
'and wholly mundane causes.' Of these, one was the attempts
made by adventurous Englishmen to break down the exclu-
sive commercial system enforced by Spain in her transmarine
dominions. The other was the countenance and assistance
given by the English to Philip's rebellious subjects in the
Netherlands. Either of these, we venture to think, would
have been of itself sufficient to cause the war. The general
circumstances of Europe were not more favourable to the
success of the Spanish arms than they were when Philip
had been first urged to begin it; † and religious zeal which

* Freiburg im Breisgau, 1894.

† The following, from the introduction to Captain Duro's valuable
collection, 'La Armada Invencible,' Madrid, 1881, is worth notice:—
'Don Alvaro de Bazan, Marquis de Santa Cruz, acabada felizmente
la jornada de las islas Terceras, en 1583, escribió al Rey proponiendo la
invasion de Inglaterra con la armada y el ejército victoriosos, como cosa
hacedera y necesaria si habia de dominarse la rebelion de los Países-

can be repressed for years is not likely to be of a character so burning that nothing but a great war can assuage it.

Santa Cruz, who was a naval officer of great experience and tried capacity, knew that the invasion of England, even as England then was, would not be a trifling affair. In a detailed plan submitted by him to the king in March 1586, he put down the necessary numbers of the expedition at 150 great ships of war, 360 storeships and smaller vessels, 46 galleys and galleasses, 'giving a total of 556 ships of all kinds and 85,332 men, to which were to be added cavalry, artillerymen, volunteers, and non-combatants, bringing up the number of men to a gross total of 94,222.' The project was too vast for Philip. He decided that a smaller, but still enormous fleet, carrying, in addition to its sailors, nearly 20,000 soldiers, should proceed to the English Channel, and escort across from the Low Countries the army under the Duke of Parma, which, together with the soldiers already on board, would suffice for the invasion. Preparations for an expedition as thus arranged were begun, and became known in England. In the opinion of the English admirals the best way of meeting the danger was to proceed to the Spanish dominions and destroy the vast Armada whilst fitting out in port. To this opinion they adhered till the last, and with good reason. In April 1587 Drake had been ordered to sail from England for the coast of Spain with twenty-four ships. Counter-orders were issued, but, fortunately, failed to catch him. He went down to Cadiz, and 'there sank, burnt, or brought away thirty-seven of the enemy's ships.'* The fitting-out of the Armada was delayed, and in the meantime Santa Cruz died. In his place as Commander-in-Chief of the expedition was appointed the Duke of Medina-Sidonia, whose only recommendations were his social position and his good-nature—qualifications occasionally considered sufficient in other services for high command. The Armada, which first assembled in the Tagus, sailed on the ²⁰/₃₀ May, put into Corunna, and started again for the English Channel on the ¹²/₂₃ July. It reached its rendezvous off the Lizard on Saturday the ²⁰/₃₀ July.

Bajos, que tenía la raiz en la isla frontera' (i. p. 15). This was two years before the war avowedly began.

* Thus Laughton, p. xxvii; but Captain Duro, who gives Drake twenty-seven ships, says: 'Incendió diez y ocho naves grandes que allí se aprestaban; apresó otras seis' (i. p. 29). Bruce (Report, &c., p. 19) says above 100 vessels!

The English force was divided into two fleets—one, under Lord Henry Seymour and Sir William Wynter, in the Straits of Dover; the other—the main fleet—under Lord Howard of Effingham, Lord High Admiral, with John Hawkyns and Drake, at Plymouth. On Saturday Howard beat out of the Sound. On the next day, Sunday the ²¹/₂₁ July, the first action between the fleets was fought. The result was eminently favourable to the English, who were at that time in a considerable numerical inferiority. The ‘*Nuestra Señora del Rosario*, flagship of Don Pedro de Valdes, was so maltreated that she was left behind, and was captured by Drake the next morning. The ‘*San Salvador*,’ seriously injured by an explosion, was also left, and fell into the hands of our countrymen. On Tuesday, ^{July 23}/_{August 2}, there was a second action off Portland. On Thursday there was a third, off the Isle of Wight, when the ‘*Santa Ana*,’ flagship of Don Juan Martinez de Recalde, was so much damaged that she had to go out of action and run herself ashore near Havre. The Spaniards had thus already lost three of their most important ships. They were, however, approaching the point at which Medina-Sidonia hoped to find Parma ready to join him.

Howard’s fleet, as it ran up Channel, was reinforced by many small vessels. On Saturday afternoon the Spaniards anchored off Calais. Howard also anchored about a mile to westward and to windward of them, and was joined by Seymour and his squadron. The whole British fleet, notwithstanding that there had been a numerically stronger enemy between its detached divisions, was now united. On Sunday night Howard sent eight fireships in amongst the Spanish fleet. The Spaniards cut their cables and put to sea in confusion, leaving behind them, with a damaged rudder, the ‘*San Leandro*,’ ‘the largest and most heavily armed of the ‘galleasses.’ In the morning she was driven ashore and captured by the boats of some of the English ships. Thus the Armada was diminished by four important ships, whilst the English had lost not a single vessel and but few men.

Wind and tide carried Medina-Sidonia far to leeward. Howard, with a few ships, remained at anchor near the stranded ‘*San Lorenzo*.’ The rest of the English fleet got under way.

‘During the time that this galleass [“*San Leandro*”] was in taking by the Lord High Admiral,’ says the ‘*Relation*’ of proceedings, ‘Sir Francis Drake in the “*Revenge*,” accompanied with Mr. Thomas Fenner in the “*Nonpareil*” and the rest of his squadron, set upon the

fleet of Spain and gave them a sharp fight. And within short time, Sir John Hawkyns in the "Victory," accompanied with Mr. Edward Fenton in the "Mary Rose," Sir George Beeston in the "Dreadnought," Mr. Richard Hawkyns in the "Swallow," and the rest of the ships appointed to his squadron, bare with the midst of the Spanish army, and there continued an hot assault all that forenoon. Sir George Beeston behaved himself valiantly. This fight continued hotly, and then came the Lord Admiral, the Lord Thomas Howard, the Lord Sheffield, near the place where the "Victory" had been before, where these noblemen did very valiantly. Astern of these was a great galleon assailed by the Earl of Cumberland and Mr. George Raymond in the "Bonaventure" most worthily, and being also beaten with the Lord Henry Seymour in the "Rainbow," and Sir William Wynter in the "Vanguard," yet she recovered into the fleet. Notwithstanding, that night she departed from the army and was sunk. After this Mr. Edward Fenton in the "Mary Rose" and a galleon encountered each other, the one standing to the eastward and the other to the westward, so close as they could conveniently one pass by another, wherein the captain and company did very well. Sir Robert Southwell that day did worthily behave himself, as he had done many times before; so did Mr. Robert Crosse in the "Hope," and most of the rest of the captains and gentlemen. This day did the Lord Henry Seymour and Sir William Wynter so batter two of the greatest armados* that they were constrained to seek the coast of Flanders, and were afterwards, being distressed and spoiled, taken by the Zealanders and carried into Flushing. In this fight it is known there came to their end sundry of the Spanish ships, besides many others unknown to us' (i. 16, 17).

This victory was the 'crowning mercy' of the campaign. Still the English had not lost a ship; whilst, in addition to the four the fate of which has already been told, the Spaniards lost several. 'In our last fight with the enemy 'before Gravelines,' says the Lord Admiral—

'we sank three of their ships and made four to go room with the shore so leak as they were not able to live at sea' (August 7, Howard to Walsyngham). 'In buffeting with them, though they were three great ships to one of us, yet we have shortened them 16 or 17; whereof there is three of them a-fishing in the bottom of the seas' (August 8, Howard to Walsyngham).

The exact number of Spanish ships taken, destroyed, or driven out of action since the campaign began is not known, but Howard's rough estimate of sixteen or seventeen is,

* Apparently vessels which in later times would have been called 'ships-of-the-line,' or 'line-of-battle-ships,' useful designations now replaced by the particularly silly term 'battle-ship,' which has been forced upon the navy by landsmen thoroughly ignorant of naval history.

apparently, not much too high.* The Spanish losses in men were severe. An officer in the Armada put them at 600 killed and 800 wounded, figures which, if they include the drowned, do not seem exaggerated. On the other hand, the English losses were insignificant. Medina-Sidonia continued to run to the northward. As every minute carried him further from his objective, the point of junction with Parma, no more complete confession of defeat was possible. The story cannot be better continued than in the words of the 'Relation':—

'After this Monday's fight, which was the 29th of July† 1588, the Lord Admiral on the 30th of July† appointed the Lord Henry Seymour, Sir William Wynter, and their fleet to return back again to the Narrow Seas, to guard the coasts there, and himself determining to follow the Spanish army with his fleet until they should come so far northward as the Frith in Scotland if they should bend themselves that way, thought good to forbear any more to assault them till he might see what they proposed to do, verily thinking that they would put into the Frith, where his lordship had devised stratagems to make an end of them; but the Spaniards kept a course for the isles of Scotland, and of purpose, to our seeming, to pass home that way by the north of Scotland and west part of Ireland.

'When we were come into 55 degrees and 13 minutes to the northward, 30 leagues east of Newcastle, the Lord Admiral determined to fight with them again on the Friday, being the 2nd of August [O. S.], but by some advice and counsel his lordship stayed that determination, partly because we saw their course and meaning was only to get away that way to the northward to save themselves, and partly also that many of our fleet were unprovided with victuals; for our supply, which Her Majesty had most carefully provided and caused to be in readiness, knew not where to seek for us. It was therefore concluded that we should leave the Spanish fleet and direct our course for the Frith in Scotland, as well for the refreshing of our victuals as also for the performing of some other business which the Lord Admiral thought convenient to be done; but the wind coming contrary—viz. westerly—the next day the Lord Admiral altered his course and returned back again for England with his whole army.'

The rest of the tale is made up of the ghastly reports from Ireland.

'I had intelligence sent me from my brother,' says Sir Richard Bingham, 'that the 700 Spaniards in Ulster were despatched, which I know your Lordship heareth before this time. And this I dare assure

* T. Fenner, however, says: 'By all that I can gather, they are weakened of eight of their best sorts of shipping' (August 4, Fenner to Walsingham). See also ii. 209.

† In both cases O. S.

your Lordship now, that in a 15 or 16 ships cast away on the coast of this province, which I can in my own knowledge say to be so many, there hath perished at least a 6,000 or 7,000 men, of which there hath been put to the sword, first and last, by my brother George and in Mayo, Thomond, and Galway, and executed one way and another, about 700 or 800, or upwards, besides those that be yet alive' (September 21, Sir R. Bingham to Fytz-Wylliam).

This merciless severity was perfectly deliberate. Sir Richard, at a later date, speaks of

'divers gentlemen of quality and service . . . which being spared from the sword, till order might be had from the Lord Deputy how to proceed against them, I had special direction sent me to see them executed as the rest were' (December 3, Bingham to the Queen).

Slaughter of prisoners in cold blood was a practice not confined to Englishmen. The men who fought against the Armada knew well that if taken by the Spaniards they would not have long to live. The Marquis of Santa-Cruz, first commander-in-chief of the Armada—'aquel rayo de la guerra, padre de los soldados, venturoso y jamas vencido capitán,' as Captain Duro calls him—had obtained a horrible notoriety by his massacre of the prisoners that fell into his hands after the battle of Terceira. That the atrocious practice was generally regarded as proper and natural is shown by the unconcern with which it is mentioned in the correspondence in this collection. The total loss to the Spanish navy has never been exactly computed. Professor Laughton observes that, according to the official Spanish reports, of the 130 ships which originally composed the Armada, about half got home again after the campaign; but allowance must be made for those which did not go further than Corunna, and those which turned back in the Bay of Biscay.

How was the overwhelming success of the English won? The answer will be found in these volumes. First of all, notwithstanding all the charges which have been brought against it by writers of the present age, England had a firm, far-seeing, and diligent government. We are so accustomed to regard elaborate peace-time preparations for war as the exclusive discovery of our own time, that we may well be astonished at the completeness of the measures ordered by Elizabeth for the defence of her kingdom, at their fitness, and at the methodical manner in which they were carried out. The resources of the country, especially in war material and naval stores, being so limited as they then were, it is nothing short of astounding that the equipment of our forces should have been so perfect as it was. Let two

instances of judicious provision for future needs be cited. Elizabethan England was unequal to the manufacture of cables for large ships. They were ordered in advance from Russia. The powder-mills and arms-factories of the country were quite incapable of meeting the sudden demand for gun-powder and weapons which arose. The Government sent agents abroad to purchase them.

The condition of Her Majesty's ships was as nearly perfect as that of any ships could be. The credit for their efficiency has very properly been given to Sir John Hawkyns, for few men have deserved so well of their country. But the Queen and the Ministers who supported Hawkyns against the naval architects and shipwrights of the dockyards—who hated to see a seaman supervising the construction of ships—merit no small commendation. The report of Messrs. Pelt and Baker* (i. 38) shows to what lengths these men could go. Their professional skill was highly regarded by their contemporaries and, truly, was beyond dispute. Their skill as naval architects was as nothing to their powers of mendacity. Appointed to examine the terms of an arrangement with Hawkyns for the maintenance of the ships of war in reserve, Pelt and Baker had the hardihood to accuse the great seaman of the abominable crime of enriching himself at the expense of the efficiency of the fleet. Their reason for making this atrocious charge they were simple enough to disclose. It was the objection of dockyard *employés* to 'making an officer a purveyor.'†

Of the triumphant manner in which Hawkyns was cleared of the charge the correspondence before us contains many proofs.

'I have been aboard every ship that goeth out with me,' says Lord Howard, 'and in every place where any may creep, and I do thank God that they be in the estate they be in; and there is never a one of

* Pelt was 'master-builder,' i.e. head naval architect to the Government; Baker was 'master-shipwright,' a designation which was replaced a few years ago by 'chief constructor.'

† Hawkyns's account is interesting. He writes (March 3) to Burghley: 'When the shipwrights saw I took a course to put the navy in such order as there should be no great cause to use any extraordinary reparations upon them, then they saw the multitude of their idle followers should lack their maintenance, and so began to bruit out weakness in the state of the ships; but they knew not where' (i. 87). The dogma that a ship of war exists for the benefit of the dockyard, and not the dockyard for the benefit of the ship, was not so generally accepted in the sixteenth century as it is in the nineteenth.

them that knows what a leak means' (February 21, Howard to Burghley).

The 'Elizabeth Bonaventure' 'by the fault of the pilot came aground on a sand.' The Lord Admiral reports that

'the next tide, by the goodness of God and great labour, we brought her off, and all this time there never came a spoonful of water into her well' (March 9, Howard to Burghley).

'And,' says Howard again, evidently with Messrs. Pelt and Baker in his eye,

'if it may please God to continue her Majesty's ships as strong to the end of the journey as they have done hitherto, her Majesty may be sure (what false and villainous reports so-ever have been made of them) she hath the strongest ships that any prince in Christendom hath' (June 14, Howard to Walsingham).

Those who suppose that an organised system and detailed plans of national defence were invented in the last half of the nineteenth century, in the home of military pedantry on the Spree, would do well to ascertain what their own forefathers did when England was threatened by a mighty enemy. When revolutionary France avowed her intention of effecting the conquest of England and Ireland, the Englishmen of the time, instead of imitating the methods of countries circumstanced altogether differently from their own, looked up what had been done by our fellow-countrymen in days of national danger. The results of the inquiry were embodied in two reports addressed to the Minister by Mr. John Bruce. The titles of these are worth reprinting here. One, dated January 6, 1798, is—

'Report on the arrangements which have been adopted in former periods, when France threatened invasion of Britain or Ireland, to frustrate the designs of the enemy by attacks on his Foreign Possessions or European Ports, by annoying his Coasts and by destroying his Equipments.

This title by itself conveys a lesson in strategy.

The other is dated May 17, 1798, and is headed:—

'Report on the Arrangements which were made in the internal Defence of these Kingdoms, when Spain, by its Armada, projected the Invasion and Conquest of England; and Application of the wise proceedings of our Ancestors to the present Crisis of public Safety.'

This is the way in which Englishmen who knew from actual experience what serious war meant, to whom the glorious First of June was a recent memory, to whom St. Vincent was but of yesterday, and in whose ears the can-

nonades of Camperdown were still ringing, approached the great problem of national defence. In Bruce's second report will be found much information on the measures devised for meeting an invader who might succeed in landing. Allowance being made for change of conditions, the principles of these measures are worth following in our own time; and we cannot reasonably deny to those who devised them the merit of understanding their business. Several documents referring to the Armada were printed by Bruce in his appendix, among them some—not very faithfully transcribed—which Professor Laughton also gives us from accurate transcripts.

Elizabeth has been accused of shocking ingratitude to her valiant seamen. It has been asserted that, by her shameful parsimony, she starved them through insufficient, or poisoned them through unwholesome, victualling; that she kept them short of ammunition when in the very presence of the enemy; and that she refused to pay them punctually their well-earned wages. We do not doubt that every one of these allegations has been made in good faith; but we are sure that they would not have been made by any one familiar with naval customs as they existed till a very recent date. With regard to the victualling, Professor Laughton points out that the queen, personally, had nothing to do with it. Like the capable ruler that she was, she left it to the proper officials. 'And almost every page of these volumes,' he adds, 'tells of the unceasing care with which it was conducted.'

The belief that insufficient victuals were supplied, owing to sheer stinginess and a desire to avoid reasonable and necessary expenditure, is shown to be groundless by the fact that ample quantities were provided. On August 28 (O.S.) Howard, at Dover, indicates that he had a surplus.

'I have caused all the remain of victuals to be laid here and at Sandwich, for the maintaining of them that shall remain in the Narrow Seas.'

On the same day Sir J. Hawkyns says:—

'Here is victual sufficient, and I know not why any should be provided after September, but for those which my Lord doth mean to leave in the Narrow Seas.'

Burghley himself noted on July 24 that Howard's fleet was victualled 'unto the 11th of August,' and that orders had been given 'and money delivered' to victual it up to September 7. On July 27 he noted that Lord H. Seymour's

force was to be victualled up to September 8, and that the money for the commodities and for their transport had been paid. On August 9 he noted that orders had been given to victual Howard up to September 15, and Seymour up to the 11th. These orders were enforced. The articles required were provided, though they could not always be got on board the ships just when they were expected.

'The weather continued so extreme,' says Hawkyus on August 26, 'and the tides come so swift, that we cannot get any victuals aboard but with trouble and difficulty.'

'You would not believe,' says Howard, 'what a wonderful thing it is to victual such an army as this is in such a narrow corner of the realm, where a man would think that neither victuals were to be had nor cask to put it in.'

On July 22 Darell reported that for her Majesty's ships at Plymouth victuals had been provided up to August 10.

'Only the haste of my Lord Admiral was such in his setting forth upon Saturday morning, by reason he had received some intelligence of the Spanish fleet, as that divers of his ships had not leisure to receive the full of their last proportions.'

Even in the last decade of the nineteenth century the sudden assemblage of a large fleet at an out-of-the-way anchorage—say on the west coast of Ireland—is apt to be attended by considerable difficulty in procuring fresh provisions; and it is still not altogether unknown for ships of war to put to sea unexpectedly, and leave a part of their stores behind.

Howard's letters, it is true, teem with urgent representations as to the deficiency of victuals; but a careful perusal of these State papers makes it certain that it was not the quantity shipped, but the stock in reserve, about which he was anxious. Though both he and Seymour may have come near the end of their supply, they never actually ran out. Howard's opinion was that the reserve should be enough for six weeks. The Council, or the queen, considered that a month's stock would suffice. Most men in the Lord Admiral's place would have held his opinion; but that of the Council was unquestionably justified by the result. Howard also had misgivings as to the sufficiency of the supplies on board those merchant ships attached to his fleet, which were victualled, in accordance with the system of the time, by their own towns. On August 29 he wrote to Walsyngham, of certain ships which he was sending to their homes, 'We are fain to help them with victuals to bring

‘them thither. There is not any of them that hath one ‘day’s victuals.’ This, however, was when the campaign was over. That when it was still before him he knew himself to be fairly well provided is proved by his request to Sussex on July 22.

‘I pray you send out unto me all such ships as you have ready for sea at Portsmouth with all possible speed, and though they have not above two days’ victuals, let that not be the cause of their stay, for they shall have victuals out of our fleet.’

Much has been made of the fact that the crews were put upon a reduced allowance ‘by placing of more than four ‘men to a mess.’ This was done, we are assured by Darell, not because there was actual scarcity, but ‘only at such ‘times when there hath been fear of want.’ It may be a surprise to most readers to learn that this practice, known in the navy as ‘six upon four,’ lasted down to our own times. There are officers still serving who have been ‘six upon four’ more than once; it was inconvenient, no doubt, but no one considered it a special hardship.

The Elizabethan scale of victualling was so much more liberal than the Victorian, that two-thirds allowance of the former were nearly equal to full allowance of the latter. According to the Elizabethan scale, which was fixed for the lunar month with four Fridays, or one-meal days, and therefore with twenty-six effective days, each man received 6 lb. of beef, 1 lb. of bacon, four allowances (weight not stated) of fish, 7 lb. of biscuit, $1\frac{3}{4}$ lb. of cheese, $1\frac{1}{2}$ lb. of butter, 2 pints of peas, 7 gallons of beer. Of course, neither the sailor afloat nor the well-to-do citizen on shore had tea, cocoa, pepper, or mustard. The scale of thirty years ago has been increased in the biscuit, or alternative ‘soft’ bread ration, by just $\frac{1}{4}$ lb. a day, so that the present allowance for a week is: * Meat (fresh or salt), 6 lb.; preserved meat, $\frac{3}{4}$ lb.; biscuit, $8\frac{3}{4}$ lb. (or ‘soft’ bread, $10\frac{1}{2}$ lb.); peas, $\frac{1}{3}$ lb.; flour, 9 oz.; suet, $\frac{3}{4}$ oz.; raisins, $1\frac{1}{2}$ lb.; preserved potatoes, $\frac{1}{4}$ lb.; rum, $\frac{1}{2}$ gill (about one small wineglass-ful). In addition to the above, tea, cocoa, pepper, mustard, and vegetables (on fresh-meat days) are allowed. The Victorian dietary is, perhaps, better composed, but it is less abundant than the Elizabethan. The latter also was provided at much greater cost in money. The value of money about the time of the Armada is usually

* The scale in the text is based on the assumption that salt beef is issued on one day of the week, salt pork on another, and preserved meat on a third.

considered as six times what it is now.* The cost of victualling each man in 1894 is 9½*d.*; in 1588 it was 7*d.* of the money of the day, which sum, multiplied by six to bring it to present value, would be 3*s.* 6*d.*! Even if we consider that the multiplier (six) is much too high, we must admit that Sir W. Harcourt can find 3*s.* 6*d.* for the public service with far less difficulty than the Lord Treasurer of three centuries ago could find 7*d.*

The complaints made against the beer supplied to the fleet were well founded; but, as Professor Laughton shows us, the quality of the beer provided for the navy left much to be desired till at least the middle of the last century. The fact seems to be that the art of brewing beer suitable for storage on board ship was not discovered till very recently, even if it has been yet. The Government tried its hand at brewing for the navy, but gave it up about sixty years ago. The mortality which swept away so many of the brave men who fought with the Armada has been attributed to the badness of the beer issued to them. These papers disprove the allegation. The sickness had appeared before, and was, most likely, due to infection to be traced to the towns. As early as June 22 Howard told Burghley that 'several men have fallen sick, and by thousands fain to be discharged.' At a later date (August 10), he says of the 'Elizabeth Jonas' that she 'hath had a great infection in her from the beginning.' Scymour wrote (August 19) to Walsyngham:—

'Our men fall sick by reason of the cold nights and cold mornings we find [not owing to bad beer in this case, at any rate], and I fear me they will drop away faster than they did the last year with Sir Henry Palmer, which was thick enough.'

The sickness was evidently of older date than the issue of the beer in 1588. But Howard himself testifies strongly against the bad beer theory of the origin of the sickness in the fleet. He reported to the Council

'that the ships of themselves be so infectious and so corrupted as it is thought to be a very plague; and we find that the fresh men that we draw into our ships are infected one day and die the next.'

Terrible as the mortality amongst the seamen was, its existence cannot well be imputed as a special discredit to Elizabeth's Government. Sanitary science made some pro-

* See, e.g., Mr. Hubert Hall's 'Society in the Elizabethan Age' (London, 1886), pp. 6, 22, 68, 125.

gress between the sixteenth and the nineteenth centuries; yet there are many instances of wide-scourging diseases in the latter. Between May 1812 and February 1813 a Bavarian army of 28,000 men was reduced by typhus to 2,250. Out of 60,000 French troops at Mainz in 1813-14, there died of typhus alone in six months 25,000 men. If we carry the horrible story down to the period of the Crimean War—the age of the steamship, the electric telegraph, and the rifled firearm—we are still confronted by ghastly statistics.

‘It was computed by an officer of the French staff,’ says Kinglake,* ‘that out of the three French divisions which marched into the Dobrudja, no less than 10,000 lay dead or struck down by sickness.’

From January 22 to February 22, 1855, both inclusive, the numbers of British troops in hospital at the end of the successive weeks were 12,405, 13,022, 13,257, 13,594, 13,640.† Speaking of the cholera in the Black Sea, Kinglake‡ uses words which might be applied to Howard’s fleet: ‘On board some of the ships the mysterious pest began to rage with a violence rare in Europe. The “*Britannia*” alone lost 105 men.’

The quantity of ammunition supplied to Elizabeth’s fleet has been said to have been deficient. The ‘supply of cartridges,’ we have been told, ‘was singularly small. It amounted to but fifty rounds a gun.’§ When ships carried a broadside armament of many pieces—as they generally did till the introduction of the armourclad—for fighting purposes each pair of guns was considered as one gun, and had a single crew. It was understood, and was so laid down in some very modern drill-books, that, though having to engage an enemy on both sides at the same time should be provided for, it would be an exceptional occurrence. The proportion of ammunition allowed was based upon, not the number of pairs, but the number of individual pieces. Therefore fifty rounds per gun would be one hundred rounds for each gun’s crew. The modern allowance for guns corresponding to the broadside armament of ships of the older type is about eighty-five. Here again the Elizabethan system does not compare unfavourably with the Victorian. No doubt the introduction of the new tactics of rapid and sustained gunfire led to an early depletion of maga-

* Vol. ii. p. 136.

† Kinglake (vi. 391), from the Adjutant-General’s official returns.

‡ Vol. ii. p. 137.

§ Froude, ‘History of England,’ xii. 379.

zines. We have already alluded to the far-sighted manner in which Elizabeth's Government endeavoured to collect a sufficient stock of ammunition. It would not have been possible to put a much larger proportion than they actually carried on board the ships. Amateur critics never remember that there is a limit to a ship's carrying capacity. It was proposed seven or eight years ago to add a certain number of quick-firing guns to the armament of a particular armour-clad. They could have been mounted on board without difficulty, but stowage could not be found for the extra ammunition, without which sustained quick-firing in action would have proved impossible.

'Another stock complaint against the queen,' says Professor Laughton, 'is that the men were not paid their wages.' The Council and the Lord Treasurer, at any rate, took the proper steps to ensure payment. As a matter of fact, men-of-war's-men in Elizabeth's time were paid with a punctuality which was quite unknown to their successors for centuries. 'They were paid in cash, and apparently at the 'end of every three months.' In a valuable work which has just appeared, '*The British Fleet*,' by Commander Charles N. Robinson, R.N., a work which we commend to the attention of every one who wishes to know what the navy was and is, will be found an account of the pay system of times much later than those of the Armada.

'All through the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries it was the rule not to pay anybody till the end of the commission, and, to a certain degree, the practice obtained until some fifty years ago.* The superior officers drew bills; every one else was given tickets' (p. 386).

'Then [1797], and long afterwards, ships were away on foreign service as long, in some cases, as ten years, and not a man touched a penny of his pay till he returned to England' (p. 393).

'Naval officers [till after the end of the Crimean War] were compelled to draw bills for their pay on foreign stations, and had frequently to sell their bills at a discount amounting to 35 and 40 per cent.' (p. 393).†

The Elizabethan scale of pay, converted into present value, was higher than that now established. 'In 1585 'the sixpence was worth three shillings' of our present money. The pay of an A.B. was 10s. (present value 3l.) a month of twenty-eight days. It is now, for the

* Officers still in the navy, at a much more recent date, for some time received their pay once in six months, and in paper!

† Froude's '*History of England*,' xii. 360. See also Hubert Hall's work, already cited.

same period, 2*l.* 4*s.* 4*d.* The modern seaman, it is to be noted, receives good-conduct pay, gunnery pay, gratuities at discharge, and a pension on completion of service. His predecessor also received allowances, which cannot now be exactly stated; and these and the higher effective pay more than made up for the extras now granted and the prospect of a pension. The sailors of the sixteenth and of the early part of the seventeenth century received wages which must have been envied by the labourers, and even by the skilled artisans, who were their contemporaries.*

We may repeat our opinion that the charges levelled at Elizabeth and her Ministers would not have been made had the conditions of naval life been understood, and we appeal to the conscience of every candid reader to admit that the opinion is well founded. In these papers, it is true, there are many anxious demands for victuals, ammunition, and money. If the correspondence of modern admirals were examined, we should probably find exactly similar demands as to reserve stocks of coal, ammunition, and naval stores of special kinds. It is often so difficult to get home-staying officials to understand the urgency of an admiral's wants, that reiteration of them is not to be wondered at. The 'Reports of Survey,' so judiciously included in the publication under review, show us that the ships of Elizabeth were in every respect well found. The Government had certainly done its part in bringing about the defeat of the enemy.

The sailors had even more nobly done theirs. Professor Laughton has demonstrated that, great as were the odds against them, they were not so great as has been usually supposed. They were far from being so great that they could not be redressed by skill and intrepidity; and skill and intrepidity were conspicuously displayed. The serene confidence as to the result of a conflict expressed by the great seamen of the time is worthy of remembrance, and of imitation, by their modern successors. 'Of all the panic-stricken accounts of the great Armada which have come down to us,' says the editor, 'not one was written by a seaman or by any one who had practical knowledge of the Spaniards at sea.' The strategic insight of the admirals was remarkable. They one and all preferred the offensive to standing

* To avoid crowding the text with figures, reference only will be made, in proof of the statement in the text, to Hubert Hall, *op. cit.* pp. 22, 23, 203; and to Rogers, 'History of Agriculture and Prices,' vol. v. pp. 789, 792.

on their defence in home waters and awaiting the arrival of the enemy.

'The opinion,' says Howard on June 14, 'of Sir Francis Drake, Mr. Hawkins, Mr. Frobisher, and others that be men of greatest judgment and experience, as also my own concurring with them in the same, is that the surest way to meet with the Spanish fleet is upon their own coast, or in any harbour of their own, and there to defeat them.' (Howard to Walsingham).

'My opinion, says Drake, 'is that we shall fight with them much better cheap upon their own coast than here.'

The sailors were overruled. They bowed readily to the decision of those who could not know what was right as well as they did, and set themselves to work to redeem bad strategy by good tactics. British seamen have had to do the like more than once since, and may have to do it again. In one respect they had an immense advantage over their opponents. The great majority of the latter were shore- or harbour-trained. They were brave and well-drilled soldiers, like the marines, whose high efficiency in their own sphere has sometimes prompted unlearned theorists to propose to substitute them for seamen. The training of the Englishmen had been carried out upon the sea.

'Never in the history of the country,' says the late Professor Froude,* 'was a body of sailors gathered together more experienced in sailing ships and fighting them. They were the rovers of the ocean. To navigate the wildest seas, to fight Spaniards wherever they could meet them, had for thirty years been their occupation and their glory.'

The pernicious maxim formulated by landmen ignorant of naval history, that English ships should be individually 'more powerful,' in plain language bigger, than those of the enemy, had not then been invented to render impossible all effective tactical dispositions in fleet actions.

In merit the tactics followed by the Elizabethan admirals have never been surpassed. They were the first amongst the seamen of Christendom to discover the full powers of the gun as a naval weapon. They saw—what the self-constituted instructors from the drawing-office, who have never spent a year in blue water, cannot yet see—that the concentrated fire of several ships, not of diminutive, but of moderate size, with well-served ordnance, must prevail over mere hugeness and supposed defensive capacity. Hitherto fleet actions had for the most part been hand-to-hand combats, in which boarding was a frequent episode. The English seamen who

* 'The Spanish Story of the Armada,' p. 45.

fought against the Armada showed what could be done, even against generally superior numbers, by sea-trained men in ships of handy dimensions armed with guns of manageable size, which their crews could fire three times to the enemy's once.* Long experience on the sea enabled the English captains to collect their ships opposite the part of the enemy's formation which they preferred to assail, and to keep from it at the distance which they found most advantageous. They thus, as Nelson long after did so conspicuously at Trafalgar, converted their general inferiority in number into a local superiority which overcame all resistance.

This was the essence of their tactical arrangements. It explains the action of Howard in remaining near the stranded galleass off Calais till he had got his men and boats aboard again. The suggestion that he 'had delayed too long for his fame' is based on an erroneous conception of the tactics adopted, which were to continually increase the number of English ships at the point assailed, thus bringing up repeated relays of fresh ships with full magazines. When Howard was wanted he was never absent.

The Armada was full of valiant souls. Oquendo, Valdez, Moncada, Leyva, held in it high command. Ships which bore on their books the titles of Ascoli, of Peñafiel, of Gelves, and such family names as de Velasco, de Guzman, Tellez-Giron (of the great house of Ossuna), Toledo, and de Castro, carried brave and chivalrous gentlemen, who, as all the episodes of the several battles show, had men of courage under them. But where courage was equal on both sides, superiority in sea experience and in tactical skill was sure to tell, as tell it will until wars shall cease. This is one great lesson which we can learn from these volumes. There are others. Howard, as portrayed by himself in his letters, is a singularly noble figure. We see that he was a valiant, resolute, diligent, and considerate commander. Like Nelson,

* Professor Laughton gives us two very instructive tables, one on p. xlv., and the other on p. li. The latter shows that whilst the average tonnage of the more important Spanish ships was 727, that of the corresponding English ships was 552. The other table shows the English preference for moderate-sized guns—which, by the way, lasted till the end of the Napoleonic wars, and even later. Five Spanish ships named had twenty-nine guns of and above the 24-pounder class; five English had only twenty. On the other hand, whilst the five Spanish ships had thirty-seven 18-pounders and 9-pounders, the five English had eighty-nine. It is easy to see why our ancestors were able to make the fire of their guns overwhelmingly superior.

he appreciated capacity in his subordinates, and was never stingy of praise where praise was deserved. Nowhere do we find in his letters those querulous condemnations of his officers, which disfigure the correspondence of too many commanders. His tenderness of heart towards his suffering sailors is proved not only by the expressions in his letters, but also by his readiness to relieve their necessities out of his own purse. He is a pattern to be imitated by all naval officers. The *sang-froid* of Drake, J. Hawkins, Wynter, and the English commanders generally, is not more conspicuous than their complete understanding of the belligerent problems by which they were confronted.

In these days of centralised administrative arrangements we may well learn how efficiently men could work a system in which they were allowed still to remain men, and were not moulded into mere machines. In Elizabeth's reign it was not thought necessary to overwhelm with minutely detailed instructions and regulations, drawn up by clerks or specialists on shore, officers thought capable of holding high commands. The view which this collection of State papers permits us to take of the Elizabethan administration shows it to have been admirably efficient. Energy, foresight, reasonable frugality, and a consistent determination to hold every one responsible for his acts, are its characteristics. The spirit of the great queen pervades the whole. If we can learn, if we have not unfitted ourselves for learning, the lessons which these volumes contain, there will be good cause for gratitude to the society which has put them within our reach.

- ART. IV.—1. *Proceedings of the Society for Psychical Research.* Part XXVI. Vol. X. London: 1894.
2. *Apparitions and Thought-Transference: an Examination of the Evidence for Telepathy.* By FRANK PODMORE, M.A. The Contemporary Science Series. London: 1894.
3. *Cock Lane and Common Sense.* By ANDREW LANG. London: 1894.
4. *Letters on Demonology and Witchcraft, addressed to J. G. Lockhart, Esq.* By Sir WALTER SCOTT, Bart. London: 1831.
5. *Report of Dr. Benjamin Franklin and other Commissioners charged by the King of France with the Examination of Animal Magnetism as now practised at Paris.* Translated from the French. London: 1785.
6. *A True Relation of Dr. Dee's Actions with Spirits.* With a Preface by MERIC CASAUBON, D.D. London: 1659.

THERE are few things more curious in the history of man than the different mental attitude assumed by him in different ages with regard to the supernatural.

It is now more than twenty years since Mr. Lecky published his thoughtful and deeply interesting work on the 'Rise and Influence of the Spirit of Rationalism in Europe.' Men had believed, so Mr. Lecky impressed upon his readers, what they were predisposed to believe, rather than what evidence proved to be true. Sir Walter Scott half a century earlier had, in discussing popular superstitions, arrived at the same conclusion. To the middle of the seventeenth century, the belief in witchcraft, for instance, was almost universal. Judges of the highest character and greatest learning convicted and sentenced to death old women for the crime of witchcraft: nay, persons themselves frequently confessed to the possession of supernatural and diabolical powers, though they knew that the result of their confessions would be their own doom. Witch-trials at length came to an end, not because no further evidence was forthcoming, but because intelligent men no longer believed the evidence when it was produced; and stories which a generation or two earlier would have claimed the belief and excited the terrors of a whole countryside were dismissed as old wives' tales. How did it happen that what in one age was the common belief of the wisest in the land became a few years later the derision of all who had emerged from the lowest depth of ignorance?

A rationalistic spirit was permeating the minds of men. The previous predisposition to belief in the constant intervention of supernatural causes was largely dependent on the views generally accepted as to the government of the world and on the religious conceptions of the time; the increased knowledge of science, the perception that the operations of nature were subject to general laws, the great spread of education, had their effect. The causes of occurrences formerly attributed to supernatural agency were investigated, till at length not only was the belief in witchcraft abandoned, but men found it hardly possible to believe in the credulity of their own ancestors.

Superstitions, though at one period more prevalent than at another, are of every age, and of almost every degree, from the heroic to the most vile and contemptible. There is generally a suitability or conformity of superstition with the sentiments of the time. If, for instance, the Romans thought that, in the very heat of battle, they saw their gods Castor and Pollux leading them to victory; if fervent Catholics, in warring with the infidel, recognised the martial figures of Christian saints, St. George or St. James, at their head, the belief in each case seemed a natural enough one. No one, of course, in the present day gives the least credence to these tales; but the tales themselves help us to understand the times when they were believed. According to Sir Walter Scott, apparitions such as these, which, of course, any one acquainted with history could multiply without limit, 'being generally visible to a multitude, have in 'all times been supported by the greatest strength of testimony.' In moments of intense excitement or enthusiasm, 'the number of persons present, which would otherwise lead 'to a detection of the fallacy, become the means of 'strengthening it.' Than Sir Walter Scott no one more highly valued the romantic legends of an earlier day, nor took more sympathetic interest in the tales which still beguiled the popular fancy of the remoter parts of rural Scotland even in his own time. Yet experience taught that prince of story-tellers that tales of ghosts and demonology should be addressed to the young; that it was only in the morning of life 'that this feeling of superstition "comes ' "o'er us like a summer cloud," affecting us with fear which 'is solemn and awful, rather than painful.' Sir Walter Scott, in the last of his letters on demonology and witchcraft, half doubts whether his time had been well spent upon such a subject at such a period of the world's history.

'The present fashion of the world seemed to be ill suited for studies of this fantastic nature, and the most ordinary mechanic has learning sufficient to laugh at the figments which in former times were believed by persons far advanced in the deepest knowledge of the age. I cannot, however, in conscience carry my opinion of my countrymen's good sense so far as to exculpate them entirely from the charge of credulity. Those who are disposed to look for them may, without much trouble, see such manifest signs, both of superstition and the disposition to believe in its doctrines, as may render it no useless occupation to compare the follies of our fathers with our own. The sailors have a proverb that every man in his lifetime must eat a peck of impurity; and it seems yet more clear that every generation of the human race must swallow a certain measure of nonsense.'

So wrote the author of 'Waverley' 'sixty years since.' We doubt whether he would use different language to-day.

Mr. Andrew Lang, the title of whose recent book appears at the head of this article, has collected, within very moderate compass, a large mass of interesting information bearing upon popular superstition. Not only does he show that in ancient and in modern times, amongst civilised and uncivilised people, have ghosts and apparitions roused the wonder and excited the fears of man, but even that the knocks, raps, floating lights, the whirring sound of wings, which to-day so often indicate an unearthly presence, have been in all climes, and throughout all time, the usual accompaniments of ghostly visitation. There is, it seems, little new in the alleged spiritual phenomena of the present day; yet we are living in an age which boasts its superiority to superstition, its rationalistic spirit, its respect for science. Scott believed that when the 'torch of science' was lighted, when the Royal Society had been incorporated by royal charter, and had begun to publish its transactions, the day of superstitious belief in demons and fairies, in ghosts and apparitions, in warnings and in dreams, in magic of every kind, was approaching its end. Mr. Lecky certainly cannot find in the general mental attitude of educated men in the present day any 'predisposition to believe' in the supernatural or the miraculous. It is to the men of science, and to the methods of scientific inquiry, that the world now turns for its knowledge, often, undoubtedly, seeking from that source knowledge of a kind which will never be thence obtained.

In the past year Lord Salisbury at Oxford has done good service in pointing out that, great and magnificent as have been the strides made in recent years by every department of science, yet barriers to our knowledge close us in on every

side, and defy, as triumphantly as ever, our puny efforts to surmount them. Perhaps our philosophical historians may have been too sanguine in counting so surely upon the entire defeat of superstition by the growing enlightenment of the age. Do the miracles of Lourdes, the visions of poor Bernadette, the thousands of miserable pilgrims that throng to the sacred grotto, the streams of gold that enrich the churches and the priests—do all these tend to show any great advance upon the religious superstitions of mediæval times? It is hardly half a century since the modern developement of spirit-rapping inaugurated in New York by the Fox family was introduced to Europe, and since educated men and women began in considerable numbers to believe that the spirits of the dead are recalled to earth, and communicate more or less freely with the living by the expedient of rapping out on a table the letters of the alphabet. It is but yesterday that Madame Blavatsky was retailing to her disciples (educated men and women who trusted her) the contents of messages projected to her through supernatural agency direct and instantaneous from Thibet. Whatever may be the general tendency of the age, and we cannot doubt that, on the whole, Mr. Lecky rightly characterises it as a rationalistic age, a strong bias towards superstition undoubtedly affects, and probably will always affect, very many individuals. The direction of the main stream cannot be mistaken, though here and there we find a backwater. There is in some minds a craving for the supernatural; a feeling of impatience of, almost of hostility to, any explanation, based upon natural causes, of those marvels in which there is an inclination to believe. To sift with perfect frankness the accounts of believers fresh from a spiritualistic experience is not generally possible. Men of a sceptical turn know well the truth of Scott's statement that

'a supernatural tale is in most cases received as an agreeable mode of amusing society, and he would rather, be accounted a sturdy moralist than an entertaining companion who should employ himself in assailing its credibility. It would indeed be a solecism in manners, something like that of impeaching the genuine value of the antiquities exhibited by a good-natured collector for the gratification of his guests. This difficulty will appear greater should a company have the rare good fortune to meet the person who himself witnessed the wonders which he tells; a well-bred or prudent man will, under such circumstances, abstain from using the rules of cross-examination practised in a court of justice; and if in any case he presumes to do so, he is in danger of receiving answers, even from the most candid and honourable persons, which are rather fitted to support the credit of the story

which they stand committed to maintain than to the pure service of unadorned truth. The narrator is asked, for example, some unimportant question with regard to the apparition; he answers it on the hasty suggestion of his own imagination, tinged as it is with a belief in the general fact, and by doing so often gives a feature of minute evidence which was before wanting, and this with perfect unconsciousness on his own part.' (Letters on Demonology and Witchcraft, p. 344.)

At Paris in the second half of last century, where and when sceptical philosophy, if ever, was in the ascendant, the proceedings of M. Mesmer roused the utmost curiosity. The wonders which he performed were not, however, by him attributed to supernatural agency, but rather to a natural force not understood by men of science at the time. He claimed to have discovered a new agent which he named 'Animal Magnetism.' It was, in his own words,

'a fluid universally diffused, the vehicle of a mutual influence between the celestial bodies, the earth, and the bodies of animated beings. It is so continued as to admit of no vacuum: its subtlety does not admit of illustration. . . . The action and the virtue of animal magnetism are capable of being communicated from one body to another, animated or inanimate. They exert themselves to considerable distances, and without the least assistance from any intermediate bodies. . . . The animal magnetism is capable of curing immediately diseases of the nerves, and mediately other distempers, . . . it forwards and directs the salutary crises so as to subject them totally to the government of the judgement.'

And so on.

Mesmer's theories were rejected with contempt by the scientific men of Berlin and of Vienna, where he had first of all announced his discoveries. In France he achieved much greater success, and his proceedings and writings in Paris excited the attention of the most learned men of the day. 'By some the Animal Magnetism was applauded as the 'greatest of discoveries, and by others decried as the juggle 'of an unprincipled impostor.'*

Under these circumstances Louis XVI. appointed a commission of scientific men, with Benjamin Franklin at its head, to inquire into the whole subject of the animal magnetism as then practised in Paris. They attended at what would now be called public and private séances, they investigated the nature of the crises, they subjected the experiments to tests of their own, and some of their number even submitted themselves to the treatment. Unanimously they report that

* Report of Dr. Franklin.

the crises of various kinds which they had witnessed were caused by the excited imaginations of those who suffered them, that the existence of the magnetic fluid was absolutely destitute of proof, that it was incapable of being perceived by any of the senses, and had no action either on themselves or on the subjects of the several experiments. Finally they reported that they had demonstrated in the most decisive way that 'the imagination without the magnetism produces convulsions, and the magnetism without the imagination produces nothing;' that the fluid had no existence, and could therefore have no use. We may remark here upon the businesslike and common-sense fashion in which this commission went to work, and contrast the thoroughness of their investigations with those of our contemporary English searchers after truth.

Table-turning, which arose and reached its greatest popularity in England in the years immediately before 1860, was in like manner attributed to some occult force, brought into existence, as in the experiments of Mesmer, by a circuit of human hands. Indeed, an assembled party of Mesmer's disciples, seated round his 'bucket,' with iron rods extending to it to conduct 'the animal magnetism,' was evidently the prototype of the table-turners' séance three-quarters of a century later. The tables, it will be remembered, in those favoured years did much more than *turn*. By tilts and raps they answered questions, and even on occasions were known to lead a successful search for articles mislaid by their owners. The machine invented by Faraday showed that when the table moved there had been muscular pressure, proving, at all events, that the joint and several testimony of experimenters, however honestly given, cannot always be implicitly trusted. Table-turning of the old sort is now out of fashion, though tables are still, we are informed, the favourite subjects of the influence of an occult force, which lifts them into the air, and sustains them there, in the absence of personal contact, without any visible or ascertainable means of support whatever.

The world, it is clear, however scientific the age, is full of mystery still. Is it not a disgrace to science that, from the dawn of history to the end of the nineteenth century, truth and fable should remain so inextricably mixed? By this time surely men should know what to believe about ghosts and apparitions, about modern miraculous cures, about prophetic dreams and warnings, about levitations—whether of saints or of tables—about mesmerism, about spirit-rapping,

about crystal-gazing, about second sight, about witchcraft, and the hundred other supposed manifestations of the interference of a spiritual power, or of an unexplored natural cause, with the well-ordered course of things.

So thought, not unnaturally, the distinguished persons who, in the year 1882, founded the Society for Psychical Research. It was a 'scandal,' declared Professor Sidgwick, in his inaugural address to that Society, that the dispute as to the reality of these phenomena should be still going on. It would be the main object of the Society to remove this scandal. Is there then, as a matter of fact, communication between living men and disembodied spirits? Are apparitions merely the creatures of the imagination of those who witness them? Thirteen years have elapsed. The Society has created a bulky literature in its courageous attempt to explore, in a professed spirit of scientific inquiry, territory in which the imagination rather than the reason of man had hitherto preferred to roam. There are no branches of the subject, so far as we know, that the Society has not investigated, and assuredly no more single-minded men ever inquired into anything. They have formed a 'Haunted-house Committee,' whose members visit, but as yet have visited in vain, houses said to be frequented by ghosts. They have taken a 'Census of Hallucinations,' having, indeed, made inquiry in the personal experiences of some 17,000 individuals. They have deeply pondered over the visions seen by the little peasant girls of Lourdes. They have despatched a commissioner to India to investigate the truth of the statements of Madame Blavatsky; and the alleged wonder-working powers of the Mahatmas. The Society grudges neither trouble nor expense, yet we doubt much whether all their labours will be found in the long run to affect either the knowledge or the credulity of men.

The recently published vol. x. of the 'Proceedings of the Society' opens with an address from its President, the Right Hon. Arthur James Balfour, M.P., F.R.S. It is not a little startling to find on the inside of the cover of this volume, facing the address delivered by Mr. Balfour, the following notice, printed conspicuously with the full sanction of the Society:—

GLASS BALLS FOR CRYSTAL-GAZING.

Glass balls well suited for crystal-gazing can be obtained from the Assistant Secretary of the Society for Psychical Research in four sizes, as below, on ebonised stands, and in boxes, postage included—

No. 1—1 $\frac{3}{4}$	in. diameter, solid, 3 shillings.
No. 2—2 $\frac{1}{4}$	" " " 4
No. 3—2 $\frac{3}{4}$	" " " 5
No. 4—3	" " " 8

No. 4 is also supplied hollow, to be filled with water, for 5s. The hollow balls have been found equally good as specula with the solid.

The famous ‘angelicall stone’ of Dr. John Dee is said still to exist in the British Museum. Dr. Dee was a mathematician and traveller of the time of James I., well known in the Courts of Europe, and the ‘True Relation of his Actions with Spirits’ was made known to the public in the latter half of the seventeenth century by Dr. Casaubon, who introduced the narrative with an interesting preface of his own. Dr. Dee’s method was to write down the description given to him by his assistant, Mr. Kelly, of what the latter saw when gazing into the magic stone, or crystal. Occasionally, however, it appears that the spirits were both seen and heard by the doctor himself, for whose truth and sincerity Casaubon freely vouches. With Kelly as interpreter, a large number of conversations that took place between Dee and various spirits are duly recorded by the latter. Casaubon and Dee differ only in their explanation of these occurrences, in the view taken of the character of these spirits. With Dee they were good spirits; with Casaubon they were very much the reverse. That the magic stone was brought to Dee by *an angel* is a matter of doubt; but that it ‘was brought by a *spirit* was sure enough.’ Indeed, Casaubon urges that Dee’s ‘only (but great and dreadful) error was that he mistook false lying spirits for angels of light, the ‘Divel of Hell (as we commonly call him) for the God of ‘Heaven.’

The Psychical Research Society, as we shall see, though not perhaps altogether rejecting, as regards crystal-gazing, the spiritualistic theory of earlier times, strongly inclines to the belief that the steady contemplation of crystals, or glass balls (hollow globes being as good as solid ones for the purpose), induces a condition of trance in the mind of the gazer, and thereby lays his mind open to the reception of impressions received from other minds, to which, under normal circumstances, the minds of men are closed. Thus, a condition of mind is acquired under which the crystal-gazer sees before his mental eye a picture of what is actually taking place at a distance. The views held by the Psychical Research Society on the subject of the trance condition of

mind are so important—indeed, are so fundamental as regards the conclusions adopted—that they deserve to be most carefully considered. It is our earnest desire to avoid any misrepresentation or unfairness in bringing before our readers the teaching of that Society; and we shall, therefore, here give an abstract, or condensation, as far as possible in his own words, of the address of Professor Oliver Lodge, F.R.S., to the Society, which finds a place in Vol. X. of the ‘Proceedings,’ immediately after the address of Mr. Balfour, before referred to.

‘It has long been known,’ says Professor Lodge, ‘that in order to achieve remarkable results in any department of intellectual activity, the mind must be to some extent unaware of passing occurrences. To be keenly awake and “on the spot” is a highly valued accomplishment, and for the ordinary purposes of mundane affairs is a far more useful state of mind than the rather hazy and absorbed condition which is associated with the quality of the mind called genius; but it is not as effective for brilliant achievement.

‘When a poet, or musician, or mathematician feels himself inspired, his senses are, I suppose, dulled, or half-asleep; and though probably some part of his brain is in a great state of activity, I am not aware of any experiments directed to test which that part is, nor whether, when in that state, any of the more ordinarily used portions are really dormant or no. It would be interesting, but difficult, to ascertain the precise physiological accompaniments of that which, on a small scale, is called a brown study, and on a larger scale a period of inspiration.

‘It does not seem unreasonable to suppose that the state is somewhat allied to the initial condition of anæsthesia—the somnambulant condition when, though the automatic processes of the body go on with greater perfection than usual, the conscious or noticing aspect of the mind is latent, so that the things which influence the person are apparently no longer the ordinary events which affect his peripheral organs, but either something internal or else something not belonging to the ordinarily known physical universe at all.

‘The mind is always in a receptive state, perhaps; but whereas the business-like wide-awake person receives impressions from every trivial detail of his physical surroundings, the half-asleep person seems to receive impressions from a different stratum altogether; higher in some instances, but different always from those received by ordinary men in their everyday state.

‘In a man of genius the state comes on of itself; and the results are astounding. There exist occasionally feeble persons, usually young, who seek to attain to the appearance of genius by the easy process of assuming or encouraging an attitude of vacancy and uselessness. There may be all grades of results attained while in this state, and the state itself is of less than no value unless it is justified by the results.

‘By experiment and observation it has now been established that a state very similar to this can be induced by artificial means, e.g. by

drugs, by hypnosis, by crystal-gazing, by purposed inattention; and also that the state can occur occasionally without provocation, during sleep and during trance.'

What, then, Professor Lodge asks, is the source of the intelligence manifested during the continuance of a state such as this? Of all the cases of which Professor Lodge is cognisant, directly or indirectly, he thinks the most striking are 'the trance state of Mrs. Piper, and the automatism of such writers as Mrs. Newman.' We must again quote verbatim:—

'Mrs. Piper in the trance state is undoubtedly (I use the word in the strongest sense; I have absolutely no more doubt on the subject than I have of any friend's ordinary knowledge of me and other men)—Mrs. Piper's trance personality is undoubtedly aware of much to which she has no kind of ordinarily recognised clue, and of which in her ordinary state she knows nothing. But how does she get this knowledge? She herself, when in the trance state, asserts that she gets it by conversing with the deceased friends and relatives of people present. And that this is a genuine opinion of hers—that is, that the process feels like that to her unconscious or subconscious mind, the part of her which calls itself *Phinuit*—I am fully prepared to believe. But that does not carry us very far towards a knowledge of what the process actually is.

'Conversation implies speaking with the mouth, and when receiving or asking information she is momentarily in a deeper slumber, and certainly not occupied in speech. At times, indeed, slight mutterings of one-sided questions and replies are heard, very like the mutterings of a person in sleep undergoing a vivid dream.'

'Dream is certainly the ordinary person's nearest approach to the *Phinuit* condition, and the fading of recollection as the conscious memory returns is also paralleled by the waking of Mrs. Piper out of the trance. But, instead of a nearly passive dream, it is more nearly allied to the somnambulant state, though the activity, far from being chiefly locomotory, is mainly mental and only partially muscular.

'She is in a state of somnambulism in which the mind is more active than the body; and the activity is so different from her ordinary activity, she is so distinctly a different sort of person, that she quite appropriately calls herself by another name.

'It is natural to ask, Is she still herself? But it is a question difficult to answer, unless "herself" be defined. It is her mouth that is speaking, and I suppose her brain and nerves are working the oral muscles; but they are not working in the customary way, nor does the mind manifested thereby at all resemble her mind. Until indeed the meaning of identity can be accurately specified, I find it difficult to discuss the question whether she or another person is really speaking.'

We hardly know whether it adds to or diminishes the difficulty that the 'other person' in the case is very often

dead. Professor Lodge says that some light is thrown upon this obscure point by the waking experience of Mrs. Newman, the widow of the late Rev. P. H. Newman. In her case the mouth does not speak, but the hand writes, and writes matter not in the mind of the writer. The hand writes, and whilst the conscious mind of the writer is otherwise engaged, the hand is guided by her subconscious or by some other mind.

‘The instructive feature about the latter phenomenon is,’ continues Professor Lodge, ‘that the minds apparently influencing the hand are not so much those of dead as of living people. The great advantage of this is that they can be catechised afterwards about their share in the transaction; and it then appears that, although the communication purporting to be from them really does convey what they were doing or thinking—in fact, what they *might* have written—yet actually they know nothing about the writing, neither the muscular fact nor the intelligent substance.’

Sometimes, however, the connexion between the two minds is consciously reciprocal; but Mrs. Newman’s experience shows that it *need* not be so.

‘Since the living communicant is not aware of the fact that he is dictating the handwriting, so the dead person need not be consciously operating; and thus conceivably the hand of the automatist may be influenced by minds other than his own, minds both living and dead (by one apparently as readily as by the other), but not by a conscious portion of the mind of any one; by the subconscious or dreamy portion, if by any portion at all.

‘When Phinuit, then, or Mrs. Piper in the trance state, reports conversations which she has had with other minds (usually in Phinuit’s case with persons deceased), and even when the voice changes and messages come apparently from those very people themselves, it does not follow that they themselves are necessarily aware of the fact, nor need their conscious mind (if they have any) have anything whatever to do with the process.

‘The signature of an automatist’s hand is equivalent to the assertion that Miss X., for instance, is deliberately writing; Phinuit’s statement is equally an assertion that Mr. E. is deliberately speaking; and the one statement may be no more a lie than the other is a forgery, and yet neither need be what is ordinarily called “true.”

‘That this community of mind or possibility of distant interchange or one-sided reception of thoughts exists is to me perfectly clear and certain. I venture further to say that persons who deny the bare fact, expressed as I here wish to express it without any hypothesis, are simply ignorant. They have not studied the facts of the subject. It may be for lack of opportunity, it may be for lack of inclination; they are by no means bound to investigate it unless they choose; but any dogmatic denials which such persons may now perpetrate will

henceforth, or in the very near future, redound to the discredit, not of the phenomena thus ignorantly denied, but of themselves, the over-confident and presumptuous deniers.

'We must not too readily assume that the apparent action of one mind on another is really such an action. The impression received *may* come from an ostensible agent; but it may come from a third person; or, again, it *may*, as some think more likely, come from some central mind or *Zeitgeist*, to which all ordinary minds are related and by which they are influenced. If it could be shown that the action is a syntonie or sympathetic connexion between a pair of minds, then it might be surmised that the action is a physical one, properly to be expressed as occurring directly between brain and brain, or body and body. On the other hand, the action may conceivably be purely psychological, and the distant brain may be stimulated not by the intervention of anything physical or material, but in some more immediate manner, from its psychological instead of from its physiological side.'

Does telepathy operate through a physical mechanism? Is the power of operating upon the minds of terrestrial persons confined to living terrestrial people? To put these questions to the test of 'crucial experiment' Professor Lodge declares to be desirable, though difficult. As for intrinsic probabilities, he would expect to find other regions many-peopled, and with extraordinary variety; and, since mental action is conspicuous on the earth, he expects to find it existent elsewhere:—

'If life is necessarily associated with a material carcase, then no doubt the surface of one of the many lumps of matter must be the scene of its activity; but if any kind of mental action is independent of material or physical environment, then it may conceivably be that the psychical population is not limited to the material lumps, but may luxuriate either in the interstellar spaces or in some undimensional forms of existence of which we have no conception.'

Now, every one acquainted with the proceedings of the Psychical Research Society is aware that the utterances of Phinuit and others, and the writings of automatists, 'abound 'with communications purporting to come from minds not now 'associated with terrestrial matter,' and the difficulty is to settle by experiment whether the claim is well founded. It may be that these communications have really been 'telepathed' from some living mind, for Professor Lodge finds it difficult to establish that the substance of the communication is known only to the dead. Perhaps some of our readers may be willing to act upon his curious suggestion, and make trial of what he describes as a severe, though not

absolutely conclusive, test. Here, again, we must give his own words :—

‘ Responsible people ought to write and deposit specific documents, for the purpose of posthumously communicating them to some one, if they can, taking all reasonable precautions against fraud and collusion ; and also, which is, perhaps, a considerable demand, taking care that they do not forget the contents themselves.

‘ But, after all, even if this were successfully achieved, the proof to us of mental action on the part of the deceased “agent” is still incomplete, for it may be that they are done by clairvoyance ; that the document, though still sealed or enclosed in metal, is read in some unknown or fourth-dimensional manner by the subliminal self.’

Perhaps we had better wait till the thing is done before we account for the doing of it. A further question which Professor Lodge wishes to bring to an experimental test is whether it is possible to become aware of events before they have occurred, an affirmative answer to which question might, he thinks, vitally affect our metaphysical notions of ‘Time,’ but would not necessarily have any bearing on the existence in the universe of intelligences other than our own :—

‘ A cosmic picture-gallery,’ as Mr. Myers calls it, ‘ or photographic or phonographic record of all that has occurred or will occur in the universe, may conceivably in some sense exist, and may be partly open and dimly decipherable to the lucid part of the automatist’s or entranced person’s mind.’

A last question is whether mental action can directly—that is, without the intervention of known physical means—affect matter ; for example, can an entranced, or any other, person raise a chair or a table without pressing it up and without conjuring ? Assertions that such events publicly occur are, says Professor Lodge, ‘ innumerable,’ nay, photographs have been taken of tables soaring in air without visible support ; and yet he finds difficulty in getting experimental proof of the fact, and the theory of collective hypnotism, or collective hallucination, is still open. We have ourselves seen photographs alleged to represent ghosts ; and we are inclined to agree with the Professor ‘ that it may be desirable to get a phonographic record of the speech of a ghost, if it can be done. But (even eliminating fraud) there would be nothing crucial about this, unless one could be sure that the ghost-seer has not in a somnambulant state spoken the necessary words into the instrument itself.’

Now, we have given these lengthy extracts from Professor Lodge’s lecture for two reasons. First, because they prove

conclusively that Mr. Balfour in no degree exaggerated the state of the case when he declared (referring to telepathy) that the Society is face to face not only with facts which are extraordinary in themselves, but with a kind of facts which do not fit in with anything we know at present in the region either of physics or of physiology ; * facts which may make it necessary to reconsider our general view, if not of the material universe, at least of the universe of phenomena in time and space. Secondly, in order that, from these extracts, our readers may judge for themselves of the attitude of mind in which the Psychical Research Society approaches and conducts its investigations. We have so far abstained from all note and comment. We have not, to use the phrase of the Professor, 'perpetrated a dogmatic denial' of anything whatever. Still he is proposing to bring about a complete bouleversment of the conceptions of educated men as to their own world and the outside universe. We are not so fortunate as he is in enjoying the acquaintance of Mrs. Piper or Phinuit, and Mrs. Newman. But perhaps we may be allowed to remark that they are exceptionally gifted ladies, and to congratulate the Society upon numbering amongst its members those who can bring them into direct communication with the dead. Our readers will have observed that, though to have 'a mind on the spot' is, 'for 'mundane affairs' and ordinary purposes, useful enough, for brilliant achievement, such as is associated with genius, a hazy condition of the intellect is to be preferred. Poetic inspiration, it appears, seizes the poet when his senses are half-asleep !' And a brown study, many will be glad to hear, is what upon a larger scale becomes a period of inspiration ! The half-trance condition opens the mind to impressions to which the wide-awake condition is closed. Most men have probably, at some period of their lives, observed other men in a state closely akin 'to the initial condition of 'anæsthesia,' which is, we are told, so favourable a condition for receiving psychical impressions. Now, against all this we protest. We and the Psychical Research Society also are for the time being here on earth, and we cannot brush 'mundane affairs' aside. We shall require far stronger evidence than any we have yet seen to induce us to rank the half-asleep, or hypnotised, or half-intoxicated mind, for any mental purpose whatever, above the wide-awake, businesslike intellect which is 'on the spot.'

* Proceedings of Psychical Research Society, vol. x. p. 11.

We shall have something to say later as to the methods of investigation which commend themselves to the Psychical Research Society. Let us again turn to vol. x. of the 'Proceedings,' almost the whole of which is taken up with the discussion of apparitions, hallucinations, and thought-transferences, or 'telepathy.' That some people honestly believe they have seen ghosts no sane man ever doubted. And what is usually understood by the word 'ghost' is, of course, the spirit of a deceased person, which becomes perceptible by one or other of the senses of him who perceives it. The eyes or the ears of the living man are the usual organs by which the presence of the ghostly visitant is detected. Sometimes, though more rarely, it is the sense of touch, and sometimes all three senses are called into play together. It would be 'unscientific' to exclude the remaining organs of sense from the capacity on fitting occasions of testifying to the spiritual presence. If dogs 'see ghosts,' which their occasional behaviour renders probable, it is in all likelihood through the nose that the impression is most vividly presented to the canine mind. Yet even amongst men, whose organs of scent are so far inferior to those of many animals, an apparition has been known 'which disappeared with a curious perfume and a most melodious twang.'

The word 'telepathy' was invented by the Psychical Research Society. As a matter of fact, the question is still open whether the Society has not also invented the thing. There is a large mass of evidence in its favour, but surely there must be something wanting in its quality, since open and intelligent minds are by no means generally convinced by it. The word is intended to express the (scientifically speaking) novel conclusion that thoughts and feelings in one mind are sometimes caused by the influence of another mind, conveyed otherwise than through the ordinary channels of sense.* In other words, it is asserted that there is some unknown channel or machinery through which one mind communicates with another mind at a distance. It is to establish this thesis that Mr. Frank Podmore has published, with the approval of the Society, his book on 'Apparitions and Thought Reading,' a volume which is mainly (with certain additions and expansions) a reduction into smaller compass of the huge work by Messrs. Gurney and Myers called 'Phantasms of the Living.'

As becomes its philosophical character, the Psychical Re-

* Professor Sidgwick, S.P.R. vol. x. p. 26.

search Society is great at definition and classification. We make acquaintance with illusions and hallucinations and pseudo-hallucinations; with 'hallucinations proper' and 'veridical hallucinations.' A 'sensory hallucination' is distinguished from ordinary sense perceptions 'by the characteristic that the hallucinatory percept * lacks, but can only by distinct reflection be recognised as lacking, the objective basis that it suggests.' As if, for instance, a man in England thinks he sees a friend, and is only satisfied that it is not really his friend by the reflection that that friend is at the time in India. Dreams are distinguished from 'sensory hallucinations' by the fact that the percipient is in the former case asleep, and in the latter awake. A very wide distinction no doubt, yet where our knowledge of the state of 'the percipient' depends entirely upon his own testimony as to his own wakefulness, there will often be ground for reasonable doubt as to whether the 'percept' should be included in the one class or in the other. Honest men have been known to declare that they have been wide awake at a time when their companions have had sufficient evidence to the contrary.

A third distinction is of a more subtle kind. In hallucinations proper the phantasm appears to stand side by side with real objects, and to appear as real as they. In the pseudo-hallucination the phantasm is in appearance hardly 'sufficiently external' for it to be accepted as an hallucination proper, and thus pseudo-hallucinations are 'defined as having all the characteristics of hallucinations, except that of 'complete externalisation.' They seem to the percipient himself to be seen rather with the mind's eye than with his own visual organs, or heard with the mind's ear rather than with his actual organs of hearing. Again, matters are sometimes complicated by an apparition of mixed character, for

'it occasionally happens that a visual hallucination is associated with an auditory pseudo-hallucination; a completely externalised apparition seeming to communicate something in words, which the percipient apprehends, but without seeming to hear them.' (Proceedings, vol. x. p. 88.)

The distinction between illusions and hallucinations is expounded with great care, and several instances of the former are given. Having read these, we think it will be sufficient for our readers to understand that an illusion is an hallucination

* The thing perceived.

which has been then and there found out. Imperfect vision is a frequent cause of 'illusion.' Indeed, Professor Sidgwick's committee are acquainted with a short-sighted friend who has several times mistaken a 'projecting corner of a rough stone wall for a lady with flounced skirts.'

In the year 1889, at the request of the Psychical Research Society, and of the International Congress of Experimental Psychology held at Paris, Professor Sidgwick and a small committee undertook a statistical inquiry into the spontaneous hallucinations of the sane. The members constituting this committee were Professor and Mrs. Sidgwick, Mr. F. W. H. Myers, Mr. Frank Podmore, and Miss Alice Johnson. No one can of course for an instant doubt the conscientious spirit in which they undertook the business. They have laboured with extraordinary assiduity, and have now presented their report, which, with its appendices, numbers some 400 pages, forming, with the addresses of Mr. Balfour and Professor Lodge, vol. x. of the 'Proceedings of the Psychical Research Society.'

From its 'Census of Hallucinations' the committee determined to exclude experimental hallucinations voluntarily called into existence. Thus phenomena such as those accompanying crystal-gazing, spiritualistic séances, and the like were excluded, and so, of course, were phenomena coming under the head of 'illusions.' So far, therefore, as this report is concerned with the truth of telepathy, it must in fairness be borne in mind that no account whatever is taken in it of the vast mass of experimental evidence of thought-transference which has been elsewhere collected. Let the committee speak for itself:—

'The evidence of the report consists largely, though not solely, of accounts of apparitions of human beings, who are afterwards ascertained to have been dying—or passing through some crisis other than death—elsewhere, at or about the time at which the apparition is seen; the seer of the apparition not having at the time any knowledge of this fact, other than what is conveyed by the apparition itself. We speak of these phenomena as "coincidental" or "veridical" hallucinations; . . . for, so far as they suggest that the person in question is dying or passing through some other crisis at the time, they represent real facts otherwise unknown to the percipient.'

With a view to obtaining statistics the committee availed itself of the assistance of 410 collectors, who were instructed to put to 'all sorts of people' the 'Census question,' viz.:—'Have you ever, when believing yourself 'to be completely awake, had a vivid impression of seeing,

‘or being touched by, a living being or inanimate object, ‘or of hearing a voice; which impression, so far as you ‘could discover, was not due to any external physical ‘cause?’

Of these collectors, 223 were women and 187 men, and with about a quarter of them members of the committee were personally acquainted. About one-third of the collectors were members of the Psychical Research Society, and all of them gave their services gratuitously. Mr. W. T. Stead, through the instrumentality of the ‘Review of Reviews,’ kindly provided some forty collectors who obtained about 1,000 answers. To any one who answered ‘Yes’ to the Census question, a further series of printed questions was put in order to bring out the nature of the apparition, with as many details as possible.

We will now extract from the tables contained in the report the principal results arrived at.

The inquiry began in April 1889, and ended in May 1892, and in that time the Census question had been answered by no fewer than 17,000 persons, of whom 8,372 were men and 8,628 were women, all of them over the age of 21. They belonged to various nationalities, and are grouped under the heads of English-speaking, Russians, Brazilians, and ‘other nations.’ Of the whole 17,000, 1,684 answered ‘Yes’ to the Census question; 15,316 answered ‘No.’ Of the 1,684, 435 were unable to give any particulars at all, or could only give them at second hand. Including these unsatisfactory persons amongst the percipients, the returns show that, amongst women, percipients may be reckoned at 12 per cent., amongst men at 7·8 per cent. It may or may not surprise our readers to learn that when similar percentages are taken with a view to comparing the capacity for seeing apparitions in the different nationalities, whilst the superiority everywhere of the female sex is strongly marked, the English lag far behind the Russian, and the Russian is still further behind the Brazilian. As we have seen, out of 100 Englishmen, only about 7 have ever seen a vision; whereas amongst Brazilian women it is found that nearly 30 per cent. can say ‘Yes’ to the ‘Census question’! But even the ladies of Brazil are left behind by their sisters elsewhere, and it must be to the members of the Psychical Research Society ‘a sore temptation to belong to ‘other nations’ when they learn that under the latter heading 34·5 per cent. of the female sex can testify to a personal interview with a ghost.

The committee has hardly done full justice to its own researches in the passage from their report already quoted, where it is remarked that the evidence included in the Census largely consists of accounts of apparitions of persons who were dying at the time, or passing through some other great crisis. So it does; but there are also a very large number of apparitions of those who were not dying, but who were absolutely dead when the apparition was seen. We give Table V. of the Census of Hallucinations:—

TABLE V.

Visual Hallucinations divided according to Conditions of Perception.

—	Im- me- diately after waking	Per- cipient awake in bed	Per- cipient up and indoors	Seen out of doors	Un- stated	Totals
Realistic human apparitions of } living persons }	43	77	149	70	13	352
Realistic human apparitions of } dead persons }	8	46	74	19	16	163
Realistic human apparitions of } unrecognised }	36	90	111	67	11	315
Incompletely developed ap- } paritions }	24	50	47	19	3	143
Visions	2	4	11	4	—	21
Angels and religious appar- } itions or visions }	—	5	3	2	2	12
Apparitions, grotesque, hor- } rible, or monstrous . . . }	6	13	2	10	2	33
Apparitions of animals . . .	2	4	13	3	3	25
Apparitions of definite inani- } mate objects }	1	2	11	—	—	14
Apparitions of lights	6	2	6	3	—	17
Apparitions of indefinite ob- } jects }	1	1	11	4	—	17
Totals	129	291	438	201	50	1,112
	423		639			

Under the heading 'in bed' in the second column are included a few hallucinations occurring when the percipient has awakened after sleeping in his chair or sofa.

We must give our readers an account of a few of those apparitions which the committee apparently considers to be of principal importance, and accordingly sets out at length in its report.

1. The night after his mother's death a young man aged 19 had been praying that he might see her, and 'about midnight she appeared to him as a head and shoulders 'with wings.' She kissed him, but did not speak, 'and then

‘went straight up through the roof.’ His brother, who shared the same bed, saw nothing. The committee inform us that this is the ‘only case of wings in this class of phantasms,’ for usually ‘apparitions of the dead, like other apparitions, appear dressed like ordinary human beings.’

2. On February 4, 1891, Mrs. Hall, a Cambridge bed-maker, six days before her confinement, saw, at 7.30 P.M., a Mr. Middleton, formerly an employer of hers, come into the room where she was sitting with her husband. He said ‘How are you, Agnes?’ and disappeared. Next day she received a letter stating that Mr. Middleton had died at 7.30 the previous evening at Sheffield. Her husband wrote the account as here given on February 11, the day after his wife’s confinement, she being at the time too ill to write. Her husband saw nothing of this apparition, but a week or two afterwards they both used to hear constant hammerings at night which they could not account for. As a matter of fact, Mr. Middleton died in America. The percipient, though she searched for it, could not produce the letter announcing the death, but the committee report that, though the exact date of the death is uncertain, it probably preceded the apparition.

3. At Fiesole, March 11, 1869, Mrs. B., who had just gone through a bad confinement, and who was moreover suffering intensely from neuralgia, whilst giving her children their midday meal saw the wall opposite to her appear to open and disclose her mother lying dead on her bed. Naturally much distressed, she wrote home to her mother, and by return of post came the statement that her mother had died on March 5, and was buried on the 11th at Kensal Green, where the body must have been at the time of the vision at Fiesole. The mother had been out of health for some time, but Mrs. B. had no cause for immediate anxiety. It seems that Mrs. B., and also several of her nearest relations, had at various times had ‘hallucinatory experiences.’ Mr. Podmore, who visited Mr. and Mrs. B. on behalf of the Psychical Research Society in April 1893, writes that ‘both Mr. and Mrs. B. are satisfied of the coincidence of the vision with the ‘day of the funeral.’ In this case the mother had promised her daughter that in case she (the mother) died first, she would (if possible) communicate the fact of her death. Promises of this kind are by no means uncommon, and the committee are strongly inclined to believe that the promise and the apparition ‘are in some way causally connected.’ Indeed they report that ‘they seem almost driven to suppose

‘that the efficacy of the promise depended’ (in the cases they had examined) on the state of the dead or ‘dying person;’ and in this ‘they find a further indication that there is for the dying person no abrupt transition at death.’ *

The cases in which apparitions of the dead have predicted future events do not appear very greatly to have impressed our committee; ‘for the events were mostly such as might ‘have been guessed.’

Of all the cases they have collected in which phantasms of the dead have conveyed true information, the following case is, they think, the most remarkable. ‘The phantasm not only ‘gives information, but coincides in time with the death to ‘which its apparent words and actions refer.’

4. On June 5, 1887, a little before midnight, Miss L. Dodson, then living near the Regent’s Park, whilst fully awake, heard her name called three times. Twice she thought the voice was that of her uncle, who lived in the house, but the third time she recognised the voice as that of her mother, who had been dead sixteen years. The apparition of the mother then came round the screen to the bedside with two children in her arms. These she placed in her daughter’s arms, covered them with the bedclothes, and asked her twice to promise to take care of them, which Miss Dodson promised to do. After another sentence or two, the apparition disappeared round the screen, and Miss Dodson fell asleep, still feeling the two children in her arms. On June 7 she heard of the death at Bruges of her sister-in-law, who, unknown to Miss Dodson, had given birth to a child three weeks before. Miss Dodson was at the time out of health and suffering from anxiety caused by family troubles. When next day she informed her uncle of her vision, ‘he thought she was sickening for brain fever,’ and it does not appear that he thought the story worth mentioning to any one. It seems that in times of great trouble Miss Dodson has had other experiences, such as feeling a hand laid upon her head or hands. ‘The committee have sufficient proof that the sister-in-law died near Bruges on June 5, about 9 P.M., leaving two little children, including the newborn baby. Professor Sidgwick has had ‘an interesting ‘conversation with Miss Dodson,’ in which he has further ascertained that one-and-twenty years ago she promised her mother, then upon her death-bed, to take special charge of her brother, then five years old, the father of the two

children; and that she had at the time of the vision never seen either her sister-in-law or the two children.

‘There are some phantasms of the dead,’ the committee continue, ‘which by their appropriateness suggest that the deceased are taking a continued interest in mundane affairs. The case just given is one of these, and is perhaps the strongest in the present collection.’

We must, however, give one more—a Russian case—which, as the committee observe, ‘presents several points of interest.’ The story is told in French, and covers nearly five pages of small print. We can, however, state the material facts of this long narration much more concisely, taking care not to omit anything of real importance to the story.

5. Mr. E. Mamtchitch writes the account from St. Petersburg on April 29, 1891. It appears that in the summer of 1872 he first made the acquaintance of the sister of a fellow-student of his, a girl of 14 years of age, who had been destined by her mother for the convent, whence her name Palladia, a common one amongst nuns. He met her again in 1873, and they became intimate. Her health was very frail, and she was with her sisters at Odessa consulting doctors in August of that year. Whilst he was reading to the two ladies on August 27, she suddenly died of an aneurism. At Kieff, in December 1875, Mr. M. for the first time attended a spiritualistic séance, where raps were heard. Returning home, he tried whether he could not, by following the methods he had seen employed at the séance, produce the same raps. Reciting the alphabet he found, to his astonishment and alarm, that ‘Palladia’ was spelt out. On asking her what she had to say, the reply was ‘Remplacez l’ange, il tombe.’ Mr. M. was puzzled, and passed a sleepless night. Palladia had, however, been buried at Kieff, and next morning Mr. M. betook himself to the cemetery, where, with the aid of the guardian, he discovered her tomb. ‘Je m’arrêtai stupéfié: la statue en marbre de l’ange avec un croix était tout à fait de côté.’ From that moment, continues Mr. M., ‘I felt it proved to demonstration that there is another world, with which, I know not how, we can enter into relations, and whose inhabitants can give us such proofs of their existence as to disarm the most obstinate scepticism.’

In October 1876 Mr. M., again at Kieff, sees Palladia for the first time after her death, three years before. She appeared to him whilst he was playing the piano at about 8 P.M., in a room lighted by a lamp. Her face and the upper

part of her figure he saw with the utmost distinctness. How long she remained he cannot say, but she made a movement to the right and disappeared behind the door. From that time to this Palladia has often appeared. Sometimes he sees her as often as three times a week, 'sometimes twice in one day, sometimes a month elapses without his seeing her at all.' Her appearances are always unlooked for and take him by surprise. Sometimes he is alone, sometimes in a crowd, and she always wears the same serene expression, and is dressed in the same dark dress in which he had seen her die. On these occasions Mr. M. grows pale, loses the power of speech, feels cold down his back, and even cries out feebly with panting breath (at least, so his friends tell him). Now on two occasions Palladia not only appeared to Mr. M., but actually addressed him. One evening about 8 o'clock, in November 1879, at Kieff, she appeared to him, and when he had recovered from his *saïssissement* he asked her what she was thinking about. Her lips did not move, but he heard distinctly the word 'Quiétude.' 'I understand,' Mr. M. replied, and so he did at the moment, he thinks, though he could not afterwards recall or attribute any particular signification to the word. On the second occasion, in 1885, Mr. M. was living with his relations, and a lady friend and her two daughters were guests in the house. One morning about sunrise Mr. M. awoke and saw Palladia looking at him with a joyful smile. Coming close up to him she said, 'J'ai été et j'ai vu ;' and then vanished smiling. A dog in the room on that occasion and at other visits was a good deal discomposed. Early the same morning the elder of the young ladies felt something pulling at her pillow and heard the words, 'Ne me crains pas. Je suis bonne et aimante.' Mr. M. understood later, when he became the young lady's fiancé and husband, that Palladia had come to see her as well as him, and had expressed approval of the choice which (though unknown to him at that time) he was about to make. In 1890 Palladia appears again to Mr. M. whilst in the company of his boy, aged 2. The latter also sees the vision, and points it out to his father, calling it his aunt.

On the whole, the committee considers that its Census affords 'support to the argument for the continuity of 'psychical life and the possibility of communication from 'the dead,' and that some of the cases collected 'suggest 'the action of the dead.' Still, it does not hold that the evidence has yet established 'a conclusive case for post-

'mortem agency.' On one point, however, the committee are quite clear. They unanimously hold it proved that 'between deaths and apparitions of the dying persons a connexion exists which is not due to chance alone.'

These remarkable conclusions appear to have been arrived at after considering the eighty 'visual death coincidences' and the fifteen 'auditory death coincidences' reported by the Census collectors, 'coincidence' being construed in a liberal spirit, to mean at or about the time, a few hours or days, more or less, before or after the death. Now statistics, even in our 'mundane affairs,' play us queer tricks—so much so that it has become proverbial that 'statistics will prove anything;' and when we come to adding and subtracting, and taking percentages of ghosts, we cannot but feel our foothold to be a little uncertain. Perhaps the numbers as well as the nature of the ghosts are in some degree dependent on the 'collectors.' The 'status and profession' of these 410 ladies and gentlemen are given, and we know that 40 of them were obtained through Mr. Stead,* the editor of the 'Review of Reviews,' and also editor—unless we are mistaken—of the 'Border Land.'† Fourteen 'have had systematic training in psychology;' 22 were medical; 32 clerical; 85 educational. The rest, so far as known, belonged to the army, navy, and public services; 6 were lawyers, 7 were artists; some few were engaged in social work, in literature, journalism, and art; 8 were retail tradesmen, and 5 were coastguardsmen.

They all gave their services gratuitously, collecting stories out of pure zeal and the love of truth. They were carefully instructed that the Psychical Research Society, in answer to the 'Census question,' would consider the answer 'No' quite as important as the answer 'Yes;' and it certainly reflects

* Mr. Stead himself claims to be possessed of very considerable telepathic powers, and he has been the first, so far as we know, to make use of them in the profession of a journalist. On one occasion it is narrated that whilst in England he had a telepathic 'interview' with Lady Brooke, then staying at Dunrobin in the north of Scotland, and the correctness of the information, both as to substance and detail, thus telepathically conveyed from the mind of Lady Brooke to that of Mr. Stead was subsequently confirmed by the receipt of exact particulars through the more ordinary channel of the post.

† See S. P. R. vol. x. p. 394. The 'Border Land' is a periodical entirely devoted to the discussion of such subjects as astrology, clairvoyance, telepathy, crystal-gazing, haunted houses and apparitions, palmistry, premonitions, theosophy and occultism, and the like.

the highest credit upon their laborious honesty that, out of 17,000 persons whom they interrogated, more than 15,000 were found who had never had spiritual intercourse of any kind whatever. Still one retail tradesman too deficient in accuracy, a single coastguardsman too fond of romantic narration, might have produced effects upon our statistics which we tremble to contemplate. It is true that the report shows that occasionally after a remarkable apparition had been discovered, some member of the committee has had 'an interesting interview' with the percipient, who is generally at once recognised as a person of unusual accuracy, and, indeed, of a strongly sceptical turn of mind. But, then, amongst the gifts of members of the committee we do not expect to find a talent for cross-examination, such as that possessed by Mr. Justice Hawkins or Lord Russell of Killowen. Possibly many of our readers may think that they themselves, by a question or two to the bedmaker and a question or two to Mr. Mamtelitch and his friends, might have done something to lessen the mystery of those wondrous tales. Surely, in not one of these cases (and the samples given are in quality far above the bulk) has the committee arrived at the natural conclusion? There is nothing new in people fancying they see and hear things which they do not see and hear. There have been many instances where men have, for long periods together, been subject to the most vivid hallucinations, and yet have possessed minds strong enough to recognise them as pure illusions, and to treat them as such. Sir Walter Scott, who knew a good deal about men and women—no bad qualification for the right understanding of ghosts—declared that 'he would always feel alarmed on behalf of the continued health of a friend who should conceive himself to have witnessed such a visitation.'

It is time to sum up the information the committee of the Psychical Research Society have collected on the subject of apparitions, and to comment on the conclusions they have arrived at. It must be remembered that the results of their labours are not to be gathered only from their somewhat guarded 'findings.' When a society such as the Psychical Research Society publishes stories, as containing features of particular interest or of great importance, it sends them into the world with a good character, so to speak, as stories which, so far as it can make out, are true. Ghosts, then, in the old popular sense of the word, do, according to these inquirers, appear to living men. They appear most frequently either at

the time of or within a short time after death. There is, however, much ground for believing that they also, though more rarely, appear to men long afterwards, even many years after the death and burial of their bodies. There is strong evidence in the behaviour of these ghosts that they still take an interest in mundane affairs. They are usually dressed in very ordinary fashion, in such clothes as they wore during life. They are not strong in prophecy. They communicate, to the extent of exchanging ideas, with living men. As to how far we are to believe that Phinuit and the 'automatist writers' are intermediaries between the living and the dead we have allowed Professor Lodge to tell us for himself. We find ourselves almost ordered to believe that, at all events, Phinuit and the automatists generally believe themselves to be such intermediaries. Finally, we are asked to accept the investigations we have described as being true scientific investigations, and to receive the conclusions arrived at with the respect with which we should receive the conclusions reached by learned men in other branches of scientific knowledge.

If 'science' consist in elaborate definition and classification, assuredly 'Psychical Research' deserves the name of science. A good deal of subtlety has been shown in this department of the duties of the committee. A whole terminology has been created by which one class of apparitions is differentiated from another.

Perhaps the nature of these terms can be best understood if we apply them to the cases of apparitions with which we have all been familiar from childhood. When Macbeth sees the ghost of Banquo in the banqueting scene, the 'percept' was a 'visual hallucination,' properly 'externalised' with reference to the other guests and the chairs. When it was the 'dagger that he saw before him,' there is far less evidence of 'externalisation;' it was 'a dagger of the mind,' and we are sure that, in that case, the committee would have rejected 'the percept' as being a pseudo-hallucination, visible to the eye of the percipient's mind, and not to his actual organs of sight. Yet, surely, it is unnecessary to seek a separate cause for, or to draw a wide distinction between, the two visions.

We all remember

'how ere the mightiest Julius fell,
The graves stood tenantless and the sheeted dead
Did squeak and gibber in the Roman streets.'

Here we have an instance of a 'collective,' 'bisensory,'

'hallucination,' 'visual,' and 'auditory.' The ghosts were witnessed by a multitude of persons. They were seen to gibber; they were heard to squeak. In the case of Alp the Renegade,* it will be remembered that not only did the apparition appear to and address Alp, but it touched his wrist, which froze to the bone. Here, then, was a 'trisen-sory hallucination,' 'visual,' 'auditory,' and 'tactile.' If only the 'tactile' ghosts who have been reported to the committee had touched some object, either the percipient himself or something else, so as to leave behind some mark or trace of their operations, there would have been some corroboration given to the evidence of the other senses. Of this, however, we find no satisfactory instance. An hallucination is perhaps a more thorough hallucination when three senses rather than one are affected. But the three senses are not three independent witnesses, and the hallucinations do not really differ from each other in kind.

It will be observed that a great distinction prevails between the ghosts of history, of poetry, of romance, and the spirits with which the Psychical Research Society is making us acquainted. The former appear on occasions of great moment to empires, to nations, or at least at crises of supreme importance in the personal lives of those who witness them. When from the Market Cross in Edinburgh, a month before Flodden, the king and the nobility of Scotland were summoned by an unearthly voice before the final judgement seat; when, before the eyes of Fergus McIvor, the *Bodach Glas* flitted along the Fells of Cumberland, the circumstances were such as to excuse (if we may say so) abnormal behaviour in the spiritual world. In both these cases, moreover, there were predictions which, unlike the predictions of the spirits of the Psychical Research Society, had something in them, and came true; a great point with predictions. Indeed, our very respect for the one class of ghosts almost makes us lose patience with the other. From 'Macbeth' and 'Waverley' it is a long step and a downward one to the spiritual experiences of 'Phinuit' and poor Mr. Mamtchitch. Is it unphilosophical when weighing the amount of truth in these latter narrations to consider with care the intrinsic merits of the tale itself? On the case of Palladia the Committee of the Psychical Research Society largely formed their conclusion that the spirits of the dead are still interested in mundane affairs. Her first appearance was due to the non-repair of her tombstone!

* 'The Siege of Corinth.'

Why, when she was able to speak good Russian, should she have made use of the cumbersome method of rapping out the alphabet? But, even so, why not say plainly what she wanted? When, afterwards, she had found her tongue, why not make more use of it? 'Quietude,' indeed! On the third occasion, in which there were indications of 'collectivity,' she had come to have a look at Mr. Mamtchitch's future bride, whose pillow she pulled at about the same time that she was appearing to Mr. Mamtchitch in another room, with the remark, 'I came; I saw,' in language even more laconic than Cæsar's. We must apologise for putting before our readers so trivial a tale.

Our scientific investigators appear frequently to recognise the tricks that the fancy or the imagination sometimes plays with men's organs of sense. Again and again they tell us that the hallucinations experienced were probably 'purely subjective,' having no cause in anything external to the percipients themselves. The 'collectivity' of some of the hallucinations and the returns to the Census have, however, convinced them that the explanation is insufficient. We much regret that space forbids our giving a specimen or two of these 'collective hallucinations.' They are much more rare than single hallucinations; but the committee think that they do occur. We doubt whether, with most men, these anecdotes would carry more weight than the cases already quoted.

A question that always presents itself to the mind of our committee is, whether the particular hallucination has been caused by 'telepathy,' i.e. by the transference to the mind of the percipient of a thought actually existing in some other mind.

It is impossible at the end of an article to do full justice to the theories expounded and the evidence collected on this subject by Mr. Myers, the late Mr. Gurney, and Mr. Podmore. Tricks with packs of cards, the guessing of correct numbers, the drawing by one man of diagrams imagined by other men, and supposed not to be communicated to him—performances of this kind depend for their interest upon the implicit confidence placed in the performers. With the best intentions we are unable to give full faith to the doings of a Miss A. or Miss B., even under the closest scrutiny of Messrs. D. E., and F. With members of the Committee of the Psychical Research Society the case is different. They are striving conscientiously after truth. Still there comes to our remembrance that fatal depreciation 'of a mind on the spot,' as if

a mind in that condition was hardly worthy of searching into these high matters. We reflect upon 'the apparitions' of the Psychical Research Society, and we are 'almost driven' to the conclusion that its committee *may* be imposed upon. Sometimes, on the other hand, the tale, instead of being too marvellous, is too commonplace. For instance, some thirteen years ago Miss D. set fire accidentally to her curtains. Next morning, on visiting her friend Miss X. (one of the most distinguished percipients of Mr. Podmore's book), she found that Miss X. the previous evening had smelt a strong smell of fire. It was the transference from Miss X. to Miss D. of the former's desire that she should return to her room that led to the discovery of the fire in time to extinguish the flames. The order of events was as follows:—Miss D. unknowingly sets fire to her curtains and leaves the room. Miss X., in another place altogether, smells fire. Telepath—Miss X. to Miss D. Consequent return of Miss D. to her room, but for which the whole place would have been in flames. This is duly recorded in the contents of the chapter on Transference of Ideas and Emotions as 'transference of smell.' The case is quoted from vol. vi. of 'Proceedings;' and yet these number only ten volumes now!

The credibility of 'telepathy,' however, is not our principal subject here, any more than it is that of vol. x. of the 'Proceedings;' and we do not understand how apparitions such as we have been considering can be explained upon that theory. It must be remembered in this connexion that apparitions of animals, though not so common as those of human beings, are not very rare. Of the twenty-five cases included in the Census no fewer than thirteen were of cats. Mrs. Gordon Jones* had the strongest 'aversion to cats,' and had ordered her groom to drown a cat which she had been obliged for a time to keep on the premises on account of mice. This was done, and Mrs. Jones knew it. That very evening the door opened, and in walked the cat into the very presence of Mrs. Jones:—

'It was the same cat, but apparently much thinner, and dripping with water—only the expression of the face was changed—the eyes were quite human, and haunted me afterwards; they looked so sad and pathetic.' . . . Ultimately, the cat began to fade, and I saw nothing more of it.'

It is hard upon the cat not to have been classified with

* Vol. x. p. 127.

the 'death coincidences' and to have been credited with a continued interest in 'mundane affairs.'

A lady once asked a man of years and large experience, 'Do you believe in ghosts?' 'Madam, I have seen too many,' was the reply. It is with a feeling of a similar kind that we bid farewell to the spiritual Census.

When we pay attention to another class of the mysteries on which the Society for Psychical Research has been endeavouring to turn the 'torch of science'—the operation of mental power upon inanimate matter—it is evident that quite different considerations arise. That the mind of one man operates upon the mind and the imagination and the nervous system of another, often without interchange of speech between the two, there is no doubt. That this effect is produced by 'telepathy'—that is, otherwise than through the operation of the senses, there is, *pace* Professor Lodge, the greatest doubt—a doubt which, in the opinion of impartial men, the researches of the Society have not succeeded in removing. But the action of mind or will, not over other minds, but over matter, is a very different story. Here we should expect to find scientific investigation treading with firmer steps. You cannot measure or weigh ghosts. But when a solid object such as a table soars into the air, apparently out of sheer obedience to the will of a medium, its behaviour as well as that of the medium admits of a vast variety of practical tests. Photographs, we are told, have been taken of tables at these moments; but what is required is that the tables should be freely handled, and that every effort should be made to eliminate possible fraud. Is or is not the weight of the table a material consideration? If so, at what weight does the performance become possible? Is the presence of particular persons found to prevent successful experiments? If so, at what distance does this preventive power act? Mr. Home, we are told, added on one occasion a foot to his stature. Was he measured? If so, at which end of him was the addition made? If in proportion, did his thickness vary in proportion with his length? During his floatings in the air, did any one take hold of him? and, if not, why not? If the Society is face to face with a new force in nature, it may be unreasonable to ask it to tell us what it is; for that, as Mr. Balfour truly says, is more than science can tell us even of gravitation. We do, however, ask them to attempt to test it and to measure it; yet in this direction this particular science makes no advance. When we are told that 'flowers and

'other objects have actually been brought into locked 'rooms,'* either by spiritualistic influence or the agency of an occult force in nature, at the command of a medium, we humbly ask, Is it not a more natural, nay, a safer and more scientific conclusion, to hold that the miracle is the work of successful fraud?

We can hardly conclude our discussion of the operations of the Psychical Research Society without making a few general observations. 'Science,' it used to be thought, meant 'certain knowledge;' and scientific methods of investigation we should expect to involve at least some process of reasoning from certainty to certainty, some prospect of advancing from what is known to what has been hitherto unknown. What truth has the Society established? We grant the triumph won in the year 1885, but it was gained over, not on behalf of, modern magic. Madame Blavatsky, the high-priestess of theosophy, had surprised the world by the discovery of the existence, in Asia, of certain 'Mahatmas' who amongst other occult powers possessed that of appearing in two places at once. The Society was at first a good deal impressed with the interest attaching to such a discovery. If not exactly what they expected to find, at least it fitted in admirably well with the results of their own researches. The idea, however, occurred to some of them that perhaps there might have been deception practised somewhere, and, like the honest men they are, they despatched a commissioner to India, who spent several months in making investigations in that country. In the result, the Society became convinced that Madame Blavatsky had been guilty of deliberate deception, and had been long engaged in a 'conspiracy' with other persons to produce by ordinary means 'a series of 'apparent marvels for the support of the theosophic 'movement.' Perhaps some people—less learned, but more wise, than our scientific investigators—had arrived with less trouble, as surely and more quickly, at the same conclusion. The Society found itself face to face, not with a new force in nature, not with the psychic mysteries it was longing to explore, but with rampant imposture. There was no mystery, there was nothing supernatural. There was only a fraudulent woman and her fraudulent friends 'of the 'one part,' and their dupes 'of the other part.'

The Psychical Research Society again and again refers to the extraordinary powers alleged to have been possessed by the late

* Podmore, p. 379.

Mr. Home—how he floated in the air ; how he added a cubit to his stature ; how he handled live coals ! Well ! well ! well ! But is it forgotten that when one of the spirits at Home's beck and call induced its wealthy widow to transfer many thousand pounds' worth of Consols from her name to his (Home's), the Court of Chancery compelled the restitution of the money, on the ground that undue influence had been employed ? If Madame Blavatsky was the high-priestess of theosophy and the great witness of the miraculous powers of the Mahatmas, Mr. Home was the great master of 'levitations.' We are reminded by 'scientific investigators' that 'levitation' was well known amongst the saints in mediæval times. So it was. Mr. Lecky, for instance, says that 'nothing could be more common than for a holy man to be 'lifted up from the floor in the midst of his devotions.'* Those were days of superstition as well as of saints. These are days of science, and, alas ! also, we are afraid, of sinners. Let the Society for Psychical Research beware ! The two instances quoted show fraud, and fraud in high places. Madame Blavatsky and Mr. Home were exposed, and they are dead. Are there no Blavatskys and Homes left upon earth ? If there are, they are likely to be numbered amongst the acquaintances of the Psychical Research Society, for it is in the ranks of that learned Society that they will find a 'predisposition to believe' in the miraculous which it would have been difficult in the darkest of dark ages to match.

We have invited our readers to consider not merely the startling conclusions and the incidental, yet portentous, observations of the Society and its principal members, but also some of the evidence upon which they build. We have not selected by any means those cases which tell most strongly against the theories of the Psychical Research Society. We have endeavoured by extract to give a fair sample of the report, leaving it, wherever possible, to speak for itself. The Society contains in its list of members the names of many distinguished men of the highest eminence in the world of science. It is out of respect to them that we allow space for tales whose intrinsic merits would not entitle them to reproduction in our pages. Lord Kelvin has declared of hypnotism and clairvoyance that 'one half is imposture and the rest 'bad observation.' That in the other departments of modern magic are found the same ingredients in the same

* Rationalism in Europe, vol. i. p. 153.

proportions there is ample evidence in the 'Proceedings of the Psychical Research Society.' In automatic writing, with or without planchette, it is instructive to learn from Mr. Podmore* that there is frequently exhibited 'a will and an intelligence differing from the writer's normal self, but displaying a yet more alien disingenuousness. . . . Indeed a certain degree of moral perversity is a frequent and notorious characteristic of automatic expression.' Again we say to Mr. Podmore and the Psychical Research Society 'Beware!' It is distressing to have to localise moral perversity; and yet, if it exists, it is hardly fair to put it all upon the spirits.

It has been difficult, whilst studying the voluminous 'Proceedings' of our scientific investigators, to keep always present to the mind the mighty importance of the subject of their inquiries. The stories, it is true, are in themselves trivial. The readiness to be duped is conspicuous. Yet the attempt of science to penetrate the veil that separates the living from the dead is evidently made in good faith and seriously. Death is a solemn word alike for philosophers and fools. Far be it from us to assert the impossibility of apparitions or of ghosts; though we maintain that the cases so laboriously collected by the Society bear the strongest marks of fraud and self-deception. Mr. Myers, who has been probably connected for a greater length of time than any other investigator with the mysteries of modern magic, contributed a curious article to the October number of the 'National Review.' In this rhapsody we are invited to look to telepathy and to automatic utterances to exalt our idea of duty, and to provide 'a reasoned sanction for prayer.' In spiritualistic phenomena grown-up men are not ashamed to suggest that we are to search for evidence of a Divine government of the Universe, and to find proof of the immortality of the soul!

Subjects such as these employed the highest thoughts of the greatest minds that the world has known long before ages so 'scientific' as our own. Revelation apart, men's minds then and since have soared upwards as they have hoped and believed in the existence of a God and of a future life for the soul. The conceptions themselves and the reasoning which supported them alike tended to the ennobling of man. We are now invited to build our system of the supernatural upon 'Phinuit' and 'the perverse

'spirits' of Mr. Podmore. The invitation is addressed to us, —Heaven save the mark!—in the name of science. But the name of science has been abused. We invite our readers to study the 'Proceedings of the Psychical Research Society,' and then to ask themselves whether, upon evidence so ridiculously weak, it could have been possible to ground conclusions more unnecessary, more unnatural, and more unscientific than those it has adopted. After all, the great body of scientific men take no part in these investigations. They mock at the pretension of those who claim for their wild theories and their astounding experiments the support of science. 'Planchette' may serve with its vagaries to amuse an evening party; and 'he would be a stern moralist rather than an agreeable member of society' who threw a damper upon a harmless diversion by the display of ill-timed scepticism. As yet however, in spite of the Psychical Research Society, 'Planchette' has not made its appearance at the Royal Institution. Lectures have not yet been there delivered upon the morality, perverse or otherwise, of the unknown intelligence that dictates its communications. Let the Psychical Research Society, if it will, with its spirits and its occult powers of nature, compete with the avowed conjuring of the Egyptian Hall. Let it take seriously, if it will, the inanities of the spiritualistic séance. Let it pledge its faith, if it will, to the occurrence of motiveless miracles. Let it believe in unspiritual spirits. Let it revive crystal-gazing. Let it restore amongst its own members the authority of dreams, and of warnings. But at least do not let the public believe that in the voice of the Society they hear the voice of Science.

Many strange stories are recorded in the bulky 'Proceedings' of the last thirteen years; yet perhaps some of those who have read them may think that, after all, there is nothing there half so difficult to understand as the existence amongst us to-day of the Society for Psychical Research.

ART. V.—*History of Cabinets: from the Union with Scotland to the Acquisition of Canada and Bengal.* By W. M. TORRENS. In two volumes. London: 1894.

WE review this book with some diffidence. On the one hand our duty towards our readers compels us to notice its deficiencies; on the other hand we are disinclined to criticise a work which the author has produced amidst the many difficulties of failing eyesight, and which he has not lived to revise, or possibly to complete. We feel much more disposed to point out the many proofs which it affords of the writer's industry than to dwell on the eccentricities of his style or on the deficiencies of his matter. Proof of Mr. Torrens's industry may be found on every page. There is ample evidence that he has honestly endeavoured to master the complicated details of the history which he relates. But unfortunately he fails throughout to impart his knowledge to his readers in a form calculated to impress the imagination or the memory. He has neither the power to sift the chaff from the wheat nor to emphasise what is important. 'Quidquid agunt homines' is the 'farrago' of his 'libelli.' And the infinitely great in Mr. Torrens's pages seems of hardly more account than the infinitely little.

The impressions which we have thus formed are moreover strengthened by our inability to realise the object to which Mr. Torrens's labours are directed. We can understand an author seriously addressing himself to the task of tracing the gradual evolution of government by cabinet in this country. Both the opening and the closing passages of Mr. Torrens's book raise the presumption that he had this object in view.

'The phrase "Cabinet Council,"' he writes in his first chapter, 'was sometimes applied to those who were summoned to confer together on affairs of moment, at the instance of the king, and generally in his presence. But, in its nature, it was essentially a consultative, not an administrative, body. It had no separate or permanent head, and homogeneity of opinions upon the great questions of the day does not appear to have been required; while the conventional liability to be summoned was confessedly dependent upon the pleasure of the Crown, varying and shifting as it did from time to time.'

And he adds, in his last paragraph:—

'Cabinet rule had been upon its trial for nearly half a century; and, despite many blemishes and errors, its superiority to the systems of

government that had preceded it was tacitly accepted by the nation. . . . The supremacy of Parliament had been gradually established not only in the making of laws, but in the power of enforcing them; for the ministers, who in combination formed the executive, though nominally appointed by the king, were, as everybody knew, co-optatively chosen by the chiefs of the party that happened to be in power.'

These two paragraphs justify the presumption that Mr. Torrens intended to describe, and thought that he had related, the history of the development of the cabinet during the period in which this country gradually passed from personal to parliamentary government. But, on the other hand, he does not call his book the 'History of the Cabinet,' but the 'History of Cabinets.' The period with which it is concerned, moreover, is too brief; while it commences too late, and ends too soon, for the purposes of an author desirous of giving a comprehensive account of the transition from government by prerogative to government by parliament; and if, for once, we may borrow one of Mr. Torrens's confused metaphors, the 'warp and woof' of his narrative are so 'thickly embossed' with other matter that the central threads are not always distinguishable.

We are thus driven to the conclusion that Mr. Torrens did not aim at an elaborate treatise on the gradual development of government by cabinet, but desired to write the history of the cabinets which governed England from 1707 to 1760. If we are right in this conclusion, his book must be regarded as a political history of England for half a century. But then we should have thought that Mr. Torrens would have been one of the first to see that there was hardly room for such a work on our bookshelves. The reader who wishes to study that history at first hand will go to Hervey, Horace Walpole, and other contemporary writers. The reader who desires to examine it through the perspective of intervening generations will prefer Mr. Lecky, or even Lord Stanhope, to Mr. Torrens. No doubt there are some things in Mr. Torrens which are not in either Lord Stanhope or Mr. Lecky. But the ordinary reader will have no leisure to wade through two bulky volumes for the sake of the little additional information which Mr. Torrens has included, and which cannot be found in his predecessors' pages.

Perhaps, too, the reader who does conscientiously wade through Mr. Torrens's narrative will be disposed to doubt our author's qualification for the task which he has under-

taken. A political history of England should, at any rate, contain adequate portraits of the chief statesmen of the period with which it is concerned. But Mr. Torrens has not the art of making his characters live. His pages do not convey to us any adequate idea of the men who governed England from the time of Godolphin to the time of Newcastle. Mr. Torrens, indeed, seems hardly to appreciate the greatness of the greatest men. The two statesmen who successively obtained a preponderating influence in the House of Commons during the half-century with which these volumes deal were, beyond all question, Sir Robert Walpole and the first William Pitt. No two men could have been moulded on more different models. Walpole was essentially a minister of peace; Pitt was as essentially a minister of war. Walpole was one of the few great financiers which this country has produced; Pitt was indifferent to all financial considerations. With Walpole policy was subordinate to finance; with Pitt finance was always subordinate to policy. Walpole was the boon companion of his political friends; Pitt was haughty and unbending both to his followers and his supporters. Walpole used the arts of political corruption, which were practised uniformly at the time, to strengthen his position and to maintain his superiority; Pitt scornfully delegated such transactions to his nominal leader, the Duke of Newcastle. But if these two statesmen were in many respects so different, they both rose to positions of the highest eminence by the force of their own abilities and of the almost universal opinion that they were the men for the crises in which they lived. Walpole rose to the helm from the conviction that he was the only man alive who could repair the ruin of commercial disaster; Pitt was accepted by an unwilling oligarchy as a powerful colleague, from the belief that he was the statesman competent to bring an unsuccessful war to a successful issue. To quote his own proud boast: 'He knew that he could save this country, and that no other person can.' Both men justified the anticipations which had been formed of them. Walpole rapidly retrieved the commercial losses consequent on an insane speculation, and conferred on his country the blessings of peace abroad and prosperity at home; Pitt, as rapidly, infused spirit into the dejected, and imparted energy to the desponding. Quebec in the west, and Plassy in the East, cast fresh lustre on our arms; and England, under his auspices, was thus enabled to acquire a preponderating in-

fluence in both hemispheres, and at the same time to wage successful warfare on the Continent of Europe.

We should have thought that any author would have been enabled to hold up one of two men, so different in their characters and so different in their policy, as an example to posterity. But Mr. Torrens is almost uniformly as unjust to the one as he is to the other. He speaks of Walpole as the father of corruption, as a despot, as indolent, extravagant, and thoughtless. He writes of Pitt as 'a great actor,' as 'a libertine in exaggeration;' and he even ascribes Henry Fox's discontent in 1757 to 'some uncorded insolence of Pitt or forgotten gaucherie of New-castle.' This is how he speaks of a speech of Pitt:—

'It would not have been pertinent then (in 1755), as it would not be pertinent now, to ask how many hoped [Pitt] would realise in practice the splendid professions uttered with such matchless suavity and fervour, or how many inwardly questioned whether the heart of the man was smitten with their truth when he smote his brow, as if by irresistible influence, in attestation of his sincerity. His audience knew that in that Theatre Royal the managers had long kept him unemployed, and then taken him on as a supernumerary, to keep him quiet; and that, tired at last of the cramping bonds of subordination, he had resolved to set at nought the rest of his Majesty's servants, and show, without leave, that he was fitter to play Brutus than any of them. There was hardly a man in the crowded chapel of St. Stephen's that would have missed the specious harangue, or one upon whom next day it left any other impression than that the great artist was determined to try for the foremost place, if not for the manager-ship of the company.'

In different, though in equally misleading, language, he thus sums up Walpole's character:—

'Many attempts there have been to fabricate cheap but showy images of Walpole as entitled to historic gratitude as a great and good minister; and, if greatness consists in suffering commercial enterprise to grow fat, and agricultural industry to grow lean, art and literature to become half-starved, the Church Establishment to be debased to the level of a working trade, and political morality to be regarded as a mere lingering superstition, he may be entitled to the epithet. But neither nationally nor socially can the claim be made out for statesmanship entitling his memory to be held in grateful recollection. His ministerial career began with the repression of one Scottish rebellion, and ended on the eve of one still more sanguinary. His government is identified with the prevalence of rural distress in England, so keen as to drive one of his oldest colleagues into secession and denunciation, and with the presence in Ireland of a famine more pitiless and unpitied, save one, that has ever afflicted that unhappy country. Without a pretence of religious zeal, the Cabinet, of which he was the animating

spirit, kept up the code of sectarian oppression, branded by the greatest political thinker of his time as the most "fitted to obliterate in a people the best instincts of human nature itself that ever proceeded from the perverted ingenuity of man." When forced at length to relax his grasp of power, the good nature, for which he was sometimes extolled, showed itself chiefly in paternal solicitude for his natural children, his legitimate offspring, having already been amply provided for at the public cost.'

We have cited these two passages at length because they appear to us to illustrate Mr. Torrens's singular incapacity to appreciate the services of great men. To describe Walpole as indolent, extravagant, and thoughtless is as misleading as to write down the first Pitt as a great actor. In his portrait of Walpole, indeed, Mr. Torrens has apparently relied on all the scurrilous abuse which he could collect from the pages of the '*Craftsman*,' or from other contemporary literature. He has inserted all the shadows and omitted all the lights; and he has, in consequence, produced a caricature so gross that we can only hope that any reader who is even temporarily misled by it may correct the erroneous impressions which he may derive from the narrative before us by consulting the conclusive replies to it which have been given beforehand by such different writers as Mr. Lecky and Mr. Morley.

We cannot ourselves, on the present occasion, however, afford space for the somewhat unnecessary task of vindicating the characters of the great statesmen of the eighteenth century. We shall not attempt in this article to correct Mr. Torrens's history, or even to follow him through his discursive narrative. We shall avail ourselves of his labours to illustrate the subject to which we suppose that he originally intended to address himself. We shall endeavour, in other words, partly by his aid, though chiefly from other sources, to trace the developement of government by cabinet, and to make our purpose plain we shall modify Mr. Torrens's title and call this article not the '*History of Cabinets*,' but the '*History of the Cabinet*.'

There was probably never a time, in the history either of this country or of any other nation, when the sovereign did not lean for advice on a few of his subjects specially eminent from wealth, from position, or from ability. Thus a cabinet must have existed, in fact, long before it attracted public notice. The Privy Council, indeed, owes its name to the circumstance that it only originally included the private advisers of the monarch. The gradual enlargement of the

privy council, however, made it too large a body for consultative purposes, and the sovereign—in Macaulay's words—'on the most important occasions resorted for advice to a 'small knot of leading ministers.' According to Dr. Stubbs, the existence of an inner royal council, distinct from the Curia Regis or the Common Council of the Realm, can be traced from the close of the minority of Henry III. And from that time successive kings probably took the natural course of summoning to their assistance the men to whose opinion they attached the greatest value.

In fact, as Hallam has pointed out, 'it could not happen 'but that some councillors more eminent than the rest 'should form juntos or cabals for more close and private 'management, or be selected as more confidential advisers 'of their sovereign; and the very name of a cabinet council, 'as distinguished from the larger body, may be found as far 'back as the reign of Charles I.' But the cabinet during that reign was still regarded as a purely consultative and irregular body. Its decisions were uniformly brought before the privy council for confirmation. As, however, the cabinet increased in power, a natural disposition arose to rely on its decisions alone, and to dispense with the covering authority of the privy council. 'The delays and the decencies' of the larger body were not suited to the temper, the talents, or the designs of Charles II. The failure of Sir W. Temple to infuse fresh life into a reorganised privy council accelerated the change which was silently being effected; and after the Revolution the 'distinction of the cabinet from the privy 'council, and the exclusion of the latter from all business 'of state, became more fully established.'

'The introduction of this method of government,' says Todd, 'was exceedingly distasteful to the whole community.' It was opposed at every stage of its progress. 'It was one 'of the innovations against which the popular feeling was 'directed in the first year of the Long Parliament.' One of the grounds of Strafford's attainder was 'a discourse of his 'in the Committee of State, which they called the Cabinet 'Council.' In the Second Remonstrance, issued in 1642, complaint is made of 'the managing of the great affairs of 'the realm in cabinet councils by men unknown and not 'publicly trusted,' while sixty years later still a clause was introduced into the Act of Settlement enacting that, from and after the time aforesaid, 'all matters and things relating 'to the well governing of this kingdom, which are properly 'cognisable in the Privy Council by the laws and customs

‘ of this realm, shall be transacted there, and all resolutions taken thereupon shall be signed by such of the Privy Council as shall advise and consent to the same.’ The language of statesmen, perhaps, more accurately represents the prevalent feeling than even the language of the statute book; and a few years afterwards Lord Peterborough, drawing a distinction between the privy council and the cabinet, declared that ‘ the privy council were such as were thought to know everything, and knew nothing, [while] those of the cabinet thought that nobody knew anything but themselves.’

Convenience, however, proved more powerful than opinion. A small body of especially selected councillors, who could be expressly summoned on any emergency, was obviously more efficient than a larger body, which only met at regularly appointed intervals; and, though statesmen still complained that the cabinet, which was unknown to the constitution, should be consulted, while the council, the recognised adviser of the crown, was neglected, the cabinet continued to grow in importance till it became, in the words of the great Whig historian, ‘ an essential part of our polity.’

The cabinet, which was thus constantly widening its functions, reflected in a very remarkable way the constitution of the country. It is the essence of our constitution that it has never been formally embodied in any document. It cannot be traced in our statute law: it rests not on any written contract, but on tradition and precedent. It has grown with the nation’s growth; it has been modified with the nation’s requirements; it has changed, it is changing, it will be changed. ‘ Constitutional,’ in England, has almost become a synonym for customary. And what is true of the constitution itself is true, in a great degree, of the cabinet. It had its origin in convenience; it is still unrecognised by statute; its very composition is not officially reported either to Parliament or to the public; it keeps no record of its proceedings; it has gradually usurped the whole province of advice; its members absorb the whole functions of administration; they deliberate in concert, they act in concert; they stand or fall in concert. And yet, technically and legally, while they are individually responsible for the conduct of their own offices, there is nothing, except honour and custom, which makes the whole of them responsible for the actions of the whole body.

Moreover, though the Cabinet of to-day may trace its origin to the Inner Council of Charles I. or the Cabal of Charles II.,

there is little or no resemblance between the modern and the old institution. The cabal of Charles II. was essentially a consultative and administrative committee appointed by the crown; the cabinet of to-day is a similar committee, nominally appointed by the sovereign, but in reality reflecting the opinions of the party which happens to be predominant in the House of Commons. The cabal was the outcome of a system in which the monarch still exerted the authority of an autocrat; the cabinet is the result of a polity under which the crown still reigns, but all important matters are controlled by Parliament. The passage from royal to parliamentary government, of course, took place after the revolution of 1688. The new sovereigns owed their title not to hereditary right, but to a parliamentary decision; and it became consequently inevitable that the Parliament, which had created a sovereign, should exercise a stronger control than any of its predecessors over his conduct and policy.

Parliamentary government, however, did not immediately lead to the formation of a responsible ministry. The men who held the chief offices of the State were, in Macaulay's language, 'perpetually caballing against each other, haranguing against each other, moving votes of censure on each other, exhibiting articles of impeachment against each other,' and, as a natural consequence, 'the temper of the House of Commons was wild, ungovernable, and uncertain.' The change of system which had already been made had, in fact, necessitated another alteration. It was obviously requisite to bring the king's advisers into harmony with parliamentary opinion; and, towards the close of the seventeenth century, William III., without probably realising the momentous consequences of his own action, took the first step in this direction by the formation of a Whig ministry. 'By the advice of Sunderland,' to quote the best text-book on the subject, 'the king resolved to construct a ministry upon a common bond of political agreement, the several members of which, being of accord upon the general principles of State policy, would be willing to act in unison in their places in Parliament.'

Yet, though the first step had thus been taken, many years were still to elapse before government by Parliament took the form of government by party. Public men for a long time clung to the notion that administrations could be strengthened by a combination of interests rather than by an exclusion of differences. The earlier ministries of Anne

were founded on a system of comprehension, and, though Godolphin gradually weeded out the Tory members of his remarkable ministry, and though Harley, who succeeded him, founded his government on a Tory basis, the old idea still lingered. It obtained expression in the Broad Bottom Administration of Pelham, in the Coalition Ministry of the Duke of Portland, in the junction of Fox with Lord Sidmouth in 1806, and of Lord Goderich with Lord Lansdowne in 1827. It was even visible in the great Whig ministry of 1830, which comprised such various elements as the Duke of Richmond, Lord Palmerston, and Lord Grey; and it was revived in the remarkable coalition of Whigs and Peelites, under Lord Aberdeen, in 1852-3. England, said a great minister of that combination, does not love coalitions. If our review of the history of the preceding period be correct, it would be possible to maintain the exact contrary, that England loves nothing but coalitions. The experience of generations was necessary to wean the public men of England from their love, and to prove to them that coalitions would not work.

It thus required almost centuries of experience to confirm the wisdom of William III.'s experiment, and to convince statesmen of the necessity of harmonious or homogeneous opinion in a cabinet. It required, perhaps, a shorter time to prove the necessity of selecting some minister who should be superior in influence to all the others, who should, in other words, be *primus inter pares*, or prime minister. It seems so difficult for the modern student to realise a cabinet without a prime minister that we are almost unable to carry ourselves back to the time when a prime minister did not exist, or even to that rather later time when the idea of a prime minister was almost universally unpopular. Yet a very simple test will bring this circumstance home to the mind of every well-read person. Any student of English history will find no difficulty in compiling a list of the prime ministers from Sir Robert Walpole. With the exception of one period, when the first William Pitt controlled the power of the State, while the Duke of Newcastle exercised its patronage, and of a second period, when the same William Pitt, as Lord Chatham, gave life and tone to the ministry of which the Duke of Grafton was the figure-head, there can be no hesitation in determining who was prime minister of England at any given date. From the time when the firm of Townshend and Walpole became the firm of Walpole and Townshend our history on this point speaks with a certain

voice. But before 1722 this very point is one which it is almost impossible to determine. Opinions, for instance, differ whether Sunderland or Stanhope, or even Godolphin or Marlborough, are to be given the first place in the ministries to which they respectively belonged. They were colleagues in cabinets in which no man held, beyond dispute, the position of first minister.

So long, indeed, as the sovereign himself presided at the meetings of the cabinet, there was no obvious necessity for giving any member of it precedency over the others. But from the accession of the House of Hanover the king ceased to take part in the deliberations of the cabinet. It has been said, indeed, by a modern statesman that, 'with a doubtful exception in the time of George III., no sovereign has been present at a meeting of the cabinet since Anne.' The change, like so many other modifications which have been introduced into the British constitution, was the result of a purely accidental circumstance. George I. could not speak the English language. It was clearly useless for a monarch to be present at the meetings of his councillors when he did not understand the language in which their deliberations were carried on. But, when the sovereign was thus necessarily and habitually absent from the cabinet, it became requisite that some minister should be chosen who should preside at its meetings and report its decisions to the king. Thus the accession of a foreigner who could not converse in English led to one of the most momentous changes in the constitution. The Act of Settlement had given us a foreign sovereign; the presence of a foreign sovereign gave us a prime minister.

Just, however, as the growing power of the cabinet had been resented and denounced by statesmen of almost every shade of opinion, so the tendency to concentrate power in the hands of a single minister was regarded as objectionable and unconstitutional. Long, indeed, before the change was really accomplished, Clarendon had declared that 'nothing was so hateful to Englishmen, in his day, as a prime minister. They would rather be subject to a usurper, like Oliver Cromwell, who was first magistrate in fact as well as in name, than to a legitimate king who referred them to a grand vizier.' Towards the close of Walpole's administration the House of Lords recorded its solemn protest against the usurpation by any one of the unconstitutional rank and authority of a prime minister, 'because they were persuaded that a sole, or even a first, minister was a functionary un-

'known to the law of Great Britain, inconsistent with the constitution, and destructive of liberty in any government whatsoever.' According to Mr. Torrens, the Duchess of Marlborough said the same thing: 'I am nothing but an ignorant old woman, but I have seen a great deal of courts, and I do really think that it would be best for king as well as the nation to have all things done in council without a premier minister, which I have often heard is the law.' But the opinions which were thus expressed, both by individuals and by the House of Lords, survived till a much later period. So lately as 1761 George Grenville declared that 'prime minister is an odious title.' It was remarked in Parliament in 1806 that the constitution 'abhors the idea of a prime minister,' and even in 1829 Lord Lansdowne affirmed that 'nothing could be more mischievous or unconstitutional than to recognise in an Act of Parliament the existence of such an office.'

Perhaps, too, for more than forty years after Walpole's fall the practice of ministers corresponded more closely with these ideas than modern students readily imagine. There is, as we have already noticed, little or no difficulty in compiling a list of prime ministers from Walpole to the second Pitt. Wilmington, Pelham, Newcastle, Devonshire, Bute, Grenville, Rockingham, Grafton, North, Shelburne, and Portland complete the list. But it cannot be said that any of these men enjoyed the undoubted ascendancy which Walpole had acquired before them, or which the second Pitt claimed during his long administration. Wilmington during his short tenure of office had little real power. Pelham during the first period of his ministry could hardly maintain his position against Carteret, and during the second period shared power with his elder brother. Newcastle and Grafton were overshadowed by the first Pitt. Devonshire had no real authority. Bute was only the representative of the king, and Portland was little more than the figure-head under which stronger men than he were willing to combine. If, in fact, it was Walpole who first introduced the country to the idea of a prime minister, it was the second Pitt who made a prime minister a necessity.

These changes were concurrently accompanied with another alteration of still greater significance. The cabinet became more and more dependent upon Parliament, and less and less the creature of the sovereign. In theory, the king retained, indeed, as the sovereign still possesses, the right to select his own advisers. But, in practice, it became every

year more obvious that the choice of the sovereign was limited to those persons who enjoyed the confidence of Parliament. The king, indeed, constantly resented these limitations on his prerogative. George II., for a long time, refused to admit Pitt to his council, just as George III. declined to admit Fox, and George IV. objected to Canning. But, even in the middle of the eighteenth century, the necessities of the minister prevailed over the predilections of the monarch. Newcastle had the perspicacity to confess that 'every man who pretends to be minister in this country 'is a fool if he acts a day without the House of Commons.' In other words, he saw the necessity of introducing into the cabinet the men in whom the House of Commons had confidence. And, though the king resisted his advice, and even added, 'I will see which is king of this country, the Duke 'of Newcastle or myself,' he was forced to give way. But the concession which he was obliged to make made him fully aware of the alterations which had been silently introduced into the relations between the cabinet and the sovereign. And when Lord Hardwicke on one occasion said to him, 'Your ministers, Sire, are only your instruments 'of government,' George II. replied with a smile, 'Ministers 'are king of this country.'

Undeterred by the example of his grandfather, George III., at the commencement of his reign, endeavoured to regain for the crown the position which it had lost. But his attempt only proved that the restoration of personal government was an impossibility, and thenceforward it became increasingly evident that the selection of the crown's principal advisers practically rested, not with the sovereign, but with the prime minister: and thus the choice of the prime minister, though still nominally attaching to the crown, was virtually restricted to those statesmen who happened to enjoy the confidence of the House of Commons.

From the days of Walpole to the days of Lord Salisbury, the man who was thus selected to preside over the destinies of the ministry uniformly filled the office of first lord of the treasury. This arrangement was undoubtedly attributable to the growing importance of finance, and to the circumstance that the man who controlled the expenditure of the country was thereby enabled to exercise a supervising authority over all the other departments. Walpole himself owed, in a great measure, his preponderating influence to his financial ability. He was regarded as the only man alive who could save the country from universal ruin after

the failure of the South Sea Company. Like some of the greatest of his successors, he held not merely the first but the second place in the Treasury. He was not merely first lord, he was also chancellor of the exchequer. He was thus solely responsible for the financial administration, which was exclusively concentrated in his own hands.

The convenience of placing the chief control of the ministry in the hands of the man who was responsible for national finance must have been very great, as the office of first lord of the treasury was, and still is, of inferior rank. Technically, the minister who holds the office is only one of the commissioners for executing the office of lord high treasurer. Socially, he ranks, when a commoner, below many, perhaps most, of his colleagues. This circumstance, perhaps, still illustrates the doctrine that England abhors a prime minister. But the social inferiority of the prime minister to many of his colleagues was more marked in the eighteenth century than it is now. The cabinet at the present time is largely composed of persons who hold offices of only modern creation, and who rank only as privy councillors. In the eighteenth century it chiefly consisted of great noblemen. Take the case of Walpole's original cabinet, in which we believe we are right in saying that all his colleagues, except Henry Pelham, had socially precedence of him; or, take even the stronger case of Henry Pelham's own cabinet, in which the prime minister himself was the only commoner. Rank still determined, to a great extent, the choice both of crown and minister. So important indeed was rank, and so conspicuous was rank in the Household, that, in 1718, Sunderland 'could think of no better way of showing himself to be *primus inter pares* than by taking in addition [to the first place in the Treasury] a conspicuous office in the Household. To head a cabinet containing seven dukes, he told the king that he must have some distinctive mark of pre-eminence, and that he therefore wished, along with his political functions, to discharge those of groom of the stole.' It may be added that nearly forty years afterwards the Duke of Devonshire held the two offices of lord chamberlain and first lord of the treasury, and George II. expressed a hope that he would retain the gold key, 'as it brought him nearer to his person.'

How far, indeed, the old traditions still governed the selection of the chief advisers of the crown may be seen from the lists of cabinets which Mr. Torrens has prepared, and which form an especial feature of his book. We shall

select, almost at random, two of them—viz. that detailing Walpole's cabinet in 1738, and that concerning Pelham's reconstructed cabinet in 1744. According to Mr. Torrens, the cabinet of 1738 contained sixteen, that of 1744 fourteen, members. In both a place was given to the primate of England. The lord chamberlain, the lord steward, the master of the horse, and the master of the ordnance had seats in both of them. The viceroy of Ireland and the groom of the stole sate in the cabinet of 1744. All these places were habitually conferred on men conspicuous not for their ability, but for their rank. Out of the sixteen members of the cabinet of 1738, seven were dukes. Out of the fourteen members of the cabinet of 1744, no less than eight were dukes. In 1748 a ninth duke was added to it. In the cabinet of 1738 Walpole, Sir C. Wager, and Pelham were the only members of the House of Commons. In the cabinet of 1744 Pelham—himself the younger brother of a duke—was the only commoner.

Facts of this kind seem almost incredible to the modern student. It is as impossible, at the present time, to imagine a cabinet in which half the members were dukes, in which the great officers of the Household had seats as a matter of course, and in which the primate of England had a voice, as it is to think of a cabinet consisting almost exclusively of peers, or of a prime minister stipulating that he should receive an office at Court to increase his weight in the council chamber. We seem, in other words, separated by an almost immeasurable interval from a system which was in force scarcely more than a century ago. But a little consideration may perhaps explain the circumstance, which, at first sight, seems almost unintelligible.

And first as to the position of the primate in the cabinet. According to a party writer at the beginning of Anne's reign, who is quoted by Hallam, 'the archbishop of Canterbury was regularly a member of the cabinet council.' His position there was undoubtedly a survival of the period when the head of the Church was uniformly consulted on great questions of State. According to Mr. Torrens, Archbishops Tenison, Wake, and Potter were successively members of the cabinet. Hallam much more cautiously suggests that the archbishop was only occasionally called to the cabinet meetings. Archbishop Potter died during the Pelham administration, and was succeeded by Herring, who

'had too little in common with the politicians of the time to be consulted or considered by them; his only merit in their eyes being that

he disfavoured controversy, and strove to live in peace and charity with all men; and he was probably never thought of for a seat in the cabinet.'

Thenceforward the primate of England was released from attending to the duties of the council chamber. But, within the next dozen years, another great officer of the State, whose presence in it would be almost as impossible now, was added to the cabinet. Lord Mansfield, the chief justice of England, had been the Duke of Newcastle's attorney-general and most capable exponent before his promotion to the bench and the peerage; and in 1757 Mansfield was added to the cabinet. His authority was so great, and his assistance so useful, that his services were retained by successive ministers; and he seems to have served in the cabinets of Bute, of George Grenville, of Rockingham, of Grafton, and of North. It is obvious that the presence of the chief justice of England in successive and opposing ministries was incompatible with the collective responsibility of the cabinet, which modern statesmen regard as an indispensable feature of party government; and, as a matter of fact, when the precedent set in Mansfield's case was followed in 1806, and Lord Ellenborough, as chief justice, was admitted to the Talents administration, Fox defended the introduction by denying 'the responsibility of the ministry *in solidum*.' No later minister has, however, ventured to repeat Mr. Fox's arguments; and it may be safely urged that it would be as impracticable for a modern statesman to admit a chief justice as it would be for him to introduce an archbishop into his cabinet.

The great officers of the Household continued members of the cabinet long after the primate had ceased to sit in it. Their presence, like that of the primate, was a survival of an older system, and was promoted by the desire of the monarch to retain in the council chamber the men who were habitually near his person, and who were liable to be influenced by his wishes and opinions. But perhaps these picturesque officials would have hardly retained their position in the council chamber for so long if the cabinet, as a whole, had been consulted on great questions of policy. There seems, however, ample evidence that throughout the reign of George II. there was an inner cabinet, which, in the first instance at any rate, was alone consulted on the more important subjects; while, in the following reign, we know from Lord Mansfield that there was both a nominal and an efficient cabinet; and that, while retaining his position in

the former, 'a little before Lord Rockingham's administration he had asked the king's leave not to sit in the latter.'

We have still to consider the most remarkable feature in the whole system, the almost entire exclusion of members of the House of Commons from every successive cabinet. At present several of the great offices of the State are almost uniformly allotted to commoners. The chancellor of the exchequer is always a member of the House of Commons. No peer has filled the office of home secretary for fifty years. It is becoming a tradition that the heads of the great spending departments and the majority of the secretaries of state should, if possible, be commoners; and the minor offices, the Board of Trade, the Local Government Board, the Ministries of Education and Agriculture, are usually—indeed almost uniformly—filled by members of the Lower House of Parliament. The chancellorship, the presidency of the council, and the Foreign Office are the only places in a modern ministry which are almost exclusively reserved for the peerage. In the reign of George II., on the contrary, a commoner was hardly thought good enough to fill any of the high offices of the State. We believe that we are right in saying that throughout the reign no commoner held the office of secretary of state except Sir T. Robinson, to whose appointment we shall refer immediately, and the elder Pitt. Mr. Morley says, in his monograph on the minister, that 'it was remarked as an extraordinary proof of Walpole's power that in 1733 he insisted on giving the post of first lord of the admiralty to Sir Charles Wager, though no commoner had been thought worthy of that office since the accession of the House of Brunswick.* Mr. Torrens tells us that, after the fall of Walpole, 'Sir W. Yonge, having served eight years as secretary at war, hoped he would not be forgotten in the day of promotions. . . . In debate he was thought by his contemporaries to have few equals; and Pulteney had often given him unstinted praise. Even now, when his name has nearly faded out of recollection, the reports of his speeches are very good reading. But he was a poor man, had married a plebeian wife, and had no rotten borough. How could he expect a seat in the cabinet?'

But the most striking instance of the treatment which

* It is a striking proof of Mr. Torrens's inability to appreciate Walpole that he ascribes Sir C. Wager's appointment to 'a whimsical preference which [Walpole] had just then conceived for vulgar merit.'

commoners usually received when George II. was king is to be found after the death of Pelham. It became then absolutely necessary to select some one in the House of Commons as the representative of a cabinet composed exclusively of peers. Two men there were—the elder Pitt and the elder Fox—whose abilities and eloquence placed them far above their contemporaries. Pitt, especially, had been a warm supporter of Newcastle, and had uniformly treated the duke with great, perhaps excessive, deference. He seemed, from every point of view, marked out for the leadership of the Commons, which Pelham's death had vacated. But the duke had no desire to place any one in that office whose abilities would render him independent of himself. He was persuaded, indeed, to offer Henry Fox the exchequer, stipulating, however, that 'the whole power of the department' [should rest] unconditionally in his own hands.' Such an arrangement was obviously unacceptable to any man who had any respect for his own abilities or any confidence in his own future. Fox refused, as he was probably intended to refuse, the offer; and Newcastle was thus enabled to fill up the vacant places in the cabinet with Legge, a younger son of Lord Dartmouth, who was made chancellor of the exchequer, and with Sir T. Robinson, who for many years had represented this country at Vienna—a man whose 'large family and small private income' promised to make him a subservient colleague. Legge, a man of respectable abilities and character, proved a little too independent for the duke, who, it seems, thereupon proposed to replace him with Lord Dupplin, a man with no abilities at all. Lord Hardwicke, however, had the good sense to see that this proposal 'could not be thought of. All engines of ridicule' would be set to work. It would give countenance to what 'was propagated, that his Grace would bear with nobody in that office but one they would, though opprobriously, call 'an absolute fool.'

Even the Duke of Newcastle would hardly have been able to suggest the appointment of 'an absolute fool' as finance minister if the chancellorship of the exchequer had acquired the status which attaches to this office now. The man who controls the finances of the State occupies a position in a modern administration inferior only to that of the prime minister; and it is a striking testimony to the importance of the office that, since 1830, the House of Commons has usually been led by either the prime minister himself or the chancellor of the exchequer. But up to 1830 the

office was one which was inferior in its rank and inferior in its emoluments. There is some difficulty in ascertaining the value of a post which was partly paid by fees, but we believe that we are right in saying that its remuneration was only one-half—or not one-half—of that of a secretary of state. Except, then, on the many occasions when the post was held by the first lord of the treasury himself, as it was by Walpole, Pelham, Pitt, Canning, and other statesmen, it was usually allotted to old men of inferior ability, or young men whose capacity was not proved. The chancellors of the exchequer in the reign of George II. were Walpole and Pelham, who held the office in conjunction with the first place at the treasury; Sandys—afterwards Lord Sandys; Legge, who has already been alluded to, and Sir G. Lyttelton, who, Mr. Torrens says, ‘stumbled over millions and ‘strode pompously over farthings.’ Even at the commencement of the present century similar appointments were made to the office. Lord H. Petty (Lord Lansdowne) received it when he was quite unknown. Lord Palmerston and Mr. Milnes were offered it almost immediately after their introduction into Parliament, and, later on, when such men as Sir R. Peel and Mr. Huskisson were available, the post was filled by Vansittart, ‘Prosperity’ Robinson, and Mr. Herries. We shall not appreciate the political history of England rightly if we do not realise the inferior status which so long attached to the chancellorship of the exchequer. In the days of George II. its emoluments were, no doubt, thought good enough, since it was the only office which a peer could not fill,* and the only post in many cabinets which was not filled by a peer.

Thus, then, though government by cabinet had superseded government by prerogative in the middle of the eighteenth century, the members of each cabinet were almost exclusively selected from the House of Lords, and were even chiefly recruited from the highest rank in the peerage. But the peers did not owe their remarkable influence solely to their position in the Upper House. Many of them were borough owners as well as peers. Thus they not merely helped to make history by their votes in one House; they concurrently controlled politics by regulating

* With the exception of a few months after Stanhope's elevation to a peerage, in 1717, the chancellorship of the exchequer has uniformly been held by a commoner since Walpole's acceptance of the office in 1715.

the formation of the other. The Duke of Newcastle was the most striking example of this kind. Few, if any, men in this country have ever held office for a longer period. He said himself, in 1760, that he had been 'in ministerial office for thirty-six years.' Few men, again, have exercised greater influence in successive ministries. Yet it is evident that the duke's success was not attributable to his abilities, which were only moderate, but to his vast territorial possessions, which gave him a political influence which he did not scruple to exercise.

Few persons—even among those who have most closely studied the history of an unreformed Parliament—have any conception of the extent of the duke's influence. The House of Commons largely consisted of his nominees. Green, in his 'Short History,' says that 'the duke at one time returned a third of all the borough members in the House.' Mr. Torrens, only a little more moderate, declares that, in the Parliament of 1754, 'Newcastle's dependents numbered still two score and ten.' No minister, however strong, could stand without his support. Pitt, to use his own words, in 1757 had to borrow 'the Duke of Newcastle's majority to carry on the public business.'

'His Grace of Newcastle's landed property in several counties,' writes Mr. Torrens, 'gave him the nomination of more members than any of his social equals; and, from the matter-of-fact turn of his mind, he took to the extension of the power it gave him as the surest means of securing a prominent place at Court, and an influential one in council. At the general election of 1722 five Pelhams rejoiced his heart. Sir Philip Yorke and Sir William Gage were returned, to his great satisfaction, for Seaford. To his surprise Hastings was lost by a single vote; but, on the whole, Sussex acknowledged his sway, and portions of Notts, Suffolk, and Yorkshire proved faithful. Thus he congratulated himself on being successful in almost all his elections.'

So far as the smaller places were concerned, the duke's will was law. No one had yet questioned the right of a great nobleman to do what he would with his own, and such boroughs as Aldborough and Boroughbridge returned his nominees as a matter of course. But in the larger constituencies more elaborate measures were necessary. Mr. Torrens says in one place:—

'His grace was never weary of electioneering, and kept up a correspondence with a staff of agents that is truly amazing. . . . Treating had not then been advanced to the dignity of a political offence. It went on without let, hindrance, or qualm, and was estimated chiefly by the prodigality with which it was sustained.'

The duke himself gave a dinner to 1,200 Sussex voters during the general election of 1733, and Sir W. Ashburnham on the same occasion 'entertained all the freeholders 'in the Rye district, and was about to feed those in the 'adjoining one, that all might drink Mr. Pelham's health, 'who was present on both occasions. . . . The non-voters, 'too, had their bowls of punch.' The duke's time at Bishopstone during the same election was 'spent in nothing 'but canvassing, drink, and brutality.'

Lavish expenditure of this kind was more than even the duke's large income could afford. He was frequently so pressed for money that the very labourers on his estate were unpaid, while his tradesmen—at any rate on one occasion—refused to go on serving him. The great political power which he enjoyed could only be sustained by continuous outlay; and the duke, perhaps, considered that the ruin of his private estate was not too high a price to pay for an influence which kept him in office almost continuously during the reign of George II., and which made him twice prime minister of England.

Let us now consider how far the revolution with which Mr. Torrens is concerned had proceeded before the death of George II. On the one hand, it is evident that the power of Parliament had increased, and that the power of the crown had diminished. The king no longer presided over the cabinet. Sir R. Walpole had made the office of prime minister a fact and a necessity, and the growing importance of finance had made it convenient for the prime minister to preside over the treasury. On the other hand, parliamentary government was still to a large extent government by the Lords. The cabinet was chiefly composed of the representatives of a few great families. More than three-fourths of its members were usually peers; one-half of its members were selected from among the dukes. The great offices of the Household usually carried with them seats in the cabinet. Only the inferior offices were, as a rule, reserved for members of the House of Commons. The members of that House were expected to vote as their patrons required them. Their leader was occasionally chosen not on account of his ability, but on account of his dependence. In theory, the cabinet as it exists to-day had already been constructed. In practice, it was constituted in a manner as different from that which prevails now as it is possible to imagine.

One result had, indeed, already ensued from the supersession of government by prerogative by government by

party. So long as the advisers of the crown were selected, not merely nominally, but virtually, by the sovereign, the only remedy which Parliament could find for their misconduct was their impeachment. But so soon as the choice of the monarch was limited to men who enjoyed the confidence of Parliament, the extreme remedy, which had, perhaps, been necessary in an earlier time, fell at once into disuse. It became much easier to remove an obnoxious minister by a vote of the House of Commons than to arraign him before the House of Lords. The fact that the last impeachment of a minister on political grounds occurred at the opening of the reign of George I. is not an accidental circumstance, but the direct consequence of the increasing subordination of the cabinet to Parliament. It took, however, a long period to establish the collective responsibility of an administration. The fall of a great minister did not necessarily lead to the fall of all his colleagues. During the period with which Mr. Torrens is concerned, indeed, the members of each ministry were almost exclusively chosen from a select body of Whig noblemen, some of whom were members of every cabinet. According to Todd, indeed, the first example of the 'simultaneous dismissal of a whole ministry' and their replacement by another' occurred in the reign of George I. 'But this alteration took place on account of 'personal objections entertained by the king to the ministers 'of Queen Anne, not because of prevailing opinions in 'Parliament.' Throughout the reign of George II. there is no example of the complete supersession of one ministry by another. The student who carefully compares Mr. Torrens's lists will be surprised to find how slight were the alterations in the composition of the cabinet which ensued, for example, when the Duke of Devonshire succeeded the Duke of Newcastle, or the Duke of Newcastle succeeded the Duke of Devonshire. But the most striking illustration of what we are saying occurred on the fall of Sir Robert Walpole—'the 'first instance on record of the resignation of a prime 'minister in deference to an adverse vote of the House of 'Commons.' On this remarkable occasion parliamentary opinion was satisfied by the fall of the minister. With the single exception of Sir C. Wager, the first lord of the admiralty, 'none of Walpole's colleagues resigned with him,' and Sir C. Wager was subsequently made treasurer of the navy. The other alterations in the cabinet involved little more than a slight reshuffling of the cards. At least two-thirds of the cabinet retained their old offices. Wilmington,

who had been president of the council, became first lord of the treasury; Harrington, who had been secretary of state, became president of the council; Carteret succeeded to the vacant secretaryship; Lord Winchilsea replaced Sir C. Wager at the Admiralty; and Sandys, whom Mr. Torrens calls 'a straightforward, outspoken owner of broad acres,' was made chancellor of the exchequer. In other words, the changes in the composition of the cabinet, consequent on the parliamentary defeat of a ministry which had governed England for more than twenty years, were not much more numerous than those which became necessary a few months ago on the resignation of Mr. Gladstone.

The fact is that party government, in a modern sense, hardly existed in the reigns of the first two Georges, because one party, represented by a few great Whig oligarchs, exercised a practically supreme control over both branches of the legislature. The supremacy of the Whigs was first broken by the reverses which occurred at the beginning of the Seven Years' War, and which compelled both the king and the prime minister to introduce Pitt into the cabinet. But, before the war was over, it was overthrown by the determination of George III. to govern as well as to reign. Disastrous as George III.'s experiment ultimately proved, it is fair to recollect that he was only endeavouring to restore the power which the crown had notoriously enjoyed up to the accession of the House of Hanover, and that, in practice, he was struggling, not with Parliament, but with a few great noblemen. George III.'s attempt broke down; but the Whigs never recovered the position which they had occupied in his grandfather's time, and before twenty-five years of the new reign were over, the Tory party, under the second Pitt, succeeded in obtaining the predominance which they virtually enjoyed for the best part of half a century.

In these circumstances, the ministerial changes which took place after 1760 were necessarily more complete than those which occurred during the reigns of the first two Georges. In the times of George I. and George II. the fall of a ministry involved only the supersession of one Whig by another Whig, and the inferior pieces on the cabinet chessboard had not to be changed, because one white king was replaced with another white king. But, after the accession of George III., the accession of a new ministry meant a transfer of power sometimes from the Whig oligarchy to the king's friends, and at other times from Tories to Whigs

or Whigs to Tories. Principles, in each case, were at stake which affected not the prime minister alone, but the entire cabinet. It became gradually the custom for the whole Cabinet to stand and fall together, and the collective responsibility of the whole ministry became in consequence established.

In his excellent monograph on Sir R. Walpole, a leading member of the present Government—Mr. Morley—has said that

‘The principal features of our system of cabinet government to-day are four. The first is the doctrine of collective responsibility. Each cabinet minister carries on the work of a particular department, and for that department he is individually answerable. . . . But as a general rule every important piece of departmental policy is taken to commit the entire cabinet, and its members stand or fall together. The second is that the cabinet is answerable immediately to the majority of the House of Commons, and ultimately to the electors, whose will creates that majority. [The third is that] the cabinet, except under uncommon, peculiar, and transitory circumstances, is selected exclusively from one party; [and the fourth is that] the prime minister is the keystone of the cabinet arch.’

Yet Mr. Morley rightly adds :—

‘Hardly one of these four principles was accepted by Walpole, or by anybody else in his time, with the accuracy or the fulness with which they are all acted upon at present.’

And Mr. Morley is undoubtedly right. The collective responsibility of the cabinet for its measures cannot have existed at a time when the resignation of a minister upon his defeat was not accompanied with the retirement of his other colleagues. The responsibility of the cabinet to the electors was merely nominal when the majority of the House of Commons was composed of the nominees of great noblemen and other borough owners. Public men could not have made up their minds upon the desirability of securing homogeneity in a ministry when they were continually endeavouring to imitate ‘Pelham’s example, and found the administration on a broad bottom, and, finally, the authority of a prime minister could not be said to be assured when statesmen were contending that the very idea of a prime minister was odious, and prime ministers themselves were carefully avoiding the use of the title.

Though then the period which Mr. Torrens has chosen for his labours undoubtedly contains the most important chapter in the history of the cabinet, it did not witness the full development of the cabinet as we know it to-day.

For this reason, while endeavouring to trace in this article the gradual evolution of cabinet government, we have not scrupled to travel beyond the text with which Mr. Torrens has supplied us. The cabinet which we see to-day, chiefly composed as it is of the political chiefs of the great administrative departments, and mainly drawn from the Lower House of Parliament, differs widely from the select body of great noblemen and prominent courtiers who were grouped round the Duke of Newcastle or his brother. The pre-eminent authority of the prime minister is no longer a subject of doubt or a theme for objection. But the most important person and the most important body in the State are still never mentioned in any statute; the names of the cabinet are never officially announced; its proceedings are never officially recorded. And, perhaps, if, at some distant age, Macaulay's New Zealander were to stumble on copies of the proceedings of the Houses of Parliament and of the statute book of the realm, and from these materials were to found a treatise on the constitution of the united kingdom during the present reign, he would come to the conclusion that ministers were responsible to the Crown, and not to Parliament; that the privy council was the most important body in the State; and the president of the council the leading member of each administration.

- ART. VI.—1. *History of the Commonwealth and Protectorate, 1649–1660.* By SAMUEL RAWSON GARDINER, M.A. Vol. I. 1649–1651. London: 1894.
2. *The Memoirs of Edward Ludlow, Lieutenant-General in the Horse in the Army of the Commonwealth of England, 1625–1672.* Edited, with Appendices of Letters and illustrative Documents, by C. H. FIRTH, M.A. In 2 vols. Oxford: 1894.
3. *Oliver Cromwell.* By SAMUEL HASDEN CHURCH. 8vo. New York: 1894.*

MR. GARDINER has now entered upon another portion of his great work. The History of the Great Civil War ended with the death of the king in 1649. With the publication of the first volume of the History of the Commonwealth and the Protectorate from 1649 to 1660 he begins a history of the third and last part of what is, in truth, one single period. The death of Charles I., though it dramatically ended for a time monarchy in England, and from its startling and decisive character was an occurrence of the highest importance, was yet, after all, but one step in the sequence of events which for more than half a century was gradually changing the constitution of England. We must regard the period from the accession of James I. to the Restoration as an epoch during which the relations of the sovereign and the people underwent a permanent change which was not accomplished until there had been for a time a break in the actual existence of the monarchy. The majority of those who originally took up arms against Charles I. had no enmity to the monarchy, nor any desire to set up a republic; they wished only to limit the personal power of the king. His death was therefore a shock to the majority of the people of the kingdom, it was not popular except with his more extreme opponents, and it failed in any degree to settle the kingdom

* We are indebted to an American writer, Mr. Church, for a life of Cromwell and a narrative of the political, religious, and military affairs of England during his time, which is a careful and dispassionate work, based on the English authorities now under review. There is a certain novelty in this transatlantic survey of our own history, with a slight flavour of the Puritan tradition of New England; and the author deserves great credit for his industry, accuracy, and moderation. The volume also contains a large selection from Cromwell's correspondence, freed from the extravagant ejaculations of Mr. Carlyle.

as Cromwell hoped. On the contrary, it was the deathblow to parliamentary government; it produced a period of national chaos, of a republicanism, and then of an unconstitutional personal rule, which were supported by the sword, and would not have lasted for any appreciable period without it.

It was certain that sooner or later the monarchy must be restored and the constitution be renewed—modified, indeed, but in its main form the same as before the death of Charles I. Had it not been for Cromwell's commanding personality, the period of uncertainty would have come to an end much sooner than it did, and it is possible that after the death of Charles I. the monarchy would have been at once continued in the person of his son. Looking back after the lapse of two centuries, the attempts to establish a republic in England appear obviously futile, and the influence which Cromwell exercised upon the course of events appears more and more striking. It is this absence of any real settlement of national affairs during both the Commonwealth and the Protectorate which makes them part of the preceding period, and renders many of the events which occurred during their continuance of really secondary importance, so far as regards any permanent influence they had on the ultimate history of the nation. But it is none the less a time which has its lasting lessons, showing as it does the powerlessness of political theorists who have no popular support, and how a personal rule is nearly always evolved out of an age of confused counsels and amid the ruins of a broken constitution. It is through this period that Mr. Gardiner now undertakes to be our guide, with that same accuracy and impartiality which have distinguished his previous work. He strikes the keynote of the time on the very first page of the book:—

'The execution of Charles I,' he writes, 'the work of military violence cloaked in the merest tatters of legality—had displayed to the eyes of the world the forgotten truth that kings, as well as subjects, must bear the consequences of their errors and misdeeds. More than this the actors in the great tragedy failed to accomplish, and, it may fairly be added, must necessarily have failed to accomplish. It is never possible for men of the sword to rear the temple of recovered freedom, and the small minority in Parliament which had given the semblance of constitutional procedure to the trial in Westminster Hall were no more than instruments in the hands of the men of the sword. Honestly as both military and political leaders desired to establish popular government, they found themselves in a vicious circle from which there was no escape. No government they could set up would be strong enough to remain erect unless the army were kept on foot, and if the

army were kept on foot, popular support would be alienated by its intervention in political affairs, and by the heavy taxation required for its maintenance. Every serious attempt to rest the government on the voice of the nation itself would inure to the benefit of the young prince who had not offended as his father had offended, and who appealed to those whom he claimed as subjects on other grounds than the disposal of an armed force.' (Pp. 1-2.)

It was a period of good intentions and of attempts to establish permanently a system of government which was unknown to and undesired by the English people. Such a system would scarcely have had even a trial had it not been for Cromwell's political and military pre-eminence, and for the fact that Charles II., by relying for assistance first upon the Irish and then upon the Scotch, by alarming the English people first by a threatened invasion of their country by an Irish army and next by the actual incursion of his Scotch allies in 1651, greatly lessened his own chances of a return to the throne by this reliance on what were in truth forces hostile to the English as a people, and regarded by them as national enemies. Cromwell, with his keen common sense, expressed what was the view of even those who sympathised with the parliamentary cause when, before the Council of Officers in 1649, he exclaimed:—

'I had rather be overrun with a cavalierish interest than a Scotch interest; I had rather be overrun by a Scotch interest than an Irish interest, and I think of all this is most dangerous, and if they shall be able to carry on their work they will make this the most miserable people of the earth; for all the world knows their barbarism, not of any religion almost any of them, but, in a manner, as bad as Papists. . . . Now it should awaken all Englishmen who perhaps are willing enough he [Charles] should have come in upon an accommodation; but now he must come from Ireland or Scotland.'

The apathy with which, from Carlisle to Worcester, the progress of Charles II. in 1651 was received by the people of the districts through which he passed in his invasion, shows that Royalists were no more inclined than Parliamentarians to welcome a king who came to them supported by soldiers from Ireland or Scotland. In this volume the story of these efforts by Charles II. to regain his throne with the assistance of others than the English people occupies a considerable space, but before we advert to them it is desirable to recur to the events which occurred in London after the execution of the king in January 1649:—

'On February 1 the remnant of the House of Commons, now claiming for themselves the name and authority of the Parliament of England,

attempted to make its own position regular by resolving that no member who had voted on December 5 that the King's offers afforded a ground of settlement, or had been absent when that vote was given, should be allowed to sit until he had recorded his dissent from that resolution.' (Pp. 2-3.)

This was not a beginning which augured well for a new form of government, since it showed no desire to rest the new government on the goodwill of all classes, but rather to depend on those who were most extreme in their political views. Nor were the next proceedings of the Parliament characterised by the slightest gleam of statesmanship. Not satisfied with the abolition of the monarchy, the Commons put an end also to the House of Lords. On February 2 the House of Peers sent an invitation to the Commons to discuss the future government of the country in a joint committee, a proposal which was reasonable and business-like. But

'not only was permission to appear at the bar refused to messengers who brought it, but on the following day the Commons resolved to take into consideration the position of the other House. On the 5th some members—Cromwell being probably amongst them—expressed a wish to retain the House of Lords as a purely consultative body, but the proposal was rejected by 44 votes to 29, and a resolution "that the House of Peers in Parliament is useless and dangerous and ought to be abolished" was carried without a division. On the 7th a further resolution "that it had been found by experience . . . that the office of a king in this nation, and to have the power thereof in any single person, is unnecessary, burdensome, and dangerous to the liberty, safety and public interests of the people of this nation, and therefore ought to be abolished," was carried, also without a division. Effect was given to these resolutions by the introduction of Acts—the name of Bills being now dropped—which were not finally passed till March 17 and 19, but under the circumstances the delay was of no importance.' (P. 3.)

The result of this step was still further to weaken the national support of Parliament by the people, to introduce a species of tyranny, and necessarily to cause those who were in power to have their real support in the army, without which the government could not have existed. Instead of the Lords and the king, the Commons hit on the idea of a Council of State, to consist of forty-one persons, some of whom were to be peers. This council 'was to have full executive authority in the management of 'home and foreign affairs,' but since its existence was absolutely at the mercy of the Commons, for it came to an end in a year unless it were otherwise ordered by parliament, it introduced no real moderating or advisory force

into the new constitution. If the Parliamentarians had taken so mistaken and narrow a view of the constitution as to abolish the House of Lords, and to set up a council which could have no real independence, it was not likely that they would be willing to tolerate among its members any breadth of opinion. Accordingly, when the form of engagement to be required from the councillors came up for discussion, it was resolved at Ireton's suggestion that councillors 'should declare their approval of the establishment of the High Court of Justice, of the trial and execution of kings, of the abolition of the monarchy and of the House of Lords.' Algernon Sydney rightly objected to the imposition of this test, in that 'it would prove a snare to many an honest man, but every knave would slip through it.' But, foolish as it was to drive away men from the administration who, while they did not approve of what had taken place in the past, might not be averse to help in the government of the country in the present, the imposition of such an engagement showed a fear of public disapproval of the past acts of the Parliament which was calculated to weaken its influence in the country. The state of opinion of moderate Parliamentarians on this subject was exemplified by the attitude of Fairfax. Together with four of the peers nominated for the council, he was ready to serve the new government, but, like them, he 'refused to approve of past actions which they had opposed.' The test was therefore revised, but in its second form it was withdrawn on February 23. How many members, if any, of the Council took the engagement in the revised form is uncertain; but Fairfax did no more than promise to be faithful to a republic without king or House of Peers. That he took even this engagement reluctantly there can be no doubt. His refusal, in June 1650, to command the army which was to invade Scotland, on the ground, first, that it would be a breach of the Solemn League and Covenant to invade Scotland, and next, when he resigned his command because of 'debilities both in body and mind occasioned by former action and businesses,' was, in fact, the sign of an active disapproval of the course of political events, and is remarkable evidence of the dislike of the nation to the armed republic. It exemplifies the strength of the parliamentary position at the beginning of the Civil War, and the wide distance which had been traversed in a year after the death of Charles I. Mr. Gardiner's statement of Fairfax's conduct throws so much light on the true tendencies of events that it must be quoted without diminution :—

'So far as it is possible to draw a conclusion from the past conduct of Fairfax, it would seem that up to a certain point his political views were identical with those of Cromwell. Both had set out with the idea of winning by arms a constitutional settlement in which as much as possible of the old Constitution should be preserved in order to secure the safe establishment of the new. Both were from time to time convinced that one or other portion of the old system must give way, because it had been shown to be incompatible with the new. There, however, the resemblance ends. When a forward step had been taken, Cromwell regarded it not only as irrevocable, but as one of which the justice ought never to be called in question. His mind, in short, was so filled with the next problem that presented itself to him that he forgot that he had ever had any difficulty over any steps which had gone before. Fairfax's mind was cast in a different mould. Gradually, in 1647 and in 1648, he had broken first with the Presbyterian majority and then with the King. At each step he convinced himself, just as Cromwell had done, that constitutional government was impossible if either the Presbyterian majority or the King were allowed to triumph. The expulsion of the eleven members, the crushing of the Royalists at Maidstone and Colchester, even Pride's Purge itself, commended themselves to him as things necessary to be done if a worse calamity was to be averted. That in all this the persuasions of Cromwell and Ireton counted for something is hardly to be denied. It was, however, one thing to be satisfied with each act at the time when it was done, and quite another thing to be satisfied with their tendency when taken together. Strong indications are not wanting that by the end of 1648 Fairfax was dissatisfied with the general result of the work which he had reluctantly approved in detail.

'If this is anything like a true explanation of Fairfax's behaviour in 1647 and 1648, his subsequent conduct cannot be difficult to explain. The tendency of the recent actions of the military power was presented to him in the clearest light by the trial and execution of the King, and after the first day's meeting of the High Court of Justice he stood entirely aloof from its proceedings, though it is possible that he might have approved of them if the sentence had been one of dethronement or banishment. After the King's death his action is equally intelligible. On the one hand he was ready to do his duty in defending the Commonwealth, the only possible form of government at the time, against its enemies. On the other hand he refused to bind himself by taking the Engagement to oppose the restoration of a constitutional monarchy in the future.

'Such a view of political duty may be logically defensible, but is certain to lead to practical inconsistencies which, if persisted in, are fatal to the self-respect of him who gives rise to them. Inconsistencies of this kind are sure to reveal themselves in speech, and it is therefore easy to understand how Fairfax may at one time have used language capable of being interpreted as acknowledging an obligation to do something for the King, and at another time have explained his unwillingness to attack the Scots on the ground that the English army was split into factions, and therefore likely to break asunder in his hands. A

mind divided against itself easily falls under the sway of others, and the absence of Cromwell and Ireton left the field open to his Presbyterian wife and to the Presbyterian ministers whose counsel he sought. For a moment it seemed as if there would be opportunity for him to persist in his old course, and that he might defend England loyally from a Scottish invasion. The resolution of the Council of State to invade Scotland put an end for ever to the delusion. 'To invade Scotland was to attack the person of the young King and to shatter those hopes of a future constitutional understanding which Fairfax had never at any time wholly thrown aside.' (Pp. 293-295.)

The obstacle to any such 'constitutional understanding' was for the time not the Parliament, with its wild political theories, but the army, with Cromwell at its head. The Commonwealth and the Protectorate had their foundations, not in the goodwill of the English people, but in the valour and military skill which triumphed at Drogheda, at Dunbar, and at Worcester.

But it was one of the ironies of the national situation that it was not only moderate men who regarded the state of affairs with misgiving; some of those who had been strenuous opponents of monarchical tyranny were equally opposed to the rule of the army, which they were keen enough to perceive was as much a bar to individual freedom as was the power of an absolute king. But their ideas were too visionary to enable them to see that there was in the existing temper of the people no middle way between the continuance of military rule and the return of a Stuart. Lilburne and the Levellers were in this position:—

'Advocating direct government by a democratic Parliament and the fullest development of individual liberty, the Levellers looked with suspicion on the Council of State as a body which might possibly be converted into an executive authority independent of Parliament, and thoroughly distrusted Cromwell as aiming at military despotism. Well-intentioned and patriotic as they were, they were absolutely destitute of political tact, and had no sense of the real difficulties of the situation, and, above all, of the impossibility of rousing the popular sympathy on behalf of abstract reasonings.' (P. 33.)

But Lilburne, who had suffered at the hands of the Star Chamber, was not the man to fear even Cromwell and his soldiers, and he threw himself heartily into an agitation to obtain the 'reappointment of agitators and the revival of 'the disused general council of the army, in order that these 'agitators might again have an equal voice with the officers 'in determining the political action of the army.' Lilburne also asked, in a publication with the suggestive title of 'England's New Chains,' that the Council of State might be

superseded by committees of short continuance, frequently and exactly accountable for the discharge of their trusts, and he also asked that parliament should put in practice the Self-denying Ordinance, and pointed out how dangerous it was for one and the same person 'to be continued long in the highest 'command of a military power.' The book was declared by Parliament to be a seditious publication, and to tend to mutiny in the army, and its author was to be proceeded against for treason. It would be without substantial advantage to follow the doings and writings of Lilburne throughout that year; the latter, such as the 'Outcry of the 'Young Men,' were all published with the same end, to protest, to use his own words, against 'the military power being 'thrust into the very office and seat of civil authority,' and 'our Parliament put down, and the name and power thereof 'transmitted to a picked party of your forcible selecting.' They are important as showing the feelings of the time and the difficulties which lay in the path of the Parliament and Cromwell. These difficulties were not lessened when in November Lilburne was placed on his trial before a special commission at the Guildhall, and was pronounced by the jury 'not guilty.' 'From every part of the crowded hall a loud 'and unanimous shout arose in triumph.'

'The cry of the citizens in Guildhall was substantially identical with the cry which eleven years later was to call for a Free Parliament, and thereby to bring about the Restoration. In the meanwhile it might be permitted to those who had to face the immediate dangers of the situation to ask how the government was to be carried on. It is certain that few, if any, of the men in possession of power contemplated a permanent tenure of it at the will of the military commanders. They imagined it possible that at no distant time they would be able to retire in favour of another Parliament chosen by a new constituency, as free, if not quite as democratic, as that which Lilburne declared to be the sole legitimate representative of the nation.' (P. 189.)

Lilburne was released by the Council of State; his acquittal showed that there was no probability of national contentment as long as the country was under the inflexible rule of a stern and disciplined army. It was the need for such an army in Ireland, and subsequently in Scotland, which was the true safeguard for the time of the new constitution.

In truth, the position of the Parliament was humiliating in the extreme; a body which had removed a king to give liberty to a people was obliged to use the very methods against which in his hands it would have been eager to protest. Thus, on July 9, it passed a resolution 'declaring

'all ministers to be delinquents if they preached or prayed against the present government, publicly mentioned Charles or James Stuart, or refused to keep days of humiliation, or to publish acts and ordinances of Parliament.' This resolution was directed, not against the Royalist, but against the Presbyterian clergy, and was an attempt to put down criticism of the acts of the government. Such an attempt was not only useless but irritating to the country. The resolution was passed on July 9, and was followed in September by an act based on the same policy of repression, which enacted that no book or pamphlet was to be published without a license, and enumerated various penalties for publishing scandalous or libellous books. But such an act, as is usually the case, did not deter determined men from appealing to the people, and it tended rather to whet than to weaken the appetite of readers for seditious or critical literature.

'It was easier to pass such an Act than to enforce it. With London hungry for writings which would turn the laugh against the Government, unlicensed presses easily kept themselves in existence. Of the three principal Royalist newspapers, one, "*Mercurius Elencticus*," disappeared after November 5. The other two, "*Mercurius Pragmaticus*" and "*The Man in the Moon*," were still in full swing at the end of the year. Nor was it easy to stop the flow of political pamphlets directed against the Commonwealth. Clement Walker, for instance, issued, under the title of "*Anarchia Anglicana*," a second part of his "*History of Independency*," in which he virulently attacked the existing Government. On October 24, Parliament ordered the arrest of the author, and on November 13, undeterred by its failure in Lilburne's case, sent him to the Tower and ordered him to be tried for high treason.' (P. 194.)

It is possible that these attempts to gag the press and to prevent free speech would have been less resented if it had not been for the substantial grievance that the cost of maintaining the army pressed upon every section of the nation. We ought not to set too much weight on what may be called the constitutional objections to the policy of Parliament when we bear in mind the common-sense dislike to it which was created in the mind of every one who had to pay for it. The king was dead, and the author of the Civil War was therefore no more. Why, then, many a man asked himself, should he have to bear the burden of a standing army, a weight heavier than had been yet imposed? The troops were entitled to free quarter; thus the country felt, as it were, in the power of a hostile army:—

'On the 6th [of March] the Council of State reported that the army

in England should consist of 32,000 men, besides 12,000 for Ireland. The pay of both armies would be 120,000*l.* a month, that is to say, 1,440,000*l.* a year. On the 8th Parliament resolved that three-fourths of this sum, amounting to 90,000*l.* a month, should be assessed on the counties, and the remainder raised in some manner not yet specified.' (Pp. 26-27.)

This was an immense sum for the country to find in those days, more especially after a period of civil war, which had ruined many of the foremost men in England. 'The Commonwealth, with its enormous army to keep up, 'was in grievous financial straits.' In April a deputation from Parliament went into the City to ask the merchants of London to lend some part of the 30,000*l.* a month which was left uncovered by the assessments. But in London there was no enthusiasm for the cause of Parliament, as, in spite of the arguments which were addressed to the meeting, not a penny could be obtained in the City, and 'Parliament had to fall back on hastening the sale of the 'deans and chapters' estates in order to raise the money 'required' (p. 45). It is impossible to doubt that, in such a state of affairs, a country monarchical in opinion yet in the hands of a weak republican government, annoyed by restrictions on all sides on its freedom, pressed to find money for a huge army which was always in evidence, would scarcely have tolerated the continuance of the non-monarchical system had it not been, as we have said, for the military prowess of Cromwell in defeating the enemies of England in Ireland and Scotland. The difficulties in Ireland were, in truth, the opportunity of the republic.

So early in the year 1649 as January Rupert was at Kinsale, in March Charles had decided to go himself to Ireland if he could obtain sufficient money for the expedition, and at the end of May Ormond and Inchiquin started to reduce Dublin with an army of 10,000 men. In July Drogheda surrendered to Inchiquin, and on the 24th of the same month Monk was obliged to surrender Dundalk to the same leader. On June 28 Ormond invited Charles to cross over to Ireland, with a view to settle the difficulties which he foresaw were certain to arise between the Protestants and Catholics, who for a time had combined to obtain possession of Ireland. England was thus menaced, if Dublin fell, by a hostile invasion.

'The danger of an Irish invasion of England was greater in appearance than in reality; but history is full of examples of menaces which become formidable if they are not met with vigour and decision.

Cromwell at least had no doubt as to the necessity of putting an end for ever to threats which had been suspended over England since the utterance of those hasty words which more than anything else had cost Strafford his head. Another Royal Lord Lieutenant appeared to be repeating Strafford's words: "Your Majesty hath an army in Ireland which you may employ to reduce this kingdom." Yet Cromwell, eager as he was to set forth, was still tied to Westminster by his financial needs, perhaps, too, by the necessity of assuring himself that there was no immediate risk of a Scottish invasion.' (P. 103.)

It was not till August that Cromwell was able to obtain from Parliament the funds necessary for the payment of his troops. On the 15th he landed at Dublin, gladdened with the intelligence which he received, when on the point of embarkation, that Colonel Jones, who was defending Dublin, had decisively defeated Ormond's forces at Rathmines. It was time for vigorous measures, and Cromwell was not likely to fail in this particular. Dublin alone was in the hands of the parliamentary forces, and it was Cromwell's task to end once and for ever the raising of the Royalist standard in Ireland. How thoroughly he performed that work is well known; but Mr. Gardiner's clear and impartial narrative of the Irish campaign will remain a sure guide for the student of this period. To regard Cromwell's conduct as evidence of high military capacity would be a mistake; he led a disciplined and veteran army against undisciplined and somewhat raw troops; he was supreme in his command, he had no dissensions in his ranks to trouble him, and he had the sea as his base of operations, from which he could draw a permanent supply of munitions of war. Cromwell's first operation was to besiege and capture Drogheda. On September 11 the place was stormed, and all who were in arms were put to the sword. Historical controversy has raged around this act of Cromwell; how it came about is so shortly and powerfully described by Mr. Gardiner that it is desirable to give his account of it.

'Whilst the mass of the defeated garrison fled hurriedly down the sloping streets to gain the bridge, Aston and his principal officers, followed by some three hundred of the soldiers of the garrison, climbed the lofty steep of the Mill Mount, either to seek a refuge or to sell their lives as dearly as they could. It is possible that Cromwell, heated by the passion of the fight, ascribed their action to the latter motive. Cromwell's rages were never premeditated, and it always required some touch of concrete fact to arouse the slumbering wrath which lay coiling about his heart. Was the struggle, he may well have thought, not to be ended after he had burst over wall and entrenchment? At all events, it was not till he reached the foot of that

mighty mound that the command to put to the sword all who were upon the height above rose to Cromwell's lips. The law of war as it stood then, and long afterwards, authorised him to give the order to slay the defenders of an indefensible post, and what better evidence would there be that the post was indefensible than that its appointed guardians had failed to make good their ground?

'The deed of horror was all Cromwell's own. Till he spoke the words of fate, the soldiers above were breaking down the defences of the Mount, and some of them were offering quarter to its defenders. Cromwell's order put an end to these proffers of mercy, and with few exceptions the Royalists on the Mill Mount were butchered as they stood. Aston's head, it is said, was beaten in with his own wooden leg, which the soldiers had torn away in the belief that he had concealed treasure in it. Still Cromwell's wrath was not satiated. In the heat of action there stood out in his mind, through the blood-red haze of war, thoughts of vengeance to be taken for the Ulster massacre confusedly mingled with visions of peace more easily secured by instant severity. Save at the storming of Basing House, he had never yet exercised the rights which the stern law of war placed in his hands; but he had one measure for Protestants and another for "Papists," and especially for Irish "Papists." The stern command to put all to the sword who "were in arms in the town," leapt lightly from his lips.' (Pp. 131-133.)

That Cromwell had some doubts of the propriety of his action after he was in a cooler mood is undoubted, though he had little difficulty in persuading himself that his conduct was right—it would 'tend to prevent the effusion 'of blood for the future.' That it accentuated the common hatred of English and Irish cannot be doubted—that it prevented more bloodshed is doubtful. Whether it arose from premeditation at all is by no means clear. It was, in truth, rather the fierce action of a strong temper suddenly rushing beyond the power of a will which was powerful at other times in control. By the spring of 1650 Cromwell had retaken a large part of the eastern side of Ireland, and when, on May 26, he returned to England, he left Ireton no greater task than to deal with comparatively scattered bodies of the enemy. The difficult problem of the government of Ireland was in no way nearer settlement, but Ireland could no longer, at any rate, form a basis for Royalist action against the Commonwealth in England.

'To do the Irish justice, not one of the parties which disputed for the pre-eminence had seriously aimed at sending forth an army to invade England; but they had allowed themselves to be dragged in the wake of an English political party, and to threaten even more than they were themselves inclined to perform. From the days of Strafford to the days of Ormond the apprehension of an irruption of an Irish

army had weighed like a nightmare on the breasts of Englishmen, and what wonder was it that Englishmen roused themselves at last to bring the danger to an end? Historians may remember that but for former wrongs Irishmen would never have thought of assisting one English party or another. Large bodies of men do not even note such considerations. They see the present danger, and they strike home.

‘That his policy served to inflame, and not to extinguish, the distractions of Ireland was the true “curse of Cromwell.” Yet it is hard to see how he could have done other than he did. In dealing with Ireland, as in dealing with the King, he imposed an emphatic negative on a situation which had become intolerable. In England there was to be no kingship without good faith. In Ireland there was to be no meddling with English political life, no attempt to constitute an independent government in the hands of the enemies of the religion and institutions of England.’ (Pp. 176–177.)

The state of Scotland demanded the presence of Cromwell in Great Britain. Montrose had made his last campaign for his king, and six days before Cromwell sailed for England he had been executed in Edinburgh.* Charles and the Covenanters were bargaining with each other. He was treating them with low duplicity; they were actuated by fanatical folly. Mr. Gardiner occupies a considerable space with the narrative of the negotiations between Charles and the Scotch throughout the spring. If we venture on a criticism of the historian’s difficult task, we should point out that too great detail is given to the subject. It exemplifies the weak point of Mr. Gardiner’s method—namely, a want of the sense of proportion. The double dealing of Charles, and the obstinate determination of the Scotch to bring him over a king in name, but bound by a most ridiculous and obnoxious agreement, the terms of which were as unpalatable to the larger portion of those who would be his subjects in Great Britain as they were to himself, necessarily brings before us a great mass of petty details which have no permanent interest or importance. Let us take, for example, the signature of the agreement between Charles and the Scotch, which is known as the Treaty of Heligoland. It illustrates the amount of small facts which have either to be stated seriatim or treated in a broader manner:—

‘At last, on June 11, when the little squadron was anchored in the roads of Heligoland, just as the Commissioners were about to declare the negotiations broken off, Charles unexpectedly gave way, and signed the treaty without making any further difficulty. The only thing left

* See ‘The Last Campaign of Montrose,’ *Edinburgh Review*, January 1894.

uncertain was when and where he should take the oath to the two Covenants to which he was now engaged. If he was to bend his neck beneath the yoke, it was better to humiliate himself with as few witnesses as possible, and he accordingly elected to rid himself of the hateful obligation before he stepped on shore. On the 23rd, as soon as the ship in which he sailed had cast anchor at Speymouth, he professed his willingness to do what was expected of him. One feeble attempt, indeed, he made to save his credit in the eyes of his English subjects on board, by asking permission to protest that in taking the oath he had no intention of infringing the laws of England, and that the Bills which he promised to confirm were not those which, though they had already passed the English Parliament, had never received the Royal assent and had consequently expired at the death of the late King. What Charles asked for, in short, was to be allowed to promise to confirm future Bills presented by a future English Parliament which might possibly be very moderately Presbyterian, if indeed it was Presbyterian at all. He gained nothing by his pleading. In the original form of the confirmation of the Covenants he was asked to engage to give his "Royal assent to the Acts of Parliament enjoying the same" in his dominions outside Scotland. Additional words were now inserted in the margin pledging him to assent to "Bills or ordinances passed or to be passed in the Houses of Parliament," thus binding Charles to give a legal position to the Presbyterian system in England and Ireland immediately upon his restoration in England. Charles at once accepted the position, initialled the marginal correction after he had signed the main body of the document, forswearing himself before God and man.' (Pp. 261-265.)

Cromwell had thus arrived in England none too soon. We have already seen how certain ostensible scruples prevented Fairfax from taking command of the army which was to invade Scotland. His retirement left Cromwell not only the supreme commander of the troops, but, in fact, the master of England.

It would be impossible to follow Mr. Gardiner through the minute details of the campaign in Scotland. On September 3, 1650, Cromwell was victorious at Dunbar; he defeated, but did not annihilate, the Royalists. The victory caused great joy at Westminster, but it did not enable the Parliament to change its policy. It had still to look for conspiracies and to find money for the expenses of the government, 'which at this time cannot have been far 'short of 2,750,000*l.*, if indeed they did not exceed that 'amount' (p. 417). This was more than three times the revenue of Charles I. in 1635, from which it is obvious that we need not look much further than the question of taxation in order to discover one of the main grounds of national unquiet during the period of the Commonwealth.

Charles and his badly assorted allies were yet to give further trouble to the ruling government in England, and in June of 1651 Cromwell and Leslie were again facing each other to the south of Stirling. The weakness of Charles in relation to England lay not in himself or in his cause, but in his allies. Parliament had had no difficulty in obtaining any number of picked men—‘that many thousands of even selected men should have rallied to the defence of the Commonwealth is good evidence that, whether Parliament was unpopular or not, Scottish invaders were still more disliked’ (p. 433).

The anti-Scottish feeling of England was even more clearly manifested just before the battle of Worcester, when local feeling was so strongly aroused against Charles that it produced a corresponding feeling for the time in favour of the Commonwealth. Of this sentiment there can be no doubt, and it points clearly to the hastiness and impolicy of Charles’s action in relying on Scotland for aid rather than in waiting for some slower but surer support south of the Tweed.

‘Three thousand militia-men from Essex and Suffolk marched in to join Flectwood, raising the whole English army to some 31,000. A smaller party of Worcestershire men secured the bridge at Bewdley. Other local forces occupied Ludlow and Hereford. Gloucester was securely held, and in Bristol at least the authorities declared for Parliament. In Devon 2,000 foot and 200 horse were ready to start. Two regiments from Norfolk and two more from Suffolk were on their march through Hitchin, and a force of militia from Cheshire was already embodied in the army. In Yorkshire 2,000 men had been raised to clear the country of malignants. In London itself, where the feeling against the Commonwealth was usually very strong, no less than twelve regiments of the trained bands, numbering it may be presumed at least 12,000 men, were mustered to witness the burning by the hangman of a copy of Charles’s manifesto at the head of every regiment, an act of contempt which was received with general applause.’ (Pp. 441–442.)

No stronger evidence of the feeling of England could be given than is contained in this passage.

The manœuvres in Scotland ended by the dash for England which Leslie’s army made at the end of July; that despairing move was concluded by the defeat at Worcester, on September 3, of Charles and his army, a defeat by which the invading army was annihilated as a military force, and which ended permanently the alliance between Charles and the Covenanters.

'Once more, in Cromwell's hand, the sword had decided not what should be, but what should not be. Two years and a half before it had decided that England should not be ruled by a faithless King who measured his obligations by the rule of his own interests. Now it decided that she should not be ruled by a King who came in as an invader. When Charles I. was sent to the block, Cromwell had but the support of the army and of a handful of enthusiasts. When he shattered the Scottish army at Worcester he had on his side the national spirit of England. Even amongst the Royalists themselves the current of feeling ran so strong that scarce a man of them would rally round the standard of their King as long as it was borne aloft by Scottish hands. For the first time the founders of the Commonwealth were able to win considerable popular support for their cause.

'As far as England was concerned, therefore, Worcester at least opened the prospect of a constitutional settlement other than a Royalist one. As far as the relations between the three countries were concerned it was absolutely decisive. England had shown herself strong enough to frustrate the attempts of Ireland and Scotland to dictate the terms on which her internal government was to be carried on. From this verdict of battle there was not, could not, be any appeal. So much of Cromwell's work endured without further challenge.' (Pp. 416-447.)

The victory of Worcester was, in truth, a more momentous event than the execution of Charles I. When one king died at Whitehall, another, by constitutional usage, succeeded him, though for the time he was an exile. But by this battle the new king was apparently debarred for ever from his throne, the monarchy had come to a *de facto* end, and the Commonwealth appeared firmly established. No one at the end of 1651 could have reasonably supposed that in ten years' time the fugitive who was saving his life with his ready wit while he wandered over England would recover his throne.

It was natural that some of the most prominent persons who had taken part in the Scottish invasion should suffer death, but it cannot be said that Parliament was unmerciful. There was no need, that it should be, and it was obviously politic not to irritate more than was possible the defeated party. But the great constitutional question which was urgent was whether or not there should be a dissolution and a new parliament representative as nearly as might be of the will of the people. The time for a dissolution had obviously arrived: the existing parliament could well hand back their trust to the country at the moment when the Royalists were subdued and the maritime power of England was supreme on the high seas.

The narrative of events during the first two years of the

Commonwealth would be imperfect without some reference to the sea power of the Commonwealth. We must, therefore, pause for a moment to say a word on this subject, since the success which had attended the commanders of the fleets of the Parliament had not only helped to make the time opportune for an appeal to the people, but done much to establish permanently the maritime power of Great Britain.

In the beginning of 1650 Rupert, having escaped from Kinsale, had made his way with a string of prizes to Lisbon. The danger to English commerce was great, since the immunity of Rupert would not only cause loss to English merchants, but would enable other European nations to prey on English merchantmen. 'It was, therefore, not with Rupert alone, but with a hostile Europe as well, that the statesmen of the Commonwealth had to do.' Blake was accordingly entrusted with the task of putting an end to Rupert's depredations, and of fortifying the naval power of England, and at the beginning of March he cast anchor at the entrance of the Tagus, and commenced the blockade of Rupert's fleet. But he did more than carry on operations against the Royalist fleet: he had even orders to treat Portugal as a hostile power. After several minor operations, Rupert, on September 7, supported by the Portuguese admiral, came out to try, with thirty-six ships, his fortune.

'That morning a heavy fog lay upon the water, and when at last it lifted Rupert found himself near Blake's own ship, two of her consorts being not far off. Rupert, as he had so often done on shore, made straight for the enemy, bidding his gunners to reserve their fire till they were alongside. Blake, on the other hand, made full use of his artillery. Down came Rupert's fore top-mast, but before advantage could be taken of the disaster the fog once more enveloped the combatants and put an end to the engagement. On the following morning the Portuguese Admiral—so at least Rupert averred—showed no inclination to challenge the supremacy of the sailors of the Commonwealth, and the whole of the combined fleet drew back to its anchorage within the forts.' (Pp. 335-336.)

Having thus prevented the exit of Rupert, Blake decided to strike an effective blow against Portugal, one which would recall the prowess of the sailors of Elizabeth, and would be a sign to Europe that, whatever might be the internal difficulties of the Commonwealth, she was determined to be united and strong on the high seas. Blake, therefore, kept a look-out for the Portuguese fleet from the

Brazils, and early on the morning of September 14 twenty-three sail were seen on the horizon.

'Blake at once dashed at the prey. Laying himself alongside of the Vice-Admiral's ship he fought her for three hours, whilst a gale, which made it impossible to work the guns of the lower tier, was howling over the tumbling sea. When, at length, the Portuguese commander struck his flag, flames were gaining the mastery over his ship, which sank at last, though the greater part of the crew was saved by the English sailors. When the gains were counted it was found that seven prizes remained in the hands of the victors, having on board no less than 4,000 chests of sugar and 400 men.' (P. 336.)

This was a sufficient warning for the Portuguese king; he was only too glad to let Rupert sail away, which he soon did with six ships only, committing some depredations, and, after some fighting, he and his brother took refuge at Toulon with two ships and a prize. Thus the Royalist power at sea was as effectually destroyed by Blake as it was on land by Cromwell. On February 15, 1651, Blake received the thanks of Parliament for his achievements.

'He had done more than successfully blockade Lisbon or break up Rupert's piratical fleet. He had completed the revolution in naval warfare which had set in since the victory over the Armada—the revolution which substituted fleets entirely composed of ships permanently in the service of the State for ships most of which were the property of merchants impressed or hired for the occasion. The navy of the future which had been sketched out in the ship-money fleet of Charles I. was brought into working order in the hands of Blake. That much of his success was due to the Council of State and to the Admiralty Committee in which Vane was the leading spirit, it is impossible to deny; but it is to Blake that the credit is due of keeping in high efficiency the delicate organisation entrusted to his care. Of the miseries to which sailors were compelled to submit in the days of Charles I. no trace remained. Officers and crews co-operated heartily under a chief whom they trusted, and the loyalty which resulted showed itself in the efficiency which can never be produced by mechanical means.' (P. 340.)

This is not the whole story of the actions of the parliamentary admirals, but space will not allow us to follow further some lesser achievements of Blake and Penn. We have told enough to show how greatly abroad the credit of England had increased, so that foreign as well as domestic affairs combined to make the end of 1651 a fitting moment for the election of a new Parliament.

Cromwell clearly saw that the time for this had come.

'Whatever may have been Cromwell's part in softening the treatment of the Scottish prisoners, there can be no doubt of his eagerness

to use the patriotic fervour called out by the invasion to settle the Commonwealth on a broader basis. His reappearance in Parliament was followed by a renewed attempt to deal with the question of a new representative, and on September 25 it was resolved by 33 to 26—Cromwell and Scott acting as tellers for the majority—that a bill should be brought in to fix a time for the dissolution of the existing Parliament and for the calling of a new one. Such a bill was accordingly brought in on October 8. On the 14th it passed into Committee.' (P. 471.)

In private as well as in public Cromwell had no hesitation as to the line of policy to be pursued, and, 'with the support of his officers, warmly urged his colleagues in Parliament not to throw away a chance which might not offer itself again.' But there were many causes which tended against the dissolution which thus appeared imminent. Some members were doubtful of their re-election; others, who had been guilty of malpractices by taking bribes from Royalists to obtain a modification of the fines which had been imposed on them, had little inclination to place themselves in the power of a new Parliament. Some members, too, feared to take a leap in the dark. It was not certain that the Royalist cause might not find among the new members a substantial section of supporters. The result was a compromise, since it was settled that the date for the general election should be November 3, 1654. Thus 'the Parliamentarians, on the one hand, dropped the design of perpetuating their own position in the next Parliament. On the other, Cromwell and the officers had been compelled to abandon their demand for an immediate dissolution.' This demand was, in truth, as much in the interest of Parliament and of parliamentary government as in that of the public at large, and by what was in fact a refusal of the right of the people to be consulted, Parliament was strengthening the position of the army, and doing its best to place the country more completely under a military rule, which now might, by an appeal to the people, have come to an end.

'The opportunity of appealing to the nation for support at a time when, in consequence of the Scottish invasion, it was more favourably disposed to the Government than it had been at any time since the establishment of the Commonwealth, passed away for ever. There was, indeed, something to be said for the opinion that the Commonwealth had more to gain by a prolonged course of well-doing—by popular reforms and popular administration—than by relying on the most brilliant victory in the field. Yet, after all, the question must even then have arisen whether such energy was to be expected from an effete and partially corrupt body, out of touch with the nation and

dreading to submit its action to the judgement of the people. If not, the army was there to exact the fulfilment of the task undertaken. It was significant of danger that for the first time since Pride's Purge had Parliament and army taken opposite sides, and that there were to be found men who predicted that the army would sooner or later use the sword to enforce its will.' (Pp. 475-476.)

The refusal of a dissolution left the country in a state of uncertainty, dependent immediately on the actions of a worn-out Parliament which had recently over and over again shown a want of statesmanlike perception, and more distantly, but not less certainly, on the will of a single man, to whom the army was devoted. For if Parliament

'failed to realise Cromwell's expectations, its members would do well to remember that his devotion to any cause had never been without limitations, and that, long-suffering as he was, he had more than once in the course of his life been swept away by strong emotion to dash to the ground the institutions or the men whose guardian in all honesty he had professed himself to be.' (P. 477.)

It is at this critical and interesting point—at the end of November 1651—that Mr. Gardiner leaves us for the time.

We pass from his work to that of a man whose *Memoirs* illustrate vividly the events which Mr. Gardiner places before us in detailed order. Almost contemporaneously with Mr. Gardiner's new volume there has been published another edition of '*Ludlow's Memoirs*,' a necessary addition to our present historical literature of the seventeenth century. For nearly two centuries they have been one of the main sources of our knowledge of the great Civil War, of the Commonwealth, and of the Protectorate, and if their accuracy has in modern times been impugned, and some mistakes in them have been corrected, we must not forget that for our ancestors they formed a most coherent and readable history of this period, in days before modern historians had by patient study and careful investigation been able to reconstruct the narrative of this memorable epoch. But, though in some respects Ludlow's story has been shown to be inaccurate, the general truth of it has never been attacked. Some inaccuracies were not surprising when we remember that it was not a diary, like that of Pepys, kept day by day, but a work written some time after many of the events which it describes had occurred. On the other hand, it is a vivid narrative full of numerous details, without which we should fail to follow the real character of the Civil War and of subsequent public events; and it is the natural expression of a strong personality deeply interested in national affairs, from which

we are able to appreciate more vividly than by the most skilful description of the historian some phases of the state of public feeling. The very completeness or accuracy of Mr. Gardiner's histories has, in fact, made the spontaneous expression of Ludlow's views—his prejudices and his suspicions—more interesting and more valuable, for we are not now likely to overrate their historical importance, though, at the same time, they bring before us the actual feelings and views of an important section of the people. The publication two years ago of the 'Memoirs of the Verney Family' threw further light on the state of public opinion, by bringing us, so to say, into intimate relations with a family and a society chiefly on the king's side or in sympathy with moderate opinions. In 'Ludlow's Memoirs' we have brought before us the feelings and opinions of a man of the most commonplace and ordinary mental capacity—an ardent Parliamentary, narrow in his judgements, uncompromising in his views, thoroughly honest in political action, but utterly unable to appreciate the difficulties of a great national crisis, and regarding all who looked before and after—who were, in fact, statesmen—with suspicion, as betrayers of the national cause.

But, before saying anything further on the material to be found in these Memoirs, it is well to recall their history and that of their writer. For the former purpose we cannot do better than quote the words of Mr. Firth in his introduction to these two volumes:—

'Ludlow's Memoirs were first published in 1698, six years after their author's death, in two octavo volumes, said on the title-page to be printed at Vevay. A third volume containing the post-restoration part of the Memoirs followed in 1699. Since that date they have been frequently reprinted. A second English edition appeared in 1721-22, unless it is simply the first edition with a new title-page. In 1751 an edition in three duodecimo volumes was published at Edinburgh, and during the same year also an edition in one folio volume edited by Richard Baron. These were followed in 1771 by a fifth in quarto, which Lowndes terms the best edition. A French translation of the first two volumes was published at Amsterdam in 1699, and a second edition in 1707 in three volumes. They were included in 1827 in Guizot's "Collection des Mémoires relatifs à la révolution d'Angleterre."' (Introd. p. i.)

This statement sufficiently explains the history of this work in the past, and, as Mr. Firth truly says, 'These numerous reprints are sufficient proof of the historical interest of Ludlow's work;' and he adds, 'The justification of this edition lies in the fact that it is the first to

‘restore a number of passages suppressed by Ludlow’s editor, and the first containing critical and explanatory notes, and adding the letters of Ludlow.’

This is perhaps a somewhat narrow view to take of the new edition. We should be the last, indeed, to undervalue the importance of restoring suppressed passages in a memoir of this character, or of adding critical and explanatory notes by a master hand; for, after all, accuracy is the first of historical virtues, and there can be no doubt that it is one of the chief merits of the modern school of historians that it recognises the value, and indeed the necessity, of accuracy of details. But the popular value of this edition, if we may use the term, is that it places ‘Ludlow’s Memoirs’ before the reader and student of the day in a form which makes them capable of easy perusal, so that there can be gathered from them the general feeling of the time, and the real opinions of the writer, representative, as we have said, of a remarkable section of the people. It may be very well to know that the story of Cromwell’s drive in Hyde Park is given also by Thurloe and Vaughan, and to be reminded that the ingenious Marvell, with a courtier’s aptitude, turned it to poetic account. But, after all, it is much more to the point to have the story in readable form at our elbow, and to be able from it to understand the savage anger with which the Irreconcilables, in 1655, regarded Cromwell’s position, and to appreciate his masterful nature, even in his pleasures. The anecdote is short, and it is not amiss to recall it:—

‘In the meantime,’ says Ludlow, ‘Cromwell having assumed the whole power of the nation to himself, and sent ambassadors and agents to foreign states, was courted again by them, and presented with the rarities of several countries; amongst the rest, the Duke of Holstein made him a present of a set of gray Friezland coach-horses, with which taking the air in the Park, attended only with his secretary Thurlow, and guard of Janizaries, he would needs take the place of the coachman, not doubting but the three pair of horses he was about to drive would prove as tame as the three nations which were ridden by him; and therefore not contented with their ordinary pace he lashed them very furiously. But they, unaccustomed to such a rough driver, ran away in a rage and stop’d not till they had thrown him out of the box, with which fall his pistol fired in his pocket, tho without any hurt to himself; by which he might have been instructed how dangerous it was to intermeddle with those things wherein he had no experience.’ (Vol. i. p. 397.)

A story such as this is not a mere entertaining curiosity of history; it is a revelation of character and of opinion,

Cromwell getting up on the box to drive three pairs of horses shows us the overflowing energy of the man.

‘ So restless Cromwell could not cease
In the inglorious arts of peace,
But through adventurous war
Urged his active star.’

The ‘restless Cromwell’ of Marvell’s Horatian ode is no mere poetic figure when we see the Protector driving his own coach. In the angry phrase of Ludlow, too, ‘not doubting but the three pairs of horses he was about to drive would prove as tame as the three nations driven by him,’ we see expressed at once the vexation and the impotence of men who, while they disliked the Protector’s policy, were powerless to prevent it, and were full of contempt for the people who could submit to his rule. But to return to these Memoirs. We have spoken of the several editions which have been published. The exact date at which they were written will probably never be known, nor is it, after all, particularly important that it should be. There is sufficient evidence to fix the date approximately. ‘The opening sentence shows that he began to write after the Restoration, and in all probability some time after the Restoration;’ and, later on, the editor observes, ‘The Memoirs end abruptly with the year 1672, and the latter period has all the air of a contemporary record. . . . From these different indications it may be inferred, in the absence of better evidence, that the Memoirs were probably written between 1663 and 1673.’ When we bear this fact in mind, it is not surprising that, as far as details are concerned, Ludlow’s narrative of the Civil War was necessarily inaccurate; it was the mere recollection of past events noted down in after years when far from friends and home. And it must be confessed that, however little we may agree with Ludlow’s very extreme opinions, no reader of these Memoirs will ever fail to feel sympathy for a man who was obliged to live in exile for a long period of his life. For, if ever there was an honest man, and a patriot at heart, it was Ludlow. Born in 1617, at Maiden Bradley, the son of Sir Henry Ludlow, head of an old Wiltshire family, educated at Oxford, and then a member of the Inner Temple, Ludlow was one of those men who might be expected to be adherents of the king. His adhesion to the popular cause, to a certain extent at first, through the vigorous partisanship of his father, shows how deeply society was moved

against the pretensions of the king. In the early part of the Civil War Ludlow's gallant defence of Wardour Castle brought him prominently into notice; but he never achieved any position as a soldier, nor, indeed, after he became a member of parliament, did he show any of the qualities of a debater or a statesman. His public reputation was gained by his social position, his obvious honesty of purpose, and his obstinate adherence to his own narrow views. He was one of the judges of the king; in 1651, he went to Ireland as second in command, and his narrative of the campaigns in that country describes with full reality, 'far better than any formally accurate record of sieges and 'military operations,' the character of the war, and the temper in which it was prosecuted.

But though Ludlow did his work in Ireland in a businesslike manner, and when he had to deal with the Irish in a fair spirit, his duties did not require more than the most ordinary military knowledge, and he never showed any signs of statesmanlike gift. This narrative is absolutely bare of any suggestion or observation showing the least gleam of appreciation of the problems which lay before any English government in Ireland. It is the work, not so much of a soldier, or even of a politician, as of a chief constable, of an intelligent police officer set to deal with a criminal class without prejudice and without feeling. Thus, when the Irish were practically overcome, in 1652, he had occasion to visit the garrison of Dundalk, and on his return to Meath he

'found a party of the enemy retired within a hollow rock, which was discovered by one of ours, who saw five or six of them standing before a narrow passage at the mouth of the cave. The rock was so thick that we thought it impossible to dig it down upon them, and therefore resolved to try to reduce them by smok. After some of our men had spent most part of the day in endeavouring to smother those within by fire placed at the mouth of the cave, they withdrew the fire and the next morning supposing the Irish to be made incapable of resistance by the smok, some of them with a candle before them crawled in to the rock. One of the enemy who lay in the middle of the entrance fired his pistol, and shot the first of our men into the head, by whose loss we found that the smok had not taken the designed effect. But seeing no other way to reduce them, I caused the trial to be repeated, and upon examination found that tho a great smok went into the cavity of the rock, yet it came out again at other crevices; upon which I ordered those places to be closely stopped and another smok made. About an hour and a half after this, one of them was heard to groan very strongly, and afterwards more weakly, whereby we presumed that the work was done; yet the fire was continued till about midnight,

and then taken away, that the place might be cool enough for ours to enter next morning. At which time some went in with back, breast and head-piece to prevent such another accident as fell out at their first attempt; but they had not gone above six yards before they found the man that had been heard to groan, who was the same that had killed one of our men with his pistol, and who resolving not to quit his post, had been upon stopping the holes of the rock choaked by the smook. Our soldiers put a rope about his neck, and drew him out. The passage being cleared, they entred, and having put about fifteen to the sword, brought four or five out alive, with the priest's robes, a crucifix, chalice, and other furniture of that kind. Those within preserved themselves by laying their heads close to a water that ran through the rock. We found two rooms in the place, one of which was large enough to turn a pike; and having filled the mouth of it with large stones, we quitted it, and marched to Castle Blany, where I left a party of foot, and some horse, as I had done before at Carrick and Newry, whereby that part of the county of Monaghan was pretty well secured.' (Vol. i. p. 327.)

Ludlow obviously made no attempt to induce these unfortunate Irish to surrender; he treated them as a gardener would a nest of wasps: he smoked them into a stupor and killed them, regarding the incident as trivial and ordinary. This occurrence vividly illustrates the temper in which the pacification of Ireland was carried on, for the excesses of Drogheda and Wexford were repeated in unremembered hamlets.

After the death of Ireton, in November 1657, Ludlow became the acting commander-in-chief in Ireland until the arrival of Fleetwood in the following October. In 1655 he was suspended from his command for regarding the expulsion of the Long Parliament as a fatal blow to the freedom of the nation. He had become as bitterly opposed to what he considered as Cromwell's personal ambition as he had previously been to the pretensions of Charles.

The narrowness of Ludlow's mental views, and his utter incapacity to recognise the qualities of a statesman, are vividly exemplified in this antagonism to Cromwell. Having once made up his mind that Cromwell was actuated by a personal ambition, he never seems to have endeavoured to consider if this hastily formed opinion was right; he regarded every act of Cromwell as a move for his aggrandisement, and, what is more astonishing, he does not seem always to have a correct knowledge of Cromwell's public conduct. This latter error may possibly be merely the result of a lapse of memory, and Ludlow may, writing a good many years after the events he described in some parts of his

Memoirs, have been unintentionally incorrect. Thus he suddenly breaks off from his narrative of events in Ireland in 1653, a narrative which is the more valuable since no one had a better knowledge than he who was on the spot, to enlarge on Cromwell and his ambition.

‘General Cromwell had long been suspected by wise and good men ; but he had taken such care to form and mould the army to his humour and interests, that he had filled all places either with his own creatures, or with such as hoped to share with him in the sovereignty, and removed those who foreseeing his design, had either the courage or honesty to oppose him in it. His pernicious intentions did not discover themselves openly till after the battel at Worcester, which in one of his letters to the Parliament he called The Crowning Victory. At the same time when he dismissed the militia, who had most readily offered themselves to serve the Commonwealth against the Scots, he did it with anger and contempt, which was all the acknowledgement they could obtain from him for their service and affection to the publick cause. In a word so much was he elevated with that success, that Mr. Hugh Peters, as he since told me, took so much notice of it, as to say in confidence to a friend upon the road in his return from Worcester, that Cromwell would make himself king. He now began to despise divers members of the house whom he had formerly courted, and grew most familiar with those whom he used to show most aversion to ; endeavouring to oblige the royal party, by procuring for them more favourable conditions than consisted with the justice of the Parliament to grant, under colour of quieting the spirits of many people and keeping them from engaging in new disturbances to rescue themselves out of those fears, which many who had acted for the king yet lay under ; tho at the same time he designed nothing, as by the success was most manifest, but to advance himself by all manner of means, and to betray the great trust which the Parliament and good people of England had reposed in him. To this end he pressed the Act of Oblivion with so much importunity, that tho some members earnestly opposed its bearing date till after some months, as well in justice to those of that party who had already fined for their delinquency, that others as guilty as themselves might be upon an equal foot with them, as that the state might by that means be supplied with money, which they wanted and that such who had been plundered by the enemy might receive some satisfaction from those who had ruined them, yet nothing could prevail upon the General ; and so the Act was passed, the Parliament being unwilling to deny him any thing for which there was the least colour of reason.’ (Vol. i. p. 341.)

It was a right step on the part of a statesman, since Charles was dead and the monarchy overthrown, to endeavour to put an end to the animosity between the Parliamentarians and the Royalists, and to obtain the co-operation of all classes in establishing some new form of government. An act of oblivion was a necessary step to this end, and yet Ludlow regarded

this policy of Cromwell as a means 'to advance himself and 'to betray the great trust reposed in him,' though he does not explain in what way it would advance him, nor how a trust to obtain the liberty of his country was violated by bringing to an end the prosecution of a defeated party which would soon degenerate into persecution. Again, Ludlow's statement that Cromwell dismissed the Militia after the battle of Worcester 'with anger and contempt' is wholly incorrect. Mr. Firth rightly calls attention on this point to Cromwell's well-known letter, written after the engagement, in which he speaks of it as 'for ought I know a 'crowning mercy,' and goes on to praise the Militia 'for 'their singular good service, for which they deserve a very 'high estimation and acknowledgement.' A general could hardly speak in higher terms than these, so that in this matter of fact Ludlow is quite inaccurate. But the passage quoted from his *Memoirs* can be matched with others of a similar kind. That, however, which we have given is sufficient to show that, regarded as a history, Ludlow's narrative is open to grave suspicion on all points in which his prejudiced opinion of Cromwell comes in, and whenever his fixed views are likely to affect his judgement. This narrowness of view, united to a resolution bordering on obstinacy and to a very upright character, naturally made him a centre round which others, equally prejudiced and narrow-minded, could collect. It is thus easy to see how he could gain a certain public reputation, and how he could be a trouble and an annoyance to Cromwell, and yet, at the same time, not an opponent of any real importance. 'In-
'capable de comprendre les événements et les hommes' is one phrase that Guizot uses to describe Ludlow. It is apt, and it is sufficient to explain Ludlow's incapacity, except in the matters which required no more than a strict sense of duty, honesty, and some little power of practical organisation on clearly defined lines. Thus he is interesting rather as a type of a class of men than for his own personality, for the light which he throws on the difficulties in the way of any definite settlement of the nation after the death of Charles, and, indeed, of the forces which brought about that death. But had he not been induced to write a memoir of his times, Ludlow's place in history would have been infinitesimal; for he had no qualification, military or civil, to enable him to rank with the greater figures on the parliamentary side.

On Ludlow's return to England he was imprisoned for

six weeks in Beaumaris Castle, and later he was kept in a position of political disability—sufficient to render him harmless to Cromwell's government, yet, at the same time, to leave him in a measure a free man. Cromwell's attempts to induce him to approve of his government wholly failed, for the personal element was too strongly visible in it.

"Pray then," said he [Cromwell] in one interview, "what is it that you would have? May not every man be as good as he will? What can you desire more than you have?" "It were easy," said I, "to tell what we would have." "What is that, I pray?" said he. "That which we fought for," said I; "that the nation might be governed by its own consent." "I ara," said he, "as much for government by consent as any man; but where shall we find that consent? Amongst the Prelatical, Presbyterian, Independent, Anabaptist, or Levelling Parties?" I answered, "Amongst those of all sorts who had acted with fidelity and affection to the publick." Then he fell into the commendation of his own government, boasting of the protection and quiet which the people enjoyed under it.' (Vol. ii. p. 11.)

Here we have a vivid picture of the difficulties by which the Protector was surrounded, and the impossibility of persuading theorists like Ludlow that, so long as the nation was flourishing, it was immaterial that the form of government was not purely republican. The tyranny under which the people had suffered having been destroyed, Cromwell's practical mind could not tolerate the opposition of theorists like Ludlow, any more than he could the prating of a parliament or the intrigues of the late king—each in turn he swept out of his way, only to find new difficulties arise, and from among those who had been the foremost in the fight. The result of this antagonism to the Protector on the part of Ludlow was that not until after Cromwell's death was he able to re-enter Parliament. The year 1659 is that in which Ludlow was most prominent in public affairs, for from the death of Cromwell to the Restoration he took a leading part in the national crisis, showing at once a genuine patriotism and a complete inability to control or to influence the various forces around him. In July 1659 the Parliament gave him the chief command in Ireland, where he remained till October. 'During his stay he was chiefly occupied in 'the reorganisation of the army, displacing officers of Cromwellian sympathies, or promoting staunch republicans.' As soon as he returned to England he set to work to bring the army and the Parliament to terms. His main object was 'to prevent the vessel of the Commonwealth from sinking.' Ludlow had taken up arms against Charles I.

because he considered that the king was trying to govern England 'as a god by his will,' and because he would not consent that 'the nation be governed by force like beasts.' After helping to overthrow Charles, he had seen another personal government arise, and he had thus, remaining always an enemy to autocratic rule, opposed the Protector as he had opposed the king. 'This,' he said of Cromwell's government, in his interviews with the Protector and his Council after his return from Ireland in 1655, 'seems to me 'to be in substance a re-establishment of that which we 'all engaged against, and had, with a great expense of 'blood and treasure, abolished.' (Vol. i. p. 435.) Now Charles and Cromwell were both gone; but the storm which the great Protector could not rule was not likely to be calmed by an honest, but narrow-minded, man like Ludlow. Constitutionally and politically, the nation was in a state of chaos; the only determining force was, as it must be in such circumstances, a disciplined army. Ludlow, though a soldier, was politically as deeply opposed to the tyranny of an army as he was to the despotism of a king. He was a republican in theory, and under king, Protector, and army his sole object was to establish a pure republic. But, however well intentioned, he had not a single quality which would enable him to evolve and establish a constitution out of these opposed and confused elements. Drifting into the deliberations of the army, when the latter, in 1659, had decided to summon a new parliament, 'and many 'difficulties arising amongst them touching that matter,' he attempted to formulate a constitutional scheme:—

'I proposed to the Council officers that the essentials of our cause might be clearly stated and declared inviolable by any authority whatsoever, and that in case any differences should hereafter arise between the Parliament and the Army touching those particulars or any of them, a certain number of persons of known integrity might be appointed by the Council finally to determine the matter. The Council having without much difficulty agreed to this proposition, I presumed to proceed farther: and being fully persuaded that if such a power were conferred upon honest and disinterested persons, it would give more satisfaction to good men, and better provide for the public safety, than to have the final decision of all things left to a mercenary army, I adventured to give in a list of one-and-twenty persons for that service, who should be called Conservators of Liberty. Then we went upon the debate of such particulars as should be referred to their cognisance and judgment, which were as followeth:—1. That the Government should not be altered from a Commonwealth by setting up a king, single person, or House of Peers. 2. That liberty of conscience should not be violated. 3. That

the army should not be diminished, their conduct altered, nor their pay lessened without the consent of the major part of the Conservators.' (Vol. ii. p. 172.)

The next step was to settle the list of these Conservators, and this was fatal to Ludlow's constitution-manufacturing. The army naturally, in view of the third of the above conditions, wished to have their own partisans on the tribunal. The result may be told in Ludlow's own words :—

'Here my patience,' he says, 'began to leave me, and I told them openly that, seeing they intended only to carry on a faction, and to govern the nation by the sword, I resolved to have no more to do with them, and thereupon refused to give in my billet upon the names of the six or seven persons that were last proposed; but they completed their number, and in the next Public Intelligence caused the names of these one-and-twenty persons, whom they had elected, to be published to the world, with notice of their resolution to summon a new parliament, thinking thereby to please the people.' (Vol. ii. p. 171.)

The only possible and practical mode of putting an end to a disastrous constitutional confusion was that finally adopted by Monk, and confirmed by the good sense of the nation at large—the restoration of the monarchy under constitutional safeguards. Such a solution of existing difficulties was one which Ludlow never could have proposed or sanctioned. But even his well-meant attempts to arrange a settlement palatable to the army, in confirming a republic, help to show us the absolute impossibility of any other end to the existing confusion than that which was finally adopted by the more statesmanlike of the military leaders. Upon the failure of this attempt Ludlow hastened back to Ireland, where a conspiracy had broken out to deprive him of his authority. No sooner was he there than he heard that he had been accused before the Long Parliament, and removed from his command in Ireland. This was the very irony of fate: he who was the most theoretical of republicans was accused by the Parliament which he was anxious to establish. He had not only failed to complete satisfactory negotiations with the army, but he had lost the goodwill of the adherents of the Commonwealth.

'The result of all his attempts at mediation,' says Mr. Firth, 'had simply been to make him suspected by the adherents of the Parliament, without gaining him the confidence of the leaders of the army' (i. xl). He was now a mere cypher, and was pushed on one side: in the Convention he could (acting still with perfect consistency) only refuse to vote against sending commissioners to Charles II. He

was obliged to see another Stuart ascend the English throne, and to regret the wasted years of bloodshed and destruction. In August 1660, 'just as the government published a proclamation offering three hundred pounds for his arrest, he succeeded in escaping to France.' From this time Ludlow took no part in English politics. He was, though a powerless exile, regarded with the greatest suspicion, and even dread, by the government at home.

'Amongst the exiles there were abler heads than his, but Sydney and St. John had drawn back when the time came for shedding the King's blood. Toffe and Whalley and Hewson were soldiers as good as Ludlow—perhaps better—but they had supported the usurpation of Cromwell, and Desborough was too near akin to the Protector. But through good and evil fortune Ludlow had remained faithful to republican ideals, his devotion had never hesitated, his constancy never been seduced. Therefore the few stern fanatics, whom no reverses could teach and no odds dismay, regarded him as their destined leader. His unbending obstinacy had become a virtue. The field was lost, but "the unconquerable will" linked with the "courage never to submit or yield," might yet overthrow the triumphant and careless conqueror. Ludlow possessed these qualities, and they did not perceive how much he lacked. He had not the fertility in resources, the readiness to seize opportunities, the skill to organise conspirators, the willingness to head forlorn hopes, which make a good leader of revolts. His courage was rather active than passive in its nature, and his mind was slow to adapt itself to new situations. But as yet neither the republicans had discovered that their hopes were hollow, nor the government that their fears were unfounded. How much the government feared him the State Papers and State Trials show. Not a plot was discovered for the next few years but he was reported to be at the head of it. Spies continually reported that he was hiding in England, and zealous officials that they hoped to arrest him. Twice during the autumn of 1660 his capture was actually announced. In October 1661 he was said to be lurking in Cripplegate, ready to head an attack on Whitehall. Forty thousand old soldiers were to rise in arms, and in a few days, whispered his partisans, Ludlow would be the greatest man in England. In July 1662 he was expected to head a rising in the western counties. In November people said he had been seen at Canterbury, disguised as a sailor, and Kent and Sussex were scoured to find him. Meanwhile the real Ludlow travelled peaceably through France, visiting, like an ordinary tourist, the sights of Paris, and noting the peculiarities of the French nation. He remarked on the dirtiness of Louis the Fourteenth's palace, and critically inspected his stables, contrasted the numbers of the clergy and the poverty of the peasants, and complained that the wines of the country did not agree with him. At last he reached Geneva, and took lodgings in the house of an Englishwoman, where, he says, "I found good beer, which was a great refreshment to me." But as he did not find himself sufficiently secure in Geneva, he removed in April 1662 to Lausanne, and thence in the following September to Vevey.' (Vol. i. p. xlii.)

Mr. Firth, immediately before this quotation, says that Ludlow was 'dangerous to the English Government,' and proceeds to justify this statement by the words which we have given. But, though he was undoubtedly regarded as an important leader of the more ardent republicans, Ludlow was not the man to become a successful conspirator. No one was ever less capable of overthrowing a government by plots and secret schemes. His nature was open; his hostility was marked, but it was that of a soldier. If he had tried to be a conspirator, he would not have succeeded, for he possessed neither cunning nor *finesse*, neither the instincts of a successful leader nor the pliant readiness of the useful assistant. Thus, when he was urged by his friends in 1666 to repair to Paris to aid in formulating measures with the Dutch and French, with a view to the re-establishment of the Commonwealth, he showed a positive disinclination to have anything to do with the matter. Again, at a much later period Nathaniel Wade, one of the Rye House conspirators, writes, in his confession in reference to a visit which he paid to Ludlow in 1683 with a view to obtain his co-operation in attempts against the English Government: 'I did speak with Colonel Ludlow as I was desired, but found him no way disposed to the thing, saying he had done his work he thought in the world, and was resolved to leave it to others.'

However strong his sympathies may have been for a republic, such a man could not be dangerous to an established government as long as he was merely an exile in a distant land. Of this exile Ludlow writes freely, and his account of his own life abroad and that of his friends is the best description which exists of a phase of life which forms a part of the series of events which are gathered within the period of the Rebellion and the Restoration.

One noticeable thing in this portion of Ludlow's Memoirs is that no word of regret for his absence from home, no repining at the ill-fortune which had condemned him to a useless exile in the best years of his life, can be found in his narrative. He appears to have accepted his lot with a serenity born of a commonplace and narrow practicalness, and not of the resolute determination to endure evils, which cannot be overcome, of a man of wide sympathies and thoughtful mind. He does not write down a word of sorrow, just as he does not pen a single reflection on his own position or on English or foreign affairs, and his narrative shows how a transparent honesty of purpose, united to some

stiff resolution, but without the help of any more mental capacity than that possessed by any sensible farmer or tradesman, can in times of national crisis raise a man to a position of considerable importance.

In the same way, when the estates of those who had escaped from England were forfeited, he chronicles the fact in a quite impersonal manner, though it deprived him of all his landed property; the only note of bitterness is contained in the final commentary: 'But the Duke of York, upon whom these confiscated estates were bestowed, must be supplied by any means.'*

When the revolution of 1688 occurred, it appeared as if the time had come for Ludlow to return to England and to end his days at home. Ten years only were wanting to complete the half-century since Whitehall had seen the execution of Charles I.; most of the actors in the scenes which immediately preceded and followed that tragic event had passed away; younger generations had grown up, new questions had arisen in public affairs, the constitution of England was changed; 'but public feeling still regarded the regicides with horror, and only a small section even of the Whigs were willing to tolerate the presence of one of their leaders on English soil.' Ludlow arrived in England in August 1689; in November a motion was carried in the House of Commons for an address to the king to issue a proclamation for his apprehension. Thereupon he again left England, and returned to Vevay, and here he died in November 1692—'Il était entré républicain dans le parlement, il mourut républicain sur les bords du lac de Genève.'

* Mr. Firth gives in a note some of the disposition of Ludlow's property, from which it appears that the Duke of York did not obtain any of his estates.

ART. VII.—*Life and Letters of Erasmus. Lectures delivered at Oxford, 1893-4.* By J. A. FROUDE, Regius Professor of Modern History. London: 1894.

A FEW weeks only after the sheets of this volume had passed through the press, the fading eyesight of their venerable author was finally closed in death. It was pre-eminently an instance of *finis coronat opus*, the apt choice of a congenial subject for a series of lectures—first and last—in an academic course remarkable for its non-academic lustre and greatness. The careful painting and fixing in a long gallery of portraits, the last and most masterly of many similar artistic creations, were in themselves enough to fascinate English historical students. Whatever they might allege as to the historian's career, they could hardly refuse to concede the *beatitudo* which the Roman historian characterised as an accompaniment of some kinds of death. Besides this *opportunity*, as the Romans designated the exact coincidence of more or less correlated events, the Professor's 'legacy,' so to speak, has other attributes. It marks, like the high-water line on the sand that tells of the furthest reach of the flowing tide, the close of a long and illustrious life. It sets the official stamp of our highest seat of learning on a scholar's course, commenced not only independently, but in healthy antagonism to its own effete traditions of forty years before. It brings to a final culmination intellectual tendencies and religious aspirations which animated their author's whole life. It reproduces in a special vicarious embodiment, like an historical painting which symbolises the present in the guise of the past, a character of thought and energy which the author regarded as the loftiest altitude of human attainment. Lastly, it is the legacy of a writer gifted with a wealth of talent and historical erudition, set forth, too, in a form and dress of singular beauty—a treasure not in itself without imperfections, but undoubtedly contained in no 'earthen vessel,' but in a repository, so to speak, of rare and precious material, uniquely adapted for its special purpose.

Few English authors of the first rank are better known in the main incidents of their lives than James Anthony Froude. Two causes may be held to account for this. The main incidents of his life are of an unusually striking kind, and, secondly, he possessed to a most marvellous extent the faculty of permeating his writings with his own personality.

No matter what the form of his work might be, or how varied its subjects, almost every page of his writing—just as every yard of a manufacturer's textile fabric—is stamped with the Froude trade-mark, 'without which'—as if he would have warned his readers—'none is genuine.' There is either the brief allusion to the personal incidents of his life, there is the emphatic reproduction of some well-worn conviction; or taking it in its most unobtrusive form, there is the clear, delicate incisive style which attests the author no less tacitly and gracefully than forcibly and undeniably. Hence his writings—histories, essays, novels—may be said to contain, in an inseparable blend of personal author and impersonal subject-matter, his own autobiography. Whether Professor Froude's life is likely to be written we have no means of knowing; but of one thing we feel certain—in few cases among our foremost literary men is a formal biography more needless. Unconsciously he has depicted his own life—the interaction of thought and feeling—even more fully than the external framework of event and historical fact and progress, but limning both one and the other with a combined insight and accuracy which leave little to be desired.

James Anthony was the youngest son of the Venerable R. H. Froude, Archdeacon of Totnes and Rector of Dartington, in Devonshire, in which parish James was born, April 23, 1818, his two elder brothers, each of whom attained a certain degree of eminence, being Richard Hurrell, and William Froude. The early home of the brothers derives its name from the most picturesque of the South Devon rivers, and it is interesting to remember that James Anthony derived that sensitively artistic perception of scenery which afterwards distinguished him from the wooded ravines and lovely meanderings through wild glades of gorse and heather which mark the devious course of the Dart from the moor to the sea. Not only his novels and 'colonial works,' but even the more sober pages of his histories and essays, attest the power and energy combined with a masterly sense of beauty which he employs in depicting fair scenes of Nature. It might not be carrying the association of ideas too far if we connected the carefully elaborated, limpid, and musical style of the author with the clear, translucent, rhythmic flow of the river. In the intellectual crucible of the genuine thinker all whose ideas are permeated with a profound and uniform sense of beauty, the reduction of notions, facts, and comparisons, perhaps a

little divergent at starting, to a uniform and harmonious assimilation of beauty is an operation not only possible and natural; it is a proof and a test of vigorous, homogeneous intellectual life.

Of his home life Professor Froude gives us a charming description in that graphic piece of autobiography contained in the fourth volume of his 'Short Essays,' and entitled 'The Counter-Reformation in Oxford.' Thus describing the average type of country parson at the beginning of the century, he says:—

'Our own household was a fair representative of the order. My father was rector of the parish. He was archdeacon, he was justice of the peace. He had a moderate fortune of his own consisting chiefly in land, and he belonged therefore to the "landed interest." Much of the magistrate's work of the neighbourhood passed through his hand. If anything was amiss, it was his advice which was most sought after, and I remember his being called upon to lay a troublesome ghost.'

After a home training common in those days to the sons of country gentlemen, young Froude was sent to Westminster School, whence in 1837 he left for Oxford, entering the college (Oriel) which was destined soon to become the centre of the new school of thought. With the leaders of this school young Froude came, through the intervention of his brother Hurrell, into contact with Keble, Pusey, and the other leaders of the Tractarian movement, then stirring into active life, especially with the foremost of them all, John Henry Newman. The influence of the last-named thinker, considering the source and direction of the incidence, may be regarded as the most remarkable episode in the intellectual and religious life of Froude. Students of scientific psychology, and its bearing on the religious changes and convulsions in great and sensitive souls, might be expected to evince some wonder at an access of feeling and sympathy which the remaining mental course of Froude certainly gave them no reason to expect. One main feature of his earliest thought was the combination of intellectual restlessness, a profound sense of religion as in some way a truth and a fact, together with a feeling of mental independence and self-reliance. He was on the road which might have led, with almost equal directness, to a slavish supernaturalism or to a peevish denial of the most elementary truths of religion. It was on the side of supernaturalism that he was taken captive by the religious fervency and intellectual potency, however wayward and one-sided, of Newman. In distinction from the authors he had read, from

the teachers at whose feet he had hitherto sat, Froude found a thinker who paraded his religious doubts and trials, if not with gusto, at least without any attempt at disguise. He posed as an inquirer after truth, as one who had to search in order to attain—in short, he was to Froude the theoretic sceptic, the character which has been recently claimed for him by Huxley and others, and which has not a few parallels in the history of philosophy.

But Froude's Newmanism was happily of no long duration. Like a few others of the stronger intellects among Newman's temporary adherents, Froude was ensnared by the glamour of the leader's ingenuity in the consideration of religious difficulties, and by a perverted application of logic to theological questions at the same time. The sentimentalism which appreciated Newman's depth of religious feeling helped to negative it in Froude's own religious conformation. The force or energy was akin, but the disciple gave it a different direction from the master. What Newman largely limited to his own personal relation with Deity Froude extended, and withal intensified, to his relations with humanity. Here too was ample room for sentiment, for unbounded sympathy, for profound tenderness—the divergence from the too exclusively theological attitude of Newman to a position which made man and moral duties and interests the prime objects of human regard and sympathy. Mr. Froude was not an irreligious man, still less an agnostic; he had, indeed, no reverence for creeds or ceremonies; but we have seen him many a time follow, in the simplicity of a village church, with devout earnestness, the office of the sanctuary in which he had ceased to serve; and family prayer was never wanting in his household.

Reverting to Froude's academic career, he took in 1840 a second class in classics, and in 1842 he won the Chancellor's prize for an essay on 'The Influence of Political Economy on the Moral and Social Welfare of the Nation.' About the same time he was elected a Fellow of Exeter College. Now also appeared overt signs of a profound intellectual and religious struggle which first broke him off from Newmanism, and not long afterwards had the effect of sundering him from the Church and the University. He published in 1847, under the pseudonym of 'Zeta,' a book called 'The Shadows of the Clouds.' It consisted of two stories, which described with a marvellous faculty of introspection, and no little graphic power, varying phases of mental and religious doubt. Its readers, carefully scanning between the lines, had no difficulty

in reading the unknown author's autobiography, and the book even now is not without interest as illustrating some of Froude's erratic and wayward speculations. But in point of general literary excellence as well as penetration, metaphysic and self-analysis, this first-fruit of Froude's pen was surpassed by a much better known work, 'The Nemesis of Faith.' As manifesting a determinate stage in the mental development of a modern freethinker, contemporary with Froude and probable sharer in his speculations, this work possesses no small importance. It exhibits the collision which it is conceivable might exist between the traditional orthodoxy of the Church of England and what may be called the instincts and processes of Nature and Reason. Written with amazing power and with a glow of passionate rhetoric, it reveals the intellectual ferment now progressing in Froude's mind, the *Sturm und Drang* which probably every man of talent must be conscious of passing through in the earlier stages of his intellectual struggle when it might be said of him as Tennyson said of Arthur Hallam :—

'He fought his doubts and gathered strength.'

Froude's 'Nemesis of Faith' justified in one sense its ominous title. It was the Nemesis of the career he had up to this date planned out for himself. He was dismissed from his fellowship, and he at once relinquished his deacon's orders which he took in 1844, and definitively abandoned the Church.

Froude's mental progress had taken for so long an independent course, attended by a gradually widening gap between his position and the traditional theology of the Church, that the final severance caused much less pain than might have been expected. Of course his whole after-life now took another direction. He resolved to dedicate it to literature, and commenced writing for the 'Westminster' and other periodicals. In after-life he was wont to regret, as he once informed the writer of these lines, his determination to adhere exclusively to literature, though few Englishmen will feel anything but pride and gratification at a resolve which has enriched our language and literature with products which the world will not willingly see die. In accordance with this determination he set to work on an elaborate 'History of England, from 'the Fall of Wolsey to the Defeat of the Spanish Armada.' The limits, however arbitrary in appearance, sufficed to mete and include a period of English and Continental

history almost sensational in its diversiform commotions and controversies. Froude's method of treatment, its excellences and defeats, have long obtained their meed of praise and blame. Among other critical estimates, English or Continental, this Journal gave the successive instalments of the book as they appeared the notice to which they seemed to be entitled, so that we need not expend time in rewriting a series of verdicts and critical judgements, all of which have long been approved by the best judges of our time. Froude's 'History'—to sum up finally the verdict of our age, and, we hesitate not to add, of posterity—will long hold a place in our literature for qualities, partly of excellence, partly of demerit, which we may well hold to be unique.

We may claim for it that incomparable simplicity and flexibility, that purity and clarity of style, which has made it a masterpiece of pure historical English. In no work of our time has the power of the English tongue, its unrivalled capacity for pictorial and descriptive writing, its rhythmic and musical force when moved by passion and stimulated by rhetorical energy, been more amply demonstrated. In none has an English author succeeded in attaining that combination of brilliancy with transparent clearness which distinguishes the masters of French descriptive and historical writing. It would indeed seem that his models of style were oftener classical and modern French than contemporary English. But Froude's own methods were marked by painstaking and industry of the most unwearied kind. He once told the author of these remarks that while writing the earlier volumes of his 'History,' and therefore before his style acquired that fixedness and maturity which it ultimately came to possess, it was no uncommon thing for him to erase a sentence some half a dozen or more times before he was assured that it could attain no higher degree of the plasticity, clearness, and directness which he wished it to embody and convey. In connexion with Froude's masterly style was his keen perception of historical points and occasions which gave room for and even demanded graphic and picturesque description. In this faculty he was rivalled only by Macaulay—indeed it may be doubted whether in some respects Froude was not the greater master of the two, for he had strength without mannerism and point without antithesis.

In other qualities of the historian Froude has been not more successful in reversing long-formed traditional

verdicts of posterity than Carlyle was in the similar case of Cromwell; and the fortune which has attended these two illustrious writers cannot be deemed encouraging to those who would fain resuscitate characters which the Muse of History has, after due trial, sentenced to death. At the same time, inasmuch as this theory of historical character-writing has again to come before us in connexion with Erasmus, we must be allowed to suggest that more might be urged in justification of Froude's opinion than is commonly alleged. That it was simply and only a self-willed opposition to the judgement of history—the effort of a man who has wilfully started a paradox to maintain it—is of course futile. Whatever else he may not have been, Froude was certainly a man of the world, with varied and large experience of humanity in every grade, as well as of the way in which specific human actions are evolved from particular motives or the tendencies of the general character. A mere self-stultifying embodiment of obstinacy such as readers of his 'History' have supposed him to portray in Henry VIII. would be an impossible monster—a wanton contradiction of all human experience.

The theory or principle which sanctioned Froude's portrayal of Henry VIII. and certain other historical characters was what might be termed the *contemporary motives, intentions, and judgements of history-makers*. Instead of regarding history as a texture or web of events, sequences, and human characters, which should be tested by after-results, Froude thought it should be estimated only by the motives and aims of those who *took part in its making*. Thus his ideal Henry VIII. was the young prince whom Erasmus knew and flattered—affable, ingenuous, cultured and refined, the patron of learning and learned men—sympathising with religious freedom, and a foe to excessive religious dogma, whom the great Rotterdam scholar eulogised as the prince of the greatest promise in Europe. His self-reliance, occasionally taking the form of waywardness and obstinacy, was, in reality, only the firmness needed to put down the monks, and to keep the encroachments of the Papal Curia at arm's length. If the waywardness sometimes took the ugly form which it did in the atrocious murder of More and Fisher, we must accept it as the extreme to which even a wholesome principle might sometimes inadvertently extend.

This theory of history seems to have been the animating principle of all Froude's historical writing and speculation, as it was also Carlyle's. Contrasted with the usual one

which estimates historical actions and characters by their results, by the goodness or badness of the actor's motives, it may be called the immoral theory. Froude reverts to it again in his 'Erasmus' as the true standpoint from which the events of the great scholar's life and times should be estimated. The passage is worth noting, as it throws an afternoon glow of reflected light on his early historical method, and his historical works of forty years ago :—

'The politics of Europe do not concern us here. We must continue to look through the eyes of Erasmus at courts as they arose with the future course of things concealed from him. This is the way to understand history. We know what happened, and we judge the actors on the stage by the light of it. They did not know. They had to play their parts in the present, and so we misjudge them always. The experience of every one of us whose lives reach a normal period might have taught us better. Let any man of seventy look back over what he has witnessed in his own time. Let him remember what was hoped for from political changes or wars, or from each step in his personal life, and compare what has really resulted from these things with what he once expected—how when good has come, it has not been the good which he looked for; how difficulties have shown themselves which no one foresaw; how his calculations have been mocked by incidents which the wisest never dreamt of—and he will plead to be judged, if his conduct comes under historical review, by his intentions and not by the event.' (Pp. 270–271.)

We need say no more on the historical method so graphically described in this as in other eloquent passages in Professor Froude's writings. That the theory—in contrast and comparison with other modes of reading the lessons of history and the characters of those whom history has rendered famous has nothing to allege for it—we should not dream of maintaining. It certainly is free from the temptation of interpreting the lessons of history by *ex post facto* knowledge of subsequent events, and so reading the knowledge of the future into the present. It is one singular outcome of Professor Froude's 'History' that it has contributed, more than any other work in the language on the same subject, to start the question of the true meaning and object of historical writing. Ever since the publication of his *magnum opus* the question has been continually asked without receiving an adequate or at least exhaustive reply, What is the proper and truest function of the historian? Is he supposed to stand like a lifeless but inscribed block of marble over the grave of the Past—a dead record and exponent of dates and documents; or one who reproduces by merely mechanical agencies the characters of

the illustrious history-makers, the statesmen and warriors of bygone centuries? Undoubtedly this does not appear in itself a very high function, nor, on the other hand, dare we claim a very exalted superiority as the vivacious delineator of the period he claims to portray for the historian who passes, so to speak, the events of the past through the mould of his own personality, with all its shortcomings and prejudices, its human likes and dislikes. Whatever additional interest is obtained by this 'personal equation,' this infiltration into the past of a certain proportion of the individual essence—of a Froude or Carlyle, it is dearly purchased by the subordination of TIME, with its overpowering greatness, to its puny human recorders—the subjection of an historical painting to the pigments and brushes by which it was achieved.

Froude's labours during the composition of his 'History' were diversified by various essays and reviews. One, which attracted a good deal of attention, was his 'Essay on the Book of Job,' which was afterwards republished in a separate form. In common with others of his short essays, especially with the series of letters or papers above quoted, on the 'Counter-Reformation at Oxford,' this has a peculiar attraction, as indicating the religious questions and problems which had for Froude a most fascinating interest throughout the whole of his life. These occasional essays were afterwards collected and published in four volumes, which contain some of the finest passages in his writings, and the most important contributions to his intellectual, political, and religious creed. We need not, however, stay to consider them here. On the most important of them—those that touch his religious creed—we shall have something further to say when we come to his 'Erasmus,' when his determinations on such subjects will have the greater weight, as contained, and thereby specially emphasised, in the last-written work of his life.

Another branch of literary activity for which his broad, diversified scholarship, his keen sensitiveness in all such attributes as style and expression, his large acquaintance with modern languages and the literatures pertaining to each, well qualified him, was his editorship, whether as chief or subordinate, of periodicals. Thus, he took charge of Fraser's well-known monthly from about 1860 to 1872. All who had acquaintance with him in this capacity—and the writer of these lines may boast himself to be of the number—will bear willing testimony to his unfailing courtesy, his

sympathetic consideration for young beginners, his scrupulous care to point out defects in style, especially in pruning down or wholly eliminating grandiose expressions, ill-chosen flowers of rhetoric, &c., and to cultivate a chaste, simple, dignified style. As to the object of the magazine, the editor's aim was to make it as much as possible an organ for novel and profound thought, with as much diversity and light matter interspersed as might help its forward movement; though whether in practice the magazine was so overweighted with gravity, philosophical and literary, that, like the wheels of Pharaoh's chariot, their ruling spirit 'drave 'them heavily,' is a suggestion that has been made, albeit we have no right to make it.

A lecturing-tour in the United States, which he took in 1872, may be taken as the commencement of that foreign and colonial moiety of Froude's career as an English literary statesman which at one time excited such a lively interest among his countrymen. The fame of his 'History,' his essays, and his other literary works, had preceded him, and his tour was on the whole completely successful. He possessed, indeed, most of the qualities of the accomplished lecturer. Besides a deportment of earnest and philosophical gravity, a clear, resonant voice, a distinct emphatic utterance, a dramatic power of expression, conjoined with quiet but appropriate gesture, gave to his graphic periods and picturesque descriptions just that chaste emphasis that best suited them. The exciting element, however, was supplied in this first lecturing-tour in greater quantity than was needed by Froude's controversy with Father Burke, who took umbrage against the anti-Irish—it would be better to describe it as anti-Fenian—tone which marked the lecturer's political views.

We may regard it as a recognition of general historical principles, that had become more and more markedly conservative, that in 1874 Lord Carnarvon gave him his first colonial appointment by sending him to South Africa to inquire into the causes of the Kaffir insurrection. This mission, followed by other expeditions and journeys to Australia, the West Indies, and other colonial possessions, led to the publication of a short series of works on the colonies, marvellous for their picturesque power, but significant no less for the occasionally erratic and perverted criticism of English colonial statesmanship. To be classed with these, though preceding them in point of date, as equal in graphic and descriptive power, as well as in an untrust-

worthy estimate of the implicated policy of English statesmen and responsible ministers, was his 'English in Ireland,' published in 1874.

Of Froude's life-long friendship with Carlyle, and its outcome when he became in due time the literary executor of the prophet of Chelsea, we need here say nothing. Froude's conception of biography had, it is true, long been before his countrymen. Already his gallery of historical portraits had been fairly filled by kings and queens, statesmen and authors, drawn from a large circuit of history and literature, both sacred and profane. His readers had long ago got to recognise the sensational characteristics and processes of the scene-painter—the loud, vivid colouring—the likeness whose striking properties were insured by exaggerating features already too prominent—but they had not quite realised what the effect of this historical caricaturing would be on a contemporary portrait. The centuries that intervened between Henry VIII. with his companion portraits of the 'History of England' gallery and the present day did not exist in the case of Carlyle, and hence the sensationalism that length of years might have subdued assumed a grotesque and repulsive aspect. Those who possessed sufficient insight into the historian's methods were therefore not astonished when they came to read his 'Life of Carlyle;' but the general public, who had no such keenness of perception or faculty of generalisation as to formulate a theory of historical method, were proportionably grieved and scandalised at Froude's 'Gallery of Carlylean Portraits,' and the commotion it created caused a considerable literary uproar in society.

We have purposely deferred until we could bring it into juxtaposition with the last work of his life—his 'Erasmus,' that of all his remaining writings to which it bears the greatest resemblance—his monograph on Cæsar. In many respects, especially as regards plan and method, the 'Cæsar' prepares the way for the great teacher of the Renaissance. In both works the task Professor Froude set before himself appears to be, *exceptis excipiendis*, as nearly as possible alike. In both cases the characters to whose literary reconstruction and development the Professor had devoted no small measure of time had been invested with an outline which was partly a halo, partly an indistinct fog or mist of enveloping glamour. It was his aim to dissipate the partly mystical, partly glorified gloom by which each character was obscured, and to make each stand forth in its own due

proportion and outline in the true light of historical criticism. Not the least important part of his scheme was the careful observation of the mode by which each illustrious character was evolved and matured, modelled and shaped, by the formative circumstances of their respective ages. Erasmus, as the more perfect life and career, and wielding intellectual and spiritual forces, was, of course, the completer object of observation, while the career of Cæsar, cut off so prematurely, could only show the effect of physical and material prowess. At any rate, both were companion portraits, and the shortcomings of one were rendered perfect by a careful scrutiny of the redundant merits of the other.

We now come to the most remarkable event in what we must always regard as Professor Froude's most remarkable career—almost, it seems, as a kind of *dénouement* in a somewhat involved fiction. Some fifty years had elapsed since his dismissal from his Exeter College Fellowship, and the interval of non-academic energy had been fairly well crowded with a long list of histories and lectures, proving equally Froude's combined talent and industry. Hence, on the death of Professor Freeman in 1892, all eyes were turned to Froude for a worthy successor. The popular expectation proved to be justified, and he was appointed Regius Professor of History in the University from which he had been compelled to take an immediate and peremptory leave that was equivalent to a rude and ignominious dismissal.

Not often do we meet with a more signal illustration of the changes effected by the 'whirligig of Time.' Though not unique in the history of a university whose teaching, in opposition to the march of modern progress, has mostly been either stagnant or retrograde, the illustration of new wine proving too potent for the old outworn bottles did not happen with such frequency as not to arrest attention. Not long before occurred another instance where the stone which the traditional builders of English science and erudition had rejected was elevated to the head of the corner. The emotion of the Regius Professor and his audience must have been of a strange but readily imaginable kind when he stood up to address them for his inaugural lecture. Among those seated before him were not a few who could recall the sensation made in the University by the publication by the new radical Fellow of Exeter College of the mischievous 'Nemesis of Faith' and the curious exemplification of the title that occurred when the traditional belief of the University

asserted its claim to punish those denied it. It is true that his subsequent writings appeared to show that his maturer creed was not so rash or, at least, was not so rashly expressed, as in his youthful treatment of the question of 'Faith *versus* Reason;' still, there was no small divergence left between the faith of the young Froude and the majority of university professors and heads of colleges who joined together to hound him from the protecting shelter and bosom of his Alma Mater. The passionate rhetoric of the 'Nemesis' had now settled down to a cool, steadfast belief in the principles and conclusions of that mode of Old Testament criticism. Moreover, another Regius Professor had recently set forth theories of the position of the Old Testament Scriptures that far exceeded the notorious preface to the 'Nemesis of 'Faith,' so that, if the young radical thinker had moved forward a few steps on the modern exegetical road that assimilated the books of the Bible to those of classical and other ancient literatures, the University, by its authorised teachers, had hurried on the same course, not slowly and cautiously, but by leaps and bounds.

The choice of a theme for the Regius Professor's first course of historical lectures was naturally the object of no small speculation when it was announced there was no difficulty in appreciating its singular appropriateness. Professor Froude was now an old man, but those who were most conversant with his inner life were aware how completely the general direction of that life pursued the indications of its earliest erratic course. Thus his 'Erasmus' was the matured fruit of long years of thought, of historical and religious speculation on the general subject of religious freedom, and on the particular theme of the Protestant Reformation of the sixteenth century.

It would, indeed, have been difficult to suggest a name that better fitted the strange and peculiar exigency of the occasion than that of the great Rotterdam scholar. The illustrious name and noble career covered that period of English and Continental history in which Froude had manifested the greatest interest, on which he had lavished most thoroughly and persistently his historical researches. Erasmus further symbolised for him the scholarship of the Renaissance—that aspect of religious freedom which is satisfied with a non-dogmatic search for truth, which is suspicious of an orthodoxy based on religious dogma, and of a religious progress that is attained by adding to dogmas superfluously enigmatic others that induce an even still greater strain on

human credulity and ignorance. Erasmus, moreover, denoted the antagonism of Popery and Protestantism which, from his early coquetting with Newmanism, possessed for Froude a fascination of the profoundest kind. For these reasons, chiefly impersonal, it would be difficult to suggest a subject for his lectures more appropriate than that of Erasmus.

Let us add to this another point of view, in which the intellectual and historical interest of Erasmus's career was revived in Froude's own mental life. In the later stages of his historical speculation, when his beliefs had acquired the stability that pertains to the fixed creed of the historian, he saw that in the long run human progress—whether of nations and communities on the one hand, or individuals on the other—was more real and decisive when the agencies employed were rather (to revert to the analogy of the Reformation) *Erasmian* than *Lutheran*; although at starting the vehemence of the converted monk proved more efficacious than the moderation of the Rotterdam scholar. The recognised moral of the Reformation history found a curious but instructive parallel in Froude's spiritual experience—in a large and broad conflict of opposed principles. It was not the earliest antagonism to error, blind and vehement as it mostly was, that was destined to a final victory; though at first its triumph was complete, and might even seem to be decisive. So that, from whatever standpoint it might be regarded, it was Erasmus with his cautious moderation, not Luther with his headlong vehemence, for whom the final triumph was reserved. It would be interesting to know how far the Erasmian methods and opinions, in his latest-formed judgements and ecclesiastical and political struggles, had really supplanted the earlier Lutheran vehemence. It was an augury of riper wisdom, therefore, that chose the Rotterdam scholar as the summary and epitome of the latest opinions and judgements of—as it proved—the later portion of his own life.

Erasmus was born A.D. 1467, on the eve of the great movement in which he was to take such a prominent and wise part. His father, Gerrard, after whom the son was named, was a man of rare talent and spirit. His mother, Margaret, was the daughter of a physician. Legend affirms that Erasmus was an illegitimate, or, as Froude euphemistically calls him, a love-child. The ante-nuptial relations of Erasmus's parents form a story, probably legendary, of romantic beauty and singular pathos. It has been utilised by more than one

writer, most recently by Charles Reid, in that very remarkable and beautiful romance 'The Cloister and the Hearth.' It has been alleged, and the report has been repeated even by such a respectable authority as Mr. Drummond, that the parents of Erasmus were never married; but, as Froude well reminds us, the only approximately reliable authority for the story of his birth is Erasmus himself, and, secondly, that when Erasmus rose to such celebrity, his great foes, the monks, were glad to invent and circulate any report that threw a slur either on himself or his parents. The relative, of all other, whom Erasmus mentions at some length was his brother Peter, three years older than himself, and wholly unlike him in character and predilections. Intellectually he was dull and stupid, and cared nothing for the learning which constituted the main attraction of life for Erasmus; morally he was a drunkard and profligate, tendencies to which Erasmus had, constitutionally and religiously, the greatest possible aversion. He died early, and Erasmus neither felt, nor professed to feel, any grief for the loss of such an unworthy kinsman. Meanwhile, Peter and himself had been left orphans by the early death of their parents, who committed the custody of their two boys to guardians. Their choice of these proved unfortunate. Having wasted the property assigned them for the maintenance and education of Peter and Erasmus, they employed every means in their power to compel them to enter a monastery and take the vows. As a preparation for this step they were placed for some few years in charge of a secular order called the Collationaries. Notwithstanding Froude's industry and his life-long researches among the monastic orders, he confesses himself unable to identify these fathers. They would seem to have been a kind of unclassified order apart from those who took monastic vows in their entirety. They were, in other words, a species of unattached recruiting sergeants, whose function it was to search out for, and provide, promising young aspirants for the militant troops of the Pope. To these keen-sighted purveyors of intellectual young men, able and willing to defend the Papacy from the foes that commenced to assail her on all sides, the young Erasmus appeared a veritable god-send. But the young scholar long refused to be enlisted among the becowled and shaven body-guard of the Romish Church. At last, however, he so far yielded to the flatteries and importunities brought to bear on him as to become a boarder in a house of Augustinian Canons, and also to take the vows. This step, unwillingly

taken, had, however, this advantage; it gave him an insight into the principles and lives of his monastic brethren, of which he was able to avail himself during the whole of his after-life. But Erasmus was wholly unfitted to become the inmate of a monastery, and he contrived, by earnest solicitation of the Bishop of Cambray, who had become his patron, to obtain, at least, a temporary release from his now more than ever detested vow.

Far more befitting his future destiny was his next step; we may term it the first starting-point of a career not wholly unlike that of Giordano Bruno and other restless spirits of the sixteenth century, that of a wandering scholar. His patron sent him to Paris, and made him an allowance for continuing his studies there. Professor Froude, who appears to have explored pretty thoroughly the inexhaustible mine of Erasmus's letters, and who is as keen in searching and proud in finding and displaying the occasional nuggets that rewarded his search as ever was a gold-digger in a Californian or Australian mine, adduces some extracts which give us a lively picture of the life of Parisian students at the close of the fifteenth century. Here is an extract all the more interesting because it represents Erasmus in a somewhat unexpected form.

'Here is a picture,' says Froude, 'of a student's lodging-house in Paris four hundred years ago. Human nature changes little, and landladies and chambermaids were much the same as we now know them :—

'One day,' Erasmus says, 'I saw the mistress of the house quarrelling with the servant-girl in the garden. The trumpet sounded, the tongues clashed, the battle of words swayed to and fro. I looked on from a window in the *salon*. The girl came afterwards to my room to make the bed. I praised her courage for standing up so bravely. I said I wished her hands had been as effective as her tongue, for the mistress was an athlete and had punched the girl's head with her fists. "Have you no nails?" said I. She laughed. "I would fight her gladly enough," said she, "if I was only strong enough." "Victory is not always to the strong," said I; "cunning may do something." "What cunning?" says she. "Tear off her false curls," answer I, "and when the curls are gone seize hold of her hair." I was only joking, and thought no more about the matter. But see what came of it. While we were at supper in runs our host, breathless and panting. "Masters! masters!" he cries, "come and see a bloody piece of work." We fly. We find maid and mistress struggling on the ground. We tear them apart. Ringlets lay on one side, caps on the other, handfuls of hair lying littered about the floor. After we had returned to the table, in came the landlady in a fury to tell her story. "I was going to beat the creature," she said, "when she flew at me and pulled my

wig off. Then she scratched at my eyes. Then, as you see, she tore my hair. Never was a girl so small and such a spitfire." We consoled her as well as we could. We talked of the chances of mortal things and the uncertainties of war. We contrived at last to make up the quarrel. I congratulated myself that I was not suspected, and so escaped the lash of her tongue.' (P. 22.)

The time of the young student in Paris was fully occupied, partly by his own studies, partly by pupils whom his friends procured for him, and with whose tuition he seems to have been very successful. Among the rest were several Englishmen. It is to one of these, Lord Mountjoy, that England is indebted for the large share she had in Erasmus's career and work. Of all the Reformation and Renaissance spirits Erasmus is, in point of fact, the man of all others to which England is indebted for her early share in the new light. Probably not even Wicliff, with his translation of the Scriptures, contributed so much to Englishmen's knowledge of the Bible as did Erasmus's 'Paraphrases of the 'New Testament.'

On his arrival in England, in 1497, Erasmus was introduced by Mountjoy to a circle of choice spirits, all of whom were imbued more or less with the free culture of the Renaissance. Such were Sir Thomas More, Colet (Dean of St. Paul's), Grocyn, and Linacre. But England had other attractions for the versatile young student. He was especially charmed with the laws and customs of the country gentry. At the risk of reproducing perhaps the best-known passage of all others, whether in the 'Letters' or in the 'Colloquies,' we make the following extract. He writes to Anderlin :—

'Your friend Erasmus gets on well in England. He can make a show in the hunting-field. He is a fair horseman and understands how to make his way. He can make a tolerable bow and can smile graciously whether he means it or not. . . . If you knew the charms of this country your ankles would be winged, or if the gout was in your feet you would wish yourself Dædalus. . . .

'To mention but a single attraction, the English girls are divinely pretty. Soft, pleasant, gentle and charming as the Muses. They have one custom which cannot be too much admired. When you go anywhere on a visit the girls all kiss you. They kiss you when you arrive, and they kiss you again when you return. Go where you will, it is all kisses, and, my dear Faustus, if you had once tasted how soft and fragrant their lips are you would wish to spend your life here.'

But this is not the only, perhaps not the highest, attraction which England possessed for Erasmus. A tie of a much more profitable kind was his connexion with Arch-

bishop Warham, who not only received him graciously, but made him the grateful recipient of a pension, which he enjoyed until his death.

We have accounts, scattered it is true, but reliable, of no less than four visits which Erasmus made to England. On his third visit he delivered lectures at Cambridge, and cultivated that intimacy with the young prince (afterwards Henry VIII.) which was destined to bring forth fruit in his theological education, especially in his reply to Luther. To his residence in England also, and his friendship with Dean Colet and Sir Thomas More, we must ascribe the first fruits of Erasmus's writings. Indeed, if we except his edition of 'Terence,' there is not a single work of Erasmus which is not connected with England and English friendships.

We now come to one of the most striking features of Erasmus's career—that by which he became one of the leading spirits of the new enlightenment, partly classical and humanistic, partly Protestant and religious. Indeed, it is into these two divisions of his intellectual and religious energy that Erasmus's literary products are divisible. On the one hand, his 'Adagia,' the 'Encomium Moriaë,' the translation of Lucian, and the 'Colloquies' represent the free spirit of the Renaissance, and its *rapprochement* to the genial classicalism of the old pagan world; while his 'Paraphrase on the New Testament,' and his patristic writings, represent that mitigated and partial Protestantism which is now commonly assigned to Erasmus. The first edition of the 'Adagia' was published in A.D. 1548. 'The book,' says Froude, 'was a splendid success. Copies were sold in thousands, and helped a little to fill the emptied purse again.' There were two main causes of this popularity, only one of which is noticed by Froude. This was the sly humour with which he attacked the clergy and the corruptions of the Church. Of this he gives two illustrations:—

'A Greek proverb says Androclides is a great man in times of confusion. This applies to theologians who make reputations by setting Christians quarrelling, and would rather be notorious by doing harm than live quietly and not be noticed.' (P. 47.)

Talking of the 'Cœna Pontificalis,' he says it explains the phrase *vinum theologicum* :—

'Priests,' he observes, 'are said in Scripture to devour the sins of the people, and they find sins so hard of digestion that they must have the best wine to wash them down withal.'

But there was another reason for the popularity of the 'Adagia,' as also for the scarcely less popularity of the 'Praise of Folly' and the 'Colloquies.' What we mean is that the book, both professedly and in reality, was a commonplace-book of classical extracts. We are now wholly unable to realise the startling effect of that wondrous resurrection of the old pagan world to which we give the name Renaissance. Equally sudden and equally beautiful, it took the Europe of the thirteenth to the fifteenth century by surprise. An anecdote is told of the discovery, in the early part of the fourteenth century, of a beautiful statue of Minerva, the work apparently of Praxiteles, of stainlessly white marble of the rarest conceivable beauty and the most faultless proportions. Scholars, artists, and students of all ranks crowded round this divinely immaculate piece of classical antiquity—a veritable embodiment of Greek beauty in its unapproachable loveliness of feature and combined grace and majesty of form. They all agreed, as by a sudden flash of inspiration, that it symbolised the genius of classicism, buried for so many centuries, that had suddenly been brought to the light of day. It was the Renaissance—the new birth—of the old pagan world. Similarly, the soul of classical antiquity, in every embodiment of literary grace and form, was recognised and worshipped whenever and howsoever it appeared. Hence every book that contained fragments of the thought and spirit of antiquity blazed forth into a glow of popularity. It was held up as a modern reproduction of ancient ideas of truth and beauty for the admiration and delectation of a world that had too long suffered it to be buried in oblivion. Erasmus's 'Adagia' was, as Froude terms it, a kind of 'commonplace-book' of its author; but it was more—it was a commonplace-book of the utterances of 'Ethnic and Gentile wise men,' as they were quaintly styled; the ancient saws and scraps of old-world truth and beauty that were thus exhumed, so to speak, and brought to the light of modern recognition and popularity. The 'Dictes and Sayinges of Ancient Philosophers,' to use Caxton's quaint title-page, filled with their own genial spirit, their kindly gentle *humanism*, to give it its most admirably descriptive term, took the thirteenth and fourteenth centuries by surprise. The keen human insight of Socrates, the witty cynicism, not wholly ill-natured, of Diogenes, might compete with their modern successors in secular shrewdness and worldly wisdom; while the supreme enlightenment of Plato, the ethical and evangelical wisdom (as

it has been styled) of Cicero, were qualities that did not sink far below the nobler standard of the Gospel—indeed, they were infinitely superior to the perverted and stunted growth in which it was presented by the Church. It is noteworthy that all the works of the fifteenth century that shared with the ‘*Adagia*’ of Erasmus unusual popularity were books that reproduced in some form or other the thought and spirit of the old world of Greece and Rome. Such, for example, in England was Caxton’s ‘*Dictes and Sayinges*,’ &c., and in France Montaigne’s ‘*Essais*.’ Nothing, indeed, can excite our surprise in reference to this matter more than the number of classical authors quoted by these writers. Taking, for example, the ‘*Adagia*’ of Erasmus as incidentally illustrating his acquaintance with the writers of Greece and Rome, we find in mention or quotation every ancient author of repute, so that the reader of the ‘*Adagia*,’ or, for that matter, of Montaigne’s ‘*Essais*,’ who was blessed with a good memory, might consider himself almost as well equipped with classical judgements, maxims, and quotations as the average scholar of modern times who had read these authors in their entirety.

It illustrates Froude’s stress on the Protestant Reformation side of Erasmus’s literary activity, and his comparative neglect of what was a greater constituent in his intellectual sympathy and character, that he passes so lightly by the ‘*Epistolæ Obscurorum Virorum*.’ It was the product of Ulrich von Hutten and that society of classical scholars of which Von Hutten formed a part. Unlike other similar collections of satirical epistles and documents, whose political and religious significance have been enormous for the time being—notably, e.g., the ‘*Satyre Ménippée*,’ which might be said of itself almost to have crushed the league against Henry IV., but which is now rarely read—the ‘*Epistolæ Obscurorum Virorum*’ still retains its attraction for the modern reader. No oblivion, as it seems to us, is possible for that inimitable reproduction of mediæval monkery, its grotesquely false Latinity, its barbarous misconstruction of grammatical forms and laws, its choice imitation of monastic thought and manners. If its Rabelaisian humour is occasionally so coarse that it offended even Erasmus, who certainly was not scrupulous in such things, we may remember that it portrays a period to which Erasmus himself gives precisely the character reproduced in vivid colouring by the authors of the ‘*Letters*.’

It would be hard to rival, impossible to exceed, the stupid

terror of these obscure personages of that day at the doings of this newly arisen poet, Erasmus; their conception of the New Testament not improbably aroused by the publication of the 'Paraphrase' as a certain celebrated book which the Pope was to be invoked to authenticate, but it might be hoped would decline to do so because its sponsor, Erasmus, was a heretic, because in certain passages he attacked the holy doctor (Aquinas), and had no opinion of theologians. The description of the 'Moria' as the 'folly of Erasmus' was doubtless an oft-repeated jest that circulated in the cells of monasteries.

The 'Encomium Moriae' was indeed a work that in spirit and intent followed closely on the 'Adagia.' We may readily imagine the abundant scope which the conditions and circumstances of the world around him, the diversity of thoughts, aspirations, and interests in busy internecine antagonism in Church and State to which the Renaissance of Europe gave in due form its new birth, afforded to the translator of Lucian its abundant room for delicate irony, insidious satire, and keen invective. The portion of the 'Moria' which gave most offence to its author's foes was, of course, its exposure, firstly, of the monastic orders, 'Religiosi et Monachi;' next, and more generally, of the clergy and the corruptions of the Church. This is the character given to the 'Religiosi;' we quote Professor Froude's spirited translation:—

'They (the *Religiosi*) call it a sign of holiness to be unable to read. They bray out the Psalms in the churches like so many jackasses. They do not understand a word of them, but they fancy the sound is soothing to the ears of the saints. The mendicant friars howl for alms along the streets. They pretend to resemble the Apostles, and they are filthy, ignorant, impudent vagabonds. . . . To be a friar mendicant is a professional mystery, and brother instructs brother. I heard one of them once—a *fool*?—no, a learned man, explaining the Trinity. He was an original and took a line of his own. He went on the parts of speech, he showed how noun agreed with verb and adjective with substantive, and made out a grammatical triad as mathematicians draw triangles.' (P. 125.)

Professor Froude does not exaggerate the intent of the 'Moria' when he describes it as meant to turn the whole existing scheme of theology into ridicule. Naturally, it excited laughter over the whole of civilised Europe. Small wonder was it that Von Hutten and the other German free-thinkers should have regarded Erasmus as really one of themselves, and should have been filled partly with anger,

partly with contempt, when, a little later on, he refused to join Luther in advocating a decisive break with the Church, and they openly called him a trimmer. The explanation, however, is easy; but we need not anticipate what we shall shortly have to say of the relation of Erasmus to Luther on the one hand, and to the Papacy on the other.

Of the 'Colloquies' we have left ourselves no room to speak. Great as was the popularity of the 'Adagia' and the 'Moria,' it was exceeded by that of the 'Colloquies.' Its Latin was particularly simple in style, so that it soon came to be employed as an elementary school book: indeed, it shared that position with the 'Corderius,' which every English schoolboy remembers, up to the end of the eighteenth century. Froude puts very happily the aspect of the 'Colloquies' regarded as a reflex of Erasmus's spirit and temperament. His letters abound with complaints—not always well founded, it is true—of the many inconveniences in his lot, especially bad food, bad wines, and ill odours; his continued ill health, his constant want of money, and the treachery of friends; but no reader of the 'Colloquies' would gather from that book that Erasmus's lot was one of continued depression by many burdens:—

'They are a happy evidence,' says his biographer, 'that in the midst of his complaints and misgivings his inner spirit was lively and brilliant as ever, and that the existence of which he sometimes professed to be weary was less clouded than he would have his friends believe. The best and brightest are his pictures of England. No one who has ever read them can forget his pilgrimage with Colet to Becket's tomb at Canterbury, with Colet's scornful snorts, or his visit with Aldrich, the master of Eton, to the shrine of our Lady of Walsingham. In the whole collection there is probably nothing that he had not himself seen and heard, and the "Colloquies," which in their own day had unbounded popularity, can still be read with delight in our own.'

In the natural order of his writings it is now time to examine—if we except the letters—the great work of his life—his 'Paraphrase to the New Testament;' but we shall be better able to do that when we have determined—what is the central point in the biography of Erasmus—his doctrinal position in reference to the controversies of his time.

It is not often that we can read in the life of one man the complete, manysided contents of a given period, instinct with new, fresh life, and throbbing and pulsating with living energies and movements of the most diverse character. But Erasmus is a man of that rare type, and his biography is a reflex, clear, distinct, and variously

coloured, of the wonderful epoch in which his lot was cast. From the central standpoint, calmly and philosophically judicious, which he soon learned to take in such matters, Erasmus recognised in early life the true meaning of the controversies—political and religious—which he saw seething and boiling around him. He was conscious of watching and assisting at a New Birth of greater significance than the civilised world had hitherto beheld. It was not only the Renaissance of the old, it was the revivifying, the first birth, of a new world. On the other hand, he recognised the value of the work which Ulrich von Hutten and his free-thought comrades had set themselves to accomplish, attacking the Papacy with every kind of weapon that came within their reach. But Erasmus also recognised and lamented its grave defects. Strauss, the most reliable of Von Hutten's historians and commentators, next to his learned and laborious editor, Böcking, has recorded his opinion that Von Hutten was the true precursor of Luther (this, of course, can apply only to the Continent, as Wycliff would in England be regarded as holding that position). Von Hutten, moreover, had the genuine Lutheran spirit, that stern, dogmatic, and fanatical temper which would fain have ejected one evil spirit from Romanism in order to provide a swept and garnished abode for seven others at least as wicked as itself. It is no marvel that Von Hutten, who could not understand moderation in dealing with an adversary like the Papacy, attacked Erasmus with all his natural impetuosity. He could not realise that broad, many-sided, considerate spirit which could stay to discriminate in the multiple and complicated doctrinal system of the Church—the slow growth of centuries of controversies and the germinating forces and energies of its progressive members—some rites and doctrines which were worth preservation, existing side by side with others not worth retaining. Erasmus defonded himself from Von Hutten's attack by a diatribe which remains as a striking example of Erasmus's scathing invective and satiric power. We could have wished that Professor Froude had seen fit to give his English readers a specimen of Erasmus's powers in this department of literature. The tractate is called 'Spongia,' and is published in that most excellent and exhaustive edition of Von Hutten's works edited, as only German editors *can* edit, by Böcking.

But if German free-thought, with its wild and savage Rabelaisian humour, attacked Erasmus on the one side,

Biblical Protestantism attacked him on the other in the person of Martin Luther.

With the mention of this well-known name we arrive at the point of greatest interest in the career of Erasmus. In all popular histories of the Protestant Reformation two names stand side by side as the leaders of the great movement, reflecting, moreover, its two chief phases: these are Luther and Erasmus. It is true that their activities and their relations to the great upheaval are far from being similar or coincident. Indeed, their anti-papal energies are rather complementary than identical and harmonious. As we have already remarked, the functions assigned to each were both contributory, though in a different way, to the new thought. Without Luther the antagonism of the forward and determined spirits of the time would have lacked the stimulus it needed; without Erasmus the energies of the moderate reformers—those who wished the corrupt condition of the Church to be dealt with from within—as Gerson, Cardinal Cajetan, Erasmus's schoolfellow and friend Pope Adrian VI., Sir Thomas More, and Bishop Fisher—would have wanted a central mind round which to converge and from which to irradiate. As invariably happens in such cases, the moderates were attacked by the extremists. On the one hand, Erasmus was assailed somewhat vehemently by Luther and his friends; on the other, he was attacked by his own party, who could not understand his moderation in the face of Luther's violence. Erasmus, however, held his ground with indomitable firmness. Sympathising largely with Luther and his unsparing attack on the corruptions of the Church and the ill manners and lives of the clergy, he nevertheless distrusted his dogmatic tendencies. They merely repeated in another direction the very worst abuses of the Papacy. Professor Froude has devoted two or three of the most brilliant pages of his book to a clear, incisive description of Erasmus's mental attitude to Luther on the one hand, and his own medium party on the other. He says:—

‘The danger [of Lutheran tendencies] in the mind of Erasmus was infinitely enhanced by the construction of a new theology. The Church had burdened the consciences of men with too many dogmas already. Were wretched mortals to be further bound to particular opinions on Free Will, on Predestination, or Original Sin? Such new definition was a symbol of war, an emblem of division, an impulse to quarrel. Dogmas which did not touch moral conduct were a gratuitous

trial of Faith. From the nature of the case dogmatic propositions did not admit of proof, and the appeal was immediately to passion. The Catholic Church had been brought to its present state by these exaggerated requirements. If out of the present controversies there was to rise a new body of doctrine, a rival *symbolum fidei*, as a criterion of Christianity, there was nothing to be looked for but an age of hatred and fury. . . . To Erasmus religion was a rule of life, a perpetual reminder to mankind of their responsibility to their Maker, a spiritual authority under which individuals could learn their duties to God and to their neighbour. Definitions on mysterious subjects which could not be understood were the growth of intellectual vanity. The hope of his life had been to see the dogmatic system slackened, the articles essential to be believed reduced to the Apostles' Creed, the declaration that God was a reality, and the future judgment a fact and a certainty. On all else he wished to see opinion free. The name of heresy was a terror, but so long as the Church abstained from deciding there could be no heresy. Men would tolerate each other's differences and live in peace together.' (P. 291.)

From the point thus indicated we have no difficulty in inferring, even if direct testimony were not forthcoming, Erasmus's attitude to Luther. It was one of determined neutrality. Luther appealed to him to take a more decided part in the great controversy. Gently but resolutely Erasmus declined. On the other hand, he was equally determined in refusing, in obedience to the requests of his warmest friends, to enter the lists against Luther. Professor Froude has given large extracts from the most important letters in Erasmus's collection bearing on this point, which may be summarised in these sentences:—

'I am neither Luther's accuser, nor his patron, nor his judge. I can give no opinion about him, least of all an unfavourable one.' (P. 229.)

'I was the first to oppose the publication of Luther's books. I recommended Luther himself to publish nothing revolutionary. I feared always that revolution would be the end, and I would have done more had I not been afraid *that I might be found fighting against the Spirit of God.*' (P. 239.)

The relation of Erasmus to Luther and their respective influences in advancing the cause of the Reformation naturally direct our attention to the point of all others whenever their energies were directed to the same object and were most lasting—we mean their Biblical labours. Estimated by the respective areas of the prime defects and needs of the time which those labours supplied, the palm must, we think, be assigned to Erasmus and his Biblical works. On the one hand, his Greek New Testament, with all its defects on the

score of textual criticism, ministered to the needs of scholars, while his New Testament paraphrases supplied not only a text but a commentary for the use of the illiterate. On the other hand, Luther's Bible, with its many excellences, catered only for those who could read German. Froude has given his readers sundry extracts from Erasmus's 'Paraphrase of the New Testament,' but he has failed to notice a curious characteristic of that remarkable book—viz. its more pointed application to Romanism in its various successive editions. Thus, to take a single example, this is the *Erasmian* paraphrase of Matt. xix. 27—the passage on 'whited sepulchres'—in the later copy used by Froude:—

'What would Jerome say could he see the Virgin's milk exhibited for money, with as much honour paid to it as to the consecrated body of Christ; the miraculous oil; the portions of the true cross, enough, if they were collected, to freight a large ship? Here we have the hood of St. Francis, there our Lady's petticoat, or St. Anne's comb, or St. Thomas of Canterbury's shoes, not presented as innocent aids to religion, but as the substance of religion itself—and all through the avarice of priests and the hypocrisy of monks playing on the credulity of the people. Even bishops play their parts in these fantastic shows, and approve and dwell on them in their re-scripts.'

But the same verse is paraphrased with a wholly innocuous generalisation in the edition of 1548 (translated by Nicholas Udal):—

'Woe be to you, Scribes and Pharisees, Hipocrites, which be so farre from true cleanes, that ye be more lyke unto whyted graves, and a fayre coveryng shewyng outwardly a counterfeyted cleanes, whereas inwardly they be full of bones, of dead karkases, and all filthynesse. Even so ye with long prayers, brode Philacteries, large gardes, palenes and fasting, and lyke coulours and counterfeytinges, seme outwardly religiouse and perfect, whereas your minde is full of hipocrisy on every syde, berayed with all kynde of vice.' (Vol. i. fol. cx. a.)

These passages, illustrating as they do the method and spirit of Erasmus's Biblical work, indicate clearly both its great popularity and that curious feature in our earlier Biblical exegesis—viz. the general belief that the Bible was written of set purpose as a book of controversy on the Protestant side. The paraphrases of Erasmus were directed to be set up in all the churches, in some cases they were chained to the lectern or reading-desk,* and they acquired for that

* In 'Notes and Queries' (Series IV. vol. viii. p. 293) are some interesting entries relating to the purchase by churchwardens of a *Paraprasye* (or *Paraphrasis*) of Erasmus. The dates of these are in the year 1548.

reason a more widely extended, as well as more popular diffusion than some of the other earlier translations of the Bible, as, e.g., Wicliff's Bible, &c. It was no uncommon inference inevitable among the rude 'mechanical folk,' who failed to discriminate between text and paraphrase, between St. Matthew and St. Erasmus—nay, even among those who were accustomed to read to the occasional crowds that gathered round the reading-desk of the parish church, to which was chained either a Wicliff Testament or the Paraphrase of Erasmus, that the Bible was directed from its earliest origin against the Pope and the Romish Church, and by a kind of *ex post facto* anticipation in the immediate interests of Luther, Melanchthon, Zwingli, and the other Reformation leaders of the then present day.*

There are several especial points, rising in a scale of graduated importance with regard both to the man and his career, to which Froude rather incidentally than purposely has directed his readers' attention. First, his monograph brings out the immeasurable influence of the great Rotterdam scholar in the many-sided controversies of the time. It is a fact which stands forth prominently and decisively in the forefront of his correspondence: it is almost proved by the number and rank of his correspondents. These range from the Pope and the Emperor to poor students and servant-girls; they touch every conceivable point of dispute in the political, the ecclesiastical, and the social world of the time. Erasmus was, in short, the great consulting physician of Europe for every kind of sufferer, from every species of ailment. The Emperor consulted him on the highest imperial interests, political as well as ecclesiastical. German princes and dukes asked for his advice in the administration of their narrower confines and policies. Papal emissaries came from Rome with magnificent presents and suites of attendants to request his opinion on some detail of papal policy, while, on the other hand, Luther, Melanchthon, and Von Hutten were equally solicitous for his judgement on their own Anti-Romanist crusade. The oracle at Delphi was not more consulted by the perplexed Hellenes, nor were its deliverances received with profounder deference. Erasmus is

* Among the earlier Bibles in which this antipapal exegesis assumes a violent and even indecent excess may be mentioned that rare edition published by 'Jhon Deye and William Seres, August xviith, 1549.' Those who would see to what lengths the Reformers were prepared to go in this direction may be referred to the notes on Matt. ch. xix.

pardonably vain of the position, as honourable as unsought, of being father confessor to all the potentates of Europe, lay as well as ecclesiastical. Froude has made extracts from two letters in which this feeling betrays itself in a sufficiently amusing manner. In one of the fits of depression to which, like all men endowed with a sensitive nervous organisation, he was occasionally subject, he writes thus:—

‘You think my words will have authority. Alas, my popularity, such as I had, is turned to hatred. Once I was Prince of Letters, Star of Germany, Sun of Studies, High Priest of Learning, Champion of a purer Theology. The note is altered now. One party says I agree with Luther because I do not oppose him. The other finds fault with me because I do oppose him. I did what I could. I advised him to be moderate, and I only made his friends my enemies. At Rome and in Brabant I am called heretic, heresiarch, schismatic.’ (P. 288.)

It may have been on this or a similar occasion—when, in allusion to the last syllable of his name, his controversy with Luther was said to have brought forth only a ‘ridiculus mus’—that he adroitly parried the punning reproach by an epigram, subsequently assigned to or possibly claimed by *Audoenus*—to give the ‘Martial of the sixteenth century’ his Latin name:—

‘Quæritur unde tibi sit nomen Erasmus ? eras mus :
Si eum mus ego, te iudice, *Summus* ero.’

Still more charged with self-consciousness are the words of a subsequent letter:—

‘I have a room full of letters from men of learning, nobles, princes, and cardinals. I have a chest full of gold and silver plate, cups, clocks, and rings which have been presented to me . . . of the givers some are sages, some are saints, like the Archbishop of Canterbury and the Bishops of London and Rochester. I have not sought their liberality. . . . Some call me, as you say, a sower of heresies, and deny that I have been of service to literature. If this be so, how came I by the favours of so many distinguished men ?’ (P. 140.)

Nor can it be said that the response which the European oracle gave to those who consulted it was dictated, so far as we may judge, by any but the highest prudence—the supremest human wisdom. At a period when toleration was regarded not only as a mistake but a sin, a wilful falsification of truth, Erasmus inculcated it on Romanists and on Protestants, on Lutherans and on Anabaptists, the hot-headed partizans—as all earnest men of that age were wont to be—of all creeds and all policies. At a stage of perverted ecclesiastical evolution, when the idea, both

primary and central, of the Founder of Christianity had died out of the Church of His planting—just as the regenerating graft perishes from the stock, leaving it to relapse to its original unregenerated condition—it was his undying glory to have called men's attention to the starting-point of health and truth and beauty, crushed and obliterated by the wilder growth it was meant to supplant. Even in our own day no outcome of Erasmian thought and energy is more worth noting than his conception of original essential Christianity; and if Professor Froude's monograph did no more service than calling men's attention to this phase of Erasmus's teaching it would be difficult to over-estimate either its merit or its utility.

Nor was the influence of the Rotterdam scholar—albeit more partial and accidental in its incidence—of a less wholesome kind in the political world, at that time as vehemently stirred by jealousies and controversies as was the ecclesiastical world. For that matter, it would have been well if Erasmus could have been made a kind of European dictator, with absolute power over all potentates, secular and ecclesiastical, for the latter half of his life. His letters supply us with ample indications as to the way he would have used that power. Every cause, every institution, every interest would have benefited by the judicious, philosophic, level-headed, many-sided consideration, he would instinctively have given them. Even the Thirty Years' War of the next century, the premonitory shadow of which, grim, dark, and menacing, was already rising on the horizon of European politics, might haply have been averted if Erasmus's counsels of moderation and justice to Imperial and subordinate rulers had been followed. The scandalous brutalities which disgraced the reign of Henry VIII. in England, and for which Froude is ready, here as elsewhere, with his inadequate apology of 'stern times requiring stern measures,' might never have been heard of if Erasmus had been at the King's elbow.

But Erasmus's influence, wholesome as it would have been on a larger area of human interests and activities than was actually within the range of his superintendence, wholesome also as it really was in the smaller individual scope within which he could exercise it, was the direct outcome of his character. Professor Froude alludes to this more than once in the course of his work. For that matter, both the literary and general character of the Rotterdam scholar have received all possible elucidation and elaboration from his treatment,

Not that he has any novelties to discover. In this department of his biographer's duties Froude is no 'path breaker,' nor does he tread a partially worn track. On the other hand, the character of Erasmus is a macadamised road. Every critic of repute from his age to ours, every book of every dimension from those early and almost contemporary monographs *such as J. A. Fabricius's dissertation which comprehends, under the heading *De Religione Erasmi*, such interesting questions as *Utrum Atheus fuerit Erasmus vel Pyrrhonius Theologus*,* down to Mark Patteson's article in the last edition of the 'Encyclopædia Britannica' and Mr. Drummond's excellent though not brilliant 'Life'—all are agreed as to the main issues of Erasmus's intellectual and general character.

No case ever demonstrated more unquestionably the wisdom of Plato's aspiration and advice—that the world should be ruled by philosophers. The spirit of Erasmus was in all things the spirit of moderation, of wisdom, and of a sound mind. The natural mental structure of the man was essentially philosophic. While in abstruse speculative subjects, religious or other, he was chary of dogma, in ordinary matters of belief and of action his judgements were ready enough. Hence his Christian creed was composed of few articles, those only being chosen which rested on the undoubted language of Christ Himself. This Socratic wisdom—or, to speak more inclusively, this culmination at once of both Hellenic and Jewish wisdom—he carried into all his judgements and decisions whencesoever originated or however formed. On this philosophic substructure were superimposed all the acquirements of his erudite life—the fabric of his accumulated and assimilated knowledge. Like the subdivisions of a Gothic cathedral, all the varied chapels, transepts, and gables of his gigantic temple of knowledge took the bold, substantial form and the elegant design of its ground-plan and structural erections. To take a single example, his patristic interpretations of Augustine and Jerome are marked by the same breadth and simple strength of conception that distinguish his Biblical exegesis, notably his 'Paraphrase of the New Testament.' In a word, the details of the Erasmian Pantheon copy the grandeur, the uniformity, the beauty of outline, which marks the ground-plan together with its foundation and basal sub-erec-

* See the scarce work of J. A. Fabricius, 'Opusculorum Sylloge,' p. 361, &c.

tions. In this respect, however, Erasmus conforms to a universal law. The assimilated whole, the *corpus eruditionis* of all genuine scholars, is marked by homogeneousness both of outline and internal structure, and there is no branch or detail that does not manifest the characteristics of the whole—breadth, grandeur, and harmonious beauty.

That Erasmus lacked some of the requirements of the finished scholar need not cause us surprise. Like every robust thinker, to whom the life is more than meat and the body than raiment, he had no time, even if he had the inclination, for a fastidious culture of the purely ornamental details of scholarship. When the philosophic scholar and thinker has constructed his temple of knowledge, his systematic compilation of eclectic thought, or, as it may be, of reasoned speculation and many-sided culture, he does not care much for mere stage accessories, the purely ornamental features, which might be superadded to the building as a whole, not as enhancing its strength, but as adding somewhat to its beauty. Hence we are assured that Erasmus neither cultivated nor cared much to possess such adventitious adornments of knowledge as a classical Latin style. With his customary petulant hypercriticism Mark Patteson complained that the Erasmian Latinity was by no means classical. This is, doubtless, true; Erasmus would have been the first to admit it. Notwithstanding his admiration for Cicero, Erasmus was quite aware of the impassable gap between his style and that of the great master of Latin diction. His Latinity was, in fact, what might be called the ordinary 'working-day Latinity' of the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries—the Latin of Sir 'T. More and Roger Ascham of the former, and of the Scaligers, Fabricius, and Salmasius of the latter. Setting aside, however, claims to a pure classic Latinity which Erasmus never dreamt of making, we may say that his style, which certainly is not ungrammatical and is not wanting in expressiveness, has by means of the schoolroom use of the 'Colloquies' taught more Latin than any work in the language in modern times, and the author has quite enough utilitarianism in his composition to regard this as a stronger claim to linguistic fame than any excellence of linguistic form.

Of his other intellectual acquirements we need add no more to what has been already said. Gifted as few scholars have been with a combination of talents not often found in close juxtaposition, Erasmus had conjoined in his own personality the keen, sensitive organisation of the *bel esprit*,

the man of the world, with the calm, many-sided contemplative temperament of the genuine philosopher. His keenness of intellectual perception, manifested by a rare insight into the internal constitution of arguments and causes, and enlivened by a ready wit, which, in its turn, was sharpened and polished by an incisive causticity and an irony which was either playful or the outcome on due occasion of a *sæva indignatio*; while, on the other hand, it was softened and humanised by an unfailing urbanity, and a most charming suavity of manner. These qualities, embodied particularly in his letters, render them a delightful representation of the man in his combined character of scholar and thinker, of man of the world and recluse, of adviser-general of popes and emperors on the one hand, of poor students, maid-servants, and artisans on the other. He was the common Socratic or Delphian oracle of doubters who found in the mere search for truth a profounder peace of mind than all the dogmas of all the creeds put together could furnish. In this deeper aspect, wherein the highest interests of thinking men are involved, the thought of Erasmus has a value which is perennial. Indeed, its undoubted value for his own time is a measure of its worth for ours or for any period of which the conditions and circumstances resemble the close of the sixteenth century. Given any period of vehement controversy—when human beliefs and human interests, religious, political and social, are arrayed against each other in internecine conflict, when all earnest men are seduced into some kind of partisanship, and dogmas divide the world between them—what line of thought, what intellectual temperament, what process of reasoning, it may be asked, should enable the thinker to hold his own amid the chaos of mutually opposed causes and important human concerns engaged in dire conflict? Nor is this assimilation of the times of Erasmus with other periods of history imaginary. For that matter, the circumstances of our own day are sufficiently alike as to recall the end of the sixteenth century, and hence the lesson of Erasmus, of his thought and intellectual temperament, is one that it behoves Englishmen to learn. Special experience of very recent times has taught us that the foes with which Erasmus had to contend are neither defunct nor shorn of their mischievous power in our own day. Excessive dogma, ecclesiasticism, religious exclusiveness and intolerance, are still dominant in more than one section of the Christian world. The millennium of complete toleration, of supreme goodness, mutual consideration and charity, even granting

that it is on the road, has not as yet arrived. The Christianity of the New Testament has not gained that complete recognition which is its due. Progress, no doubt, Europe has made since the day when its emperors and popes, its princes and politicians, sat ostensibly at the feet of Erasmus; but the advance has only been partial, and the lesson but half learned. For this reason, the 'Life of Erasmus,' especially embodied and embalmed as it is in his humorous, wise, and graphic letters, still retains its use. Happily for the English reader, the method of Professor Froude in this most interesting monograph, by allowing Erasmus to tell his story in his own inimitable way, has really the effect of giving a translation of what is after all the Rotterdam scholar's chief work—his magnificent collection of letters. Hereafter, the English reader will have no excuse for ignorance of the noble career, the disinterested character, and indomitable energies of one of the great teachers of Europe and of England at a time when both Europe and England were passing through one of their most critical conjunctures. Nor, as we began our article with the late Regius Professor of History, can we conclude it without a similar reference by way of closing reminiscence, since the spirit of Erasmus and the design which moulded his life—namely, the union of the highest philosophical and literary culture with the loftiest and withal the simplest teaching of Christianity—is common to both of them. It is not the least remarkable feature of this interesting and brilliant monograph that its moral, its animating spirit and teaching, as set forth by the most remarkable thinker of the sixteenth, are now attested and endorsed by one of the most noteworthy teachers in our England of the nineteenth, century.

- ART. VIII.—1. *The Church in the Roman Empire.* By W. M. RAMSAY. London: 1893.
2. *Inscriptions Grecques et Latines de la Syrie.* By W. H. WADDINGTON. Paris: 1870.
3. *Epigraphes Hébraïques et Grecques.* By M. CH. CLERMONT GANNEAU. *Revue Archéologique*, May, June, 1882.

IN seeking to penetrate into the dimness that surrounds Christian history during the two centuries and a half which intervene between the destruction of Jerusalem and the toleration of the faith by Constantine, great importance naturally attaches to monumental evidence, and to newly recovered Christian books. The advocates of Christianity were so busy in theological controversy, in attacking the follies and vices of pagans, and in refuting the errors of Gnostics, that they very rarely give us any exact information as to the customs and rites familiar to themselves and to their readers. Every new fragment that can cast light on the subject is eagerly discussed and criticised at length. Every inscription, however brief and vague, is zealously collected; and even the tattered fragments of works of little value—such as the Gospel of Peter—become the subject of innumerable learned papers, while the recovery of the ‘Teaching of the Apostles,’ the ‘Diatessaron,’ or the ‘Apology of Aristides,’* is hailed as a triumph of research.

Yet, as regards monumental remains, we have rather to ask the reason why they are so few and often so difficult to distinguish from non-Christian texts, and why the great movement which revolutionised the beliefs of the civilised world has not left more marked traces of its growth in inscriptions and works of art, than to paint the picture of an organised and united Church, with a fully developed symbolism and sacred art. The inscriptions of the age are numerous. In the Roman catacombs four thousand epitaphs are earlier than 324 A.D. In Syria, some two thousand texts in Greek and Latin have been copied, ranging from the second century B.C. to the seventh century A.D. Asia Minor has yielded a rich harvest of late, as well as Italy, or Greece,

* Renan (*Église Chrétienne*, pp. vi. 42) denounces the letters of Aristides, published in 1878 at Venice, from the Armenian, as being a work of the fourth century and not the apology noticed by Eusebius and Jerome.

or Egypt. Nevertheless, texts clearly Christian are few and far between in the times that precede the Council of Nicæa.

The reason is, of course, easily found. The Christians were at first few and poor. They were fiercely persecuted at times, and obliged to conceal their faith. They could not parade their sacred emblems, or publicly record their beliefs. The riches of the world belonged to those who hated and despised them: the art of the age glorified the established worship of heathen gods. Their own teachers exhorted them to live a humble and inoffensive life, and to shun the temptations of the world. Their simple family affection finds expression in the touching words, written over the numberless graves which lie among those of Jews and Mithra worshippers: 'My sweetest child,' 'My sweetest wife,' 'My dearest husband,' 'My innocent dove,' 'My well-deserving father,' 'My innocent little lamb,' 'They who lived together without complaint or quarrel, without taking or giving offence'—these were the words that they wrote over the tomb, in the mazes of dark catacombs; and even there they placed no cross to mark their religion, but on almost every epitaph they added the words 'In peace.' Only about 330 A.D. do we find the sentences 'Vivas in Deo,' 'Vive in Deo,' 'Vive in Bono.' The frescoes which represent such subjects as the Good Shepherd, the Raising of Lazarus, or Jonah and the Whale, are mingled with others depicting Orpheus, Cupid and Psyche, or the Three Graces. The *Crux Ansata* is not a distinct Christian sign, having been in use at Troy in 1500 B.C. The palm, the fish, the anchor, the dove, and the phoenix were as little distinctive of belief as were the signs which Clement of Alexandria* recommends for Christian signet rings. Paulus Pastor does not appear till the fourth century, and there is no early representation of the Resurrection or Crucifixion.

The simplicity of early Christian life is attested by well-known passages from contemporary works, referring to communities widely separated from each other. Thus when, in 112 A.D., Pliny wrote to Trajan concerning the Christians of Amastria in Pontus, to ask whether it was the 'name,' or the 'crimes inseparable from the name,' that should be punished, his victims—the poor maidservants ('*Ancillæ quæ ministræ dicebantur*')—represented that

'all their fault or all their error was limited to meeting together, on fixed days before sunrise, to sing a hymn to Christ as a God, and to

* *Pædagogus*, III. xi.

swear—not such or such a crime, but, not to steal, or rob, or commit adultery, or fail in sworn faith, or withhold a trust when asked. That then they were wont to retire, and again to meet to share a meal, but a meal which was usual and quite innocent. That even this they had ceased to do since the edict whereby, according to your orders, I had forbidden heresies.* *

Yet the Christians of Pontus were already numerous, for Pliny adds:—

‘For, indeed, a great number of persons of all ages, all sorts, both sexes, are called to justice, or will be so called: they are found, not only in the towns, but in the villages and the country, which are invaded by the contagion of this superstition. I think one might stop it and remedy it. For it is already stated that the temples, which were almost deserted, have begun to be again frequented; that the solemn feasts, which had been long interrupted, have been resumed; and that they display for sale the flesh of sacrifices, for which very few buyers were found. Whence it is easy to suppose that men might be led back, if one gave them room for repentance.’

The Christians so savagely persecuted by Nero and Domitian were already gaining ground. Trajan ordained that they ‘were not to be sought out,’ nor any anonymous accusation noticed. All who would show their submission by cursing Christ were to be pardoned for former acts. Roman citizens were sent to Rome for punishment. Even such outward concession as offering incense to the Emperor’s statue would seem to have been willingly accepted as an excuse for staying the law.

Equally simple were the rites of Syrian Christians, as described by Justin Martyr.† The little congregations met ‘on the day called that of the sun,’ gathering in cities, or in the country, ‘at one place;’ the ‘President of the Brethren’

* Epist. x. 96, 97.

† 1 Apol. ch. lxvi. Dr. A. Harnack (*‘Texte und Untersuchungen zur Geschichte der altchristlichen Literatur,’* Band vii. Heft 2, Leipzig, 1891) considers that the word *κράματος* was inserted by a copyist, and argues that the Sacrament is intended by Justin Martyr to be described as consisting of water only; this is well known to have been the practice of certain Gnostic sects, but was severely condemned by Cyprian and Tertullian. The usual Christian rite of the cup is stated by the Fathers to have consisted of wine and water. That wine was used at the Last Supper, as well as at the Passover, in the time of Christ (Mishna, ‘Pesachim,’ x. 2) is, of course, not denied by any. In the Jewish rite they are said to have ‘mixed’ (מזג) the wine. The word is, however, used of ‘spiced wine’ (Cant. vii. 2). The water noticed besides the ‘wine and water’ may have been used for washing before prayer.

listened to the reader, who recited the 'Memoirs of the 'Apostles,' or the writings of the Prophets, as long as time permitted, and then exhorted 'to the imitation of these 'good things.' When prayer was ended, 'food and drink, 'water and wine mingled with water' (*ἄρτος καὶ ποτήριον ὕδατος καὶ κράματος*) were brought to the president, who offered prayers and thanksgivings 'according to his ability,' and the people answered 'Amen.' When all had partaken the deacons carried portions to those who were absent, and a collection was made for the poor.

In such a description we seem to recognise the rites of Huguenots and Lutherans rather than the mystic ritual of the Roman Church. No liturgy, no Church, no sacrificial act, not even the repetition of a creed is mentioned. The leader (*προεστὼς τῶν ἀδελφῶν*) is not called a presbyter.

The little church of Pella in the Jordan valley, founded at the time of the destruction of Jerusalem, survived in the obscure sect of the Ebionites or 'poor,' who were condemned for heresy when Christianity became established. Irenæus and Epiphanius inform us that they rejected the account of the Nativity in the Gospels, together with the Epistles of Paul, and maintained the Jewish customs of circumcision, and of turning to Jerusalem in prayer as to the sacred city.* They claimed that the brothers of Jesus had lived among them, and regarded Him as a human prophet. The now famous 'Teaching of the Lord by the Twelve Apostles to 'the Gentiles,' discovered in 1884, while it shows acquaintance with the Gospels, and includes the Lord's Prayer, seems, in its conception of the nature of Christ, to express the Ebionite belief. The 'Prayer of the Cup' presents us with the simplest possible belief as connected with the Sacrament:—

"We thank thee, O Father, for the Holy Vine of David thy servant, which thou madest known by Jesus thy servant. For the broken bread. We thank thee, our Father, for the life and knowledge which thou madest known to us by Jesus thy servant. To thee be glory for ever. As this broken bread was scattered on the mountains, and being brought together became one, so let thy Church be gathered together, from the ends of the earth, into thy Kingdom. For thine is the glory and the power, by Jesus Christ for ever." But let no man eat or drink of your Eucharist, except those baptized into the name of the Lord: for respecting this the Lord hath said, "Give not that which is holy to the dogs." After being satisfied give thanks thus, "We thank thee, O Holy Father, for

* Irenæus, lxxvi.; Epiphanius, Hæres. xxx. 13.

thy Holy Name, which thou hast enshrined in our hearts, and for the knowledge and faith and immortality which thou hast made known to us by Jesus thy servant. To thee be glory for ever. . . . Hosanna to the Son of David. . . . Maranatha." But permit the prophets to give thanks as much as they wish.' (Ch. ix. and x.)

The rites so described were hardly formulated, and allowed of extemporary additions. Baptism in the name of Father, Son, and Holy Spirit was to be, if possible, in running water (ch. vii.). The first fruits were to be given to the prophet, or if there was no prophet to the poor (ch. xiii.). Bishops and deacons, 'meek men,' are noticed (ch. xv.); but there is no reference to presbyters. The sacred day (*Kυριακή*) appears to have been Sunday, as among other Christians of the second century. The exhortations to Christian life, which rest on the Gospels and recall the Epistle of James, are mingled with warnings against the way of death, the vices of the age, and the superstitions of the 'omen-watcher,' 'the enchanter,' 'the astrologer,' and 'the purifier.'

The Ebionite Church in Bashan succeeded in converting even Arab princes, and the Beni Ghassan are said to have built churches very early; but the Orthodox Greek Church stamped out this small Hebrew sect; and hardly a trace of its existence is monumentally found. Among the boxes of bones found in the caves of the Mount of Olives, which are inscribed with Hebrew names, more than one is thought to have been of Christian origin. The bones were brought from elsewhere, for interment near the expected site of the Last Judgement; and one osteophagus bears the name of 'Judah' in Hebrew, with a square cross marked below. On another is the Greek word *ΙΕΣΟΤΣ* (apparently for *Ἰησους*) with a doubtful cross. These epitaphs belong to about the second century A.D., and perhaps indicate the presence of Jewish converts to Christianity. The remarkable Christian text in Greek and Cufic, found at Harrân, east of Damascus, which bears witness to the conversion of a rich Arab chief, belongs, however, to a much later period (585 A.D.). Asrael, son of Talmu, here built a chapel (*Μαρτύριον*) to St. John, and prays in his native Arabic that the day of his death may be delayed. The numerous Christian inscriptions of Bashan, like those of Northern Syria and of Western Palestine, belong almost exclusively to the fourth century and to those following down to the seventh and even later. A few which are early must be noticed more particularly in speaking of the early Churches and early symbolism.

Christianity in Egypt—if we may trust as genuine the

letter of Hadrian to Servianus, his brother-in-law,* was corrupted by the heathenism of the time. The Emperor writes about 132 A.D. as follows:—

‘This Egypt, which you vaunted to me, my dear Servianus, I find frivolous, hung by a thread, and swaying with each gust of fashion. There those who adore Serapis are at the same time Christians; and those called bishops of Christ are devoted to Serapis. There is not a president of a Jewish synagogue, nor a Samaritan, nor a Christian priest, who does not confound his functions with those of astrologers, diviners, and impostors. The patriarch himself, when he comes to Egypt, is forced by some to adore Serapis, by others to adore Christ. . . . Their only God is money. That is the deity that Christians, Jews, and all sorts of men adore.’

In Carthage, however, where a tenth of the population was Christian, Tertullian speaks of rites quite as simple as those of Syria: † of prayer before the meal, and hymns sung after it, with washing of hands and a final prayer. The number of the Christians was then so fast increasing that the State was filled with them (about 200 A.D.).

‘They are in the fields, in the citadel, in the islands. Men lament it, as if a public calamity, that both sexes, every age and condition, even high rank, are passing over to the profession of the Christian faith. And yet for all this men’s minds are not awakened to the thought that there is in it some good which they have failed to notice.’ ‘We are but of yesterday, yet we have filled every place among you. . . . We have left you nothing but the temples of your gods.’ ‡

The majority of the converts in these regions must, however, have belonged to a very humble class, if there be any truth in the contemptuous estimate of Celsus as preserved by Origen:—

‘It is only foolish and low persons void of perception, slaves, women and children, of whom the teachers of the Divine Word seek to make converts. We see, indeed, in private houses, workers in wool and leather, and fullers, and persons of the most ignorant and rudest character, not daring to utter a word in presence of their elders and wiser masters; but when they get hold of the children privately, and of certain women as ignorant as themselves, pouring forth wonderful statements, to the effect that they ought not to give heed to their fathers or to their teachers, but should obey them . . . and be happy themselves and make others happy. No wise man believes this gospel, being driven away by the multitude that adhere to it.’ §

This hostile account, supposed to date about 160–180

* Given by Renan, ‘*L’Eglise Chrétienne*,’ p. 189.

† Tertullian, *Apol.* 39.

‡ *Apol.* 1 and 37. § Origen against Celsus, II. xlix. l. lxxiii.

A.D., shows that among the poor clients and slaves of the great houses Christianity was silently making its way. But in Italy the number of the believers was still small. Irenæus enumerates the twelve successors of Paul (not of Peter) who presided over the flock in Rome down to about 180 A.D.;* but according to Eusebius the Roman Church, as late as 251 A.D., reckoned only forty-six presbyters, seven deacons, seven sub-deacons, forty-two acolytes, fifty-two exorcists, readers and porters, who had charge of 1,500 widows and orphans. The Bishop of Rome already claimed to be the head of the Church in the time of Irenæus; and Aurelian, in 272 A.D., acknowledged his authority over the Bishop of Antioch. But this power, though recognised by the Churches of Africa and of Gaul, was limited; schism with the Eastern bishops, on the question of Easter, was only averted by the wise counsels of Irenæus, when Bishop Victor strove to impose uniformity of practice. The transfer of the capital to Constantinople strengthened the hands of the Greeks, and though Chrysostom wrote to 'Innocent Bishop of Rome,' † when his own expulsion from the See of Constantinople had been effected by his enemies, he wrote as an equal, not as acknowledging a pope. We find in the early literature of this age nothing to support the Romanist tradition—no inflexible rule of faith to which the proud words 'quod semper, quod ubique, quod ab omnibus,' can be applied with truth. With the exception of Irenæus, there is not one of the great Fathers of the Church who would not, in the twelfth century, have been burned as a heretic for some of his beliefs. Their teaching is not in all things the same; their individual views are often such as would now place their writings on the Index. They did not agree among themselves. Irenæus held that Christ's ministry lasted more than twenty years: Clement of Alexandria said it only lasted one. The latter believed in the perpetual virginity of Mary, and in the non-human character of Christ's body. Tertullian denounced both these beliefs. Justin Martyr insists on the reality of Christ's sufferings, which those who held the phantomist theory denied; but he appears to inculcate the adoration of angels, and speaks of a fiery baptism in Jordan. He admits in one passage that differences of Christian belief already existed.

'I, and others who are right-minded Christians on all points, are

* Irenæus, *Hæres.* iii. 3; Eusebius, *H. E.* vi. xliii. 11-12.

† Chrysostom, 'Ad Innocent. Episc. Romæ Epist.'

assured that there will be a resurrection of the dead, and a thousand years in Jerusalem,' but 'many who belong to the pure and pious faith, and are true Christians, think otherwise.' *

Such passages, scattered through the literature of the second century, enable us to understand why the monumental remains of Christianity are few. The small societies, which existed by 100 A.D. in so many parts of what was then the civilised world, included for the most part the poor, the weak, and the obscure. Their rites were simple: their lives were humble and retiring. They were at times fiercely persecuted by a hierarchy which had the ear of the rulers, and whose very existence depended on the failing revenues of the temples. They were fiercely calumniated and charged with secret vices, with atheism, with sedition. They were enemies of man, and ungrateful to the genii. They refused to adore the statue of Cæsar. They were said to have burned Rome, to worship a cross, or the Onokoites, or the sun, because they turned to the east in prayer.† The fury of those interested in inflaming the populace against them knew no bounds: their secret feasts were said to be immoral; and they were charged with infanticide and the eating of babies—a charge which Cyril of Jerusalem, in the fourth century, brings against the Gnostics, which the Pope levelled against the Templars in the thirteenth, but which, in the nineteenth century is only brought by equally savage calumniators against the Jews. In spite of all such calumny and persecution, and in face of the contempt of philosophers, the simple faith of the Christians silently worked its way into the hearts of men.

The constitution of the Churches was civil rather than ecclesiastical. No sacrificing priest was known, among believers who claimed no mystery in connexion with their eucharistic rite. The bishop or 'overseer,' and the deacon or 'servant,' held titles which were known in the Roman world as those of civil officers. The inscriptions found in Bashan and in Asia Minor illustrate this point, which is so often forgotten.

M. Waddington‡ has called attention to the use of the term *episcopos*, or 'overseer,' as a civil title before the establishment of Christianity. In the time of Constantine, according to Charisius, 'the *episcopi* are those who preside 'over bread and other things sold which are used for daily

* 2 Apol. lxxx.

† Tertullian, I. 'Ad Nationes,' xii.—xvii.

‡ Inscriptions de la Syrie, Nos. 1911, 1909, 1990, 2298. Charisius (Direst l. 4 18).

'food by the population of cities.' From texts found at Salkhad in Bashan, it appears that they also presided over the offerings in heathen temples. In a text from the island of Rhodes an episcopos appears as an officer of one of the numerous brotherhoods or clubs which were scattered over the Roman Empire in the first and second centuries A.D. The word had a still older use before the Peloponnesian war, as applied to Athenian overseers sent to tributary towns. At Mejmir, in Southern Bashan, a text, headed with the heathen invocation *Ἀγαθὴ Τύχη*, gives a list of five episcopoi who were evidently pagan Arabs, named after the Arab deities S'air, 'Aziz, and Baal. The use of the term as a civil title appears thus to be clearly established.

The bishops in the East were numerous. In the fourth century each town and large village had its bishop, and the diocese was the parish. The bishop is stated to have only differed from the presbyter in possessing the power of ordination. The word Presbyter occurs on many texts in Syria and elsewhere, as does the word deacon, but these inscriptions are generally undated, and appear to be late in many instances.* Professor Ramsay has published a text and bas-relief from Prynnessos in Phrygia, supposed to be as old as the fourth century A.D., and probably Christian, in which Abirkios, son of Porphyrios, is described as deacon (*Διάκων* for *Διάκονος*). He remarks that the same term occurs in a pagan text which enumerates the officials of the temple at Metropolis in Ionia. Christian texts of the third century are numerous in Asia Minor,† including the names of soldiers.

The name of Christian being in itself a crime was concealed under the appellation *χρηστός*, or 'good;' and this appears to have become the popular term. Thus Justin Martyr says:—

'As far as one may judge from the name we are accused of we are most excellent people.'‡

Lactantius writes:—

* The title presbyter is, of course, old (1 Tim. iv. 14). The word *presbutes* occurs as a title in the pagan texts of Syria.

† Professor W. M. Ramsay, 'Expositor,' 1889-90, 'Journal of Hellenic Studies,' 1883. Renan ('St. Paul,' p. 363) says that the word 'Christian' occurs on the Phrygian texts from the third century downwards.

‡ Justin Martyr, '1 Apol.' iv. Tertullian, 'Ad Nationes,' 3. Lactantius, 'Div. Inst.' iv. 7, 5; Inscriptions de la Syrie, Nos. 2037, 2466, 2558, 2681, 2704.

'Even when we are corruptly called Chrēstiani by you.' 'The meaning of this name must be given because of the error of the ignorant, who are accustomed to say Chrēstos, changing a letter.'

At Harrân (already mentioned) still exists a text in which the deacon spells the name of Christ in this manner (*Χρηστός*), and there are many other known instances. The earliest Syrian text in which the writer boldly calls himself a Christian occurs near Antioch, and dates from 369 A.D., bearing the sign of the cross. The cross is not found on monuments earlier than the time of the Council of Nicæa, even when presumably Christian. The earliest known instance in Syria is, perhaps, that at Iuntân, dating from 350 A.D. In 331 A.D. the name Chrēstos, and the absence of the cross, on a text, perhaps the oldest that is certainly of Christian origin in Syria, are to be marked at Khatura, in the Antioch province. Tertullian* says that the Christians were accused of worshipping the cross, and not only refutes the charge, but turns it against the pagans, who, he says, worshipped wooden stakes under the names of Pallas and Ceres. He notices the heretical Montanists as using the sign of the cross. The seals of Christians, according to Clement of Alexandria, should bear as emblems a dove, a fish, a ship, a lyre, or an anchor. He naturally does not recommend a cross. Minucius Felix says that the heathen worshipped wooden crosses, including those gilded on the tops of military ensigns. That the cross was a very ancient emblem is evidenced by its hanging to the necks of Assyrian kings, whose statues can be seen in the British Museum, and it indeed meets us throughout Asia on non-Christian monuments of all ages.

The fish (*Ιχθύς*) as an emblem of Christ is not only mentioned by Tertullian, but commonly occurs on Christian texts. The catacombs at Rome include early examples; south of Damascus it accompanies the words *Ἰησοῦ Χριστὲ βοήθει* at Suârah,† the tablet bearing a cross and other emblems; at Hâs, in Northern Syria, a lintel stone bears the strange words, *Ἰχθύς ἀληλούια*. A text at Refadi, as late as 439 A.D., gives the letters in such a manner as to explain them by the accepted meaning as initials for the words, 'Jesus Christ, son of God the Saviour' (*ΙΧΘΥΣ*). Another

* Tertullian, 'Ad Nationes,' I. xii.; De Corona, 3: Ad Uxorem, ii. 5; Clement Alex. 'Pædagog. III.' xi.; Minucius Felix Octav. xxix.

† Inscriptions de la Syrie, Nos. 2537, 2659, 2695.

favourite monogram,* XMI, accompanies a strange hexameter poem at Shakkah, in Bashan, and is believed to signify 'Christ the Son of Mary.' At Deir Sambil another example dates from 399 A.D., accompanied by the cross; at Dana, also, in Northern Syria, the three letters stand between two crosses on a lintel. With these instances we may compare the text at Refadi, near Antioch, which begins 'Jesus of Nazareth, born of Mary, the Son of God, dwells 'here.'

It is also clear that the sect while proscribed and persecuted could not have dared to build churches; and, in spite of the legends which speak of churches of the second century, even in England, the Fathers only speak of meetings in private houses. The Christians also met beside the streams and rivers, where baptism in running water was possible. Such a meeting is mentioned early,† and Tertullian ‡ speaks of the 'littoral prayers.' The *proseuchæ*, or places of prayer, are often mentioned; and the great spring at Philippi, in Macedonia, where, according to the passage in the Acts just mentioned, 'prayer was wont to be made,' still bursts from the earth a league and a half from the city. But such rites were tinged with superstition in later times, and Cyril of Jerusalem exhorts his hearers against 'the

* *Ibid.* Nos. 2145, 2674, 2663, 2697. This hexameter text (one of several in Eastern Palestine) is believed by M. Waddington to contain a veiled allusion to Christian belief under pagan terminology. It may be thus rendered:—

'Bassos the shining eye of the far-famed land of his fathers,
Out of savings made in husbandry has built me,
For self and children of self and of his prudent wife too,
Kindly monument. By counsel of God the Eternal
Each at great age I shall hold what time it be that each one
Reaches the goal in turn of the life that is destined for them,
For his own self and his children and for his prudent wife too,
Out of his own possessions having laboured in all things.
Bassos the mighty pillar of state has built a tomb here,
Him old age overtaking, and rejoicing in offspring,
Yet from above to me nigh drawing well he erected,
Far to be seen of the world, a tower exceeding stately.
Bassos son of Abyrios ever wrought joy to the righteous,
But on them who were evil ever griefs he inflicted
So, the offspring of him and of his tender consort,
Take thou, O holy nymph, after old age from Hades,
Let their souls be sent beyond by pale Ithadamanthus.'

The monument is one of those Roman tomb towers which are common as family mausolea in Bashan and Gilead.

† Acts xvi. 13.

‡ Ad Nationes, xiii.

‘lighting of lamps or burning of incense by fountains and ‘streams’*—a custom which, however, is even now not quite extinct in Christian lands.

Probably the oldest church now standing in the world is that which Constantine built over the cave stable at Bethlehem. The site itself is the only one connected with the New Testament history, which is mentioned before the fourth century. It was known to Justin and to Origen,† but by the time of Constantine had been appropriated by the Pagans, who there celebrated the birth of Tammuz. Like all the early churches of East and West, it has the form of the basilica,‡ copied from the civil hall of justice used by the Romans, of which a fine example occurs at Gerasa in Gilead. The bishop sat behind the holy table in the apse, as the Roman judge sat in the civil building. The term *ecclesia* is only used in late inscriptions, and the consecrated site was commonly called a *Marturion* in the fourth century. In Asia the apse of the basilica is on the east, but in countries converted by the Roman Church it is on the west. Thus the ancient church discovered at Silchester, in 1890, has its apse to the west, but otherwise resembles in plan the numerous chapels of the fourth and fifth century in Syria. The English example can hardly be later than 410 A.D., and gives interesting evidence of the existence of a Christian community in this Roman city nearly two centuries before the mission of Augustine; St. Chrysostom and St. Jerome speak of the English Christians in the fourth century.

Some sects called their sacred buildings synagogues. At Deir Aly (the ancient Lebabah), on Mount Hermon, § a lintel-stone built in above a doorway in the Druse village preserves the memory of the famous heretic Marcion. The ‘Synagogue of the Marcionites’ was here raised in 318 A.D., five years after the edict of toleration—that of Milan—by Paul the Presbyter, in honour of Jesus Chrēstos. Epiphanius says that in his time this sect existed in Rome and Italy, in Egypt, Palestine, Arabia and Syria, in Cyprus and the Thebaid, in Persia and elsewhere. The text is

* Catechet. Lect. xix. 8.

† Justin Martyr, ‘Tryph.’ 78; Origen against Celsus, i. ch. li.; Jerome, ‘Ep. ad Paulin.’ 13 and 49.

‡ The term Basilica is used in a text of 330 A.D. in Syria. (Inscriptions de la Syrie, No. 2664.)

§ Inscriptions de la Syrie, No. 2558. Συναγωγὴ Μαρκωνιστῶν κώμ(ης) Λεβάβων τοῦ κ(υρίου)ν καὶ Σ(ωτή)ρ(ου) Ἰησοῦ Χρηστοῦ προνοία Παύλου πρεσβ(υτέρου) τοῦ λχ ἔτους.

older than any extant church, and terms the place of meeting a 'synagogue.' Against Marcion of Pontus, a disciple of the Syrian Cedron, who was in Rome about 140 A.D., Tertullian penned a famous controversial work. Marcion appears to have been influenced by the contemporary dualism of the Persian religion, and wrote an 'antithesis' of the Old and New Testaments. He believed the God of the Jews to be an evil deity, and criticised the Old Testament as fiercely as any modern writer has done. He denied the Incarnation, and the reality of the body of Christ, which he said was 'borrowed from the elements.' He commanded celibacy, and his followers are said to have practised astrology. He accepted only such parts of the Gospel as accorded with his theory, and cut out the first chapters of Luke, which was the Gospel he preferred. It is strange that a monument of this sect has survived, when those of more orthodox Christians of the age have perished. It is not, however, the only heretical text found in this region.

While the Christian communities were small and scattered great diversities of practice and of belief naturally existed. Set forms of liturgy, common to the whole Church, were unknown, and much that was extemporary was permitted. The liturgy of the 'Apostolic Constitutions,' even if it existed in the third century, took its present form in the fifth. Cyprian speaks of an African liturgy, but the preparation of liturgies for general adoption was the work of the Church after Christianity was established. To Basil and Chrysostom, Cyril, and other leaders of the same age, the oldest liturgies were due, though Tertullian speaks of one at Rome, and Augustine preserves fragments of the older forms of service. The enthusiasts who yet believe in a liturgy of St. James read little of the contemporary history of the Christian Church. The lately discovered travels of St. Silvia, and the Catechetical Lectures of Cyril, alike show how great were the differences of rite in East and West, in the time of Constantine. The 'Kyrie Eleison,' then used in Jerusalem, seems to have been unknown to a member of the Church of Gaul.

In the second century—which in many respects was not unlike the nineteenth—opinions and customs were in a condition of solution, and had not crystallised into new forms. Tertullian speaks of the increase of population, of colonies, and of trade open to all. The wise rule of the Antonines gave peace to the Roman world. Communications with East and West were organised, deputations came from India, and

even Chinese travellers came to the West. The Arab trade brought wealth from the Indian Ocean, and from the Zambesi; the geography of Central Asia was almost as well known as that of remote European countries. Foreign religions had become established in Rome, and credulity and scepticism had undermined the ancient beliefs. The sects were innumerable. The impostors, magicians, and wonder-workers, who obtained popular success, followed each other to the capital of the world, where riches abounded. Men's minds were set on money-making, and on acquiring positions of power in the State. Yet the brutality of the old savage superstitions, among the rude peasantry, was scarcely softened by prohibitive laws; and the ignorance of natural science was common to all but the few. Pliny, indeed, knew that the world was round, and had observed the fossils in the rocks, but the patristic literature abounds in extraordinary statements, taken from earlier Greek writers on natural history, and even Chrysostom states that 'some indeed said that the earth revolves on its axis—but because their own heads are turned they say the world turns. It does not turn: it is firm.'*

Three great dangers—three causes of corruption of the early simplicity—threatened the growing systems of Christianity: philosophy, mysticism, and ignorant imposture. From each the Church suffered at the same time, though mysticism, perhaps, left the most marked impress of the three on the established creed. The frightful vices and greed of the great cities served rather to drive men into the Christian fold. The Stoic spirit, existing among the more respectable classes, among whom the old domestic virtues of the Romans survived—the spirit of kindness and patience fostered by Stoic teaching, prepared the minds of many for the Gospel. The cold theories of other schools had little effect on the hearts of the people; but the heathen hierarchy, which had failed to stamp out the new teaching, and whose existence depended on their hold over the minds of the people, seem to have compromised with the popular movement, by infusing into the rites and organisations of the Church many of those elements of mystic and sensuous ritual and dogma which attracted the Roman to the worship of Isis and Mithra, or which belonged to the earlier national religion.

Even Christians like Clement of Alexandria sought to

* In Tit. Homil. iii. 3.

reconcile religion with philosophy—the simple morality of the earlier communities with that which was regarded as the cultured thought of the day—by the explaining away of ancient things, and the cautious and partial adoption of theories taught in the schools of Athens and of Alexandria. Such theories now appear to us of little value, being speculations founded on most imperfect observation. The schools taught little that was original, being mainly busy with wordy wars as to the criticism of former philosophers. A radical rejection of older systems was beyond the power of academic thought. The question was how Plato was to be understood, not whether Plato was right. Looking back we find these controversies full of life, which now are dead, while the words of the Gospel remain a living force. The Christian teaching of a better life did not need to be reconciled with the Platonic dreams.

But it was among the Gnostics, or higher critics of the age, that this building up of theories as to the unknown flourished most. The Gnostic teachings ranged from philosophical allegory to pure imposture, which deluded the ignorant just as they are deluded in our own times by a Madame Blavatsky, or by some new American apostle. Many of their endless systems presented a syncretism in which the teachings of Buddha and of the Brahmins were mingled with the Persian dualism, with the ancient Egyptian or Chaldæan beliefs, or with the rites and symbols of Eleusis. In such strange works as the ‘*Pœmander*,’ which surrounds the figure of the Son of God with all the symbolism of the later Platonists of Alexandria, or in the ‘*Piste Sophia*,’ which belongs to the latter half of the third century, we encounter Gnosticism in its least degraded forms. In the practices of the Markosians we perhaps reach the lowest depths of conscious imposture. Irenæus* says that the Markosians pretended to consecrate cups of wine, held by women, which became red, because Charis dropped therein a drop of her own blood, and that the contents of the small cups, poured into one larger held by the priest, effervesced to overflowing. Marcus, he says, devoted himself ‘especially to women, and ‘to such as are well bred, elegantly attired, and of great ‘wealth.’ As among the Phrygian Montanists, hysterical revivalist scenes followed, when prophecies were uttered, and vice and license were natural results. These fanatics anticipated the Americans in performing rites of

* Irenæus, l. xiii. xxi. and xxv.

‘spiritual marriage, after the likeness of the conjunctions ‘above.’

Other Gnostics adorned their meeting places with busts of their revered masters—Aristotle, Plato, and Pythagoras—and to these they added the bust of Christ ‘made by ‘Pilate.’ These images they crowned, and adored with heathen rites. The followers of Comte, in our own times, seem to have copied the Markosians, just as the old heresy of Tertullian and Origen, which made the soul ‘corporeal,’ seems to lurk, in microscopic form, in the theory of ‘somatic’ and immortal cells,’ which is our latest doctrine of life.

Manes seems to have been one of the most influential of the Gnostic leaders who strove to solve the problems then agitating men’s minds, by incorporating in one system all the religions of the known world. His influence was not only widely spread, but it long endured. It extended to Gaul and Spain from Persia, and it was not quite exhausted in the twelfth century A.D. Cyril of Jerusalem, who thunders against the Manichæans, relates how Manes (in the third century) was the disciple of a Buddha, and skilled in Persian learning and philosophy. He announced himself to be the Paraclete, and was finally killed by the Persian priests. The Oriental systems, the philosophy of Aristotle, and the Christian teaching were combined in his system, and the Manichæans said that the sun was Christ.* The sect, which resembled many later Moslem heresies, lived on in Armenia till the ninth century, and spread among the Bulgarians, in Italy, in France, in Greece, in Asia Minor, Persia, Turkestan, China, and Syria, where Justinian persecuted its votaries. But it was only one among numberless heresies which threatened to discredit Christianity, and which were spread all over Asia and Egypt. The jargon of their half-pagan symbolism still meets us on the gems and amulets, carved as tokens of fellowship in some sect, or worn as defences against sickness and sorcery.

No doubt the number of really Gnostic gems has been much exaggerated; for, as Pliny tells us, the wearing of amulets was common to all classes of the heathen. But the Hebrew words which accompany some of the mystic designs on gems from Egypt or from Asia, written as they are in Greek letters, yet in a language little understood by the majority of the sectaries, are often the same ‘names of ‘power’ which the patristic writers attribute to various

* Catechet. Lect. iv. 20-23.

Gnostic heretics. *Abraxas*, *Iao*, *Semes Ailam*, *Adone*, *Sabao*, and *Michael* are among the most distinctive Gnostic terms, with strange accompanying figures of the human trunk with cock's head, and serpent legs and shield, or the serpent lion-headed or crowned with rays, representing the *Agathodæmon*. The Gnostics were among the most dangerous enemies of the infant Church, because Christians generally were reproached with their extravagances, and with their endless schisms.

If, however, the simplicity of the first age of Christianity was such as is indicated by the writings of the time, by the organisation of the communities, and by such monuments as are left to us, how are we to understand the rapid growth of ritual and of mysticism which overspread religion and fostered superstition as soon as Christianity was tolerated and established? In the East and in the West alike this tardy recognition of the teaching which, in three centuries, had made perhaps half the population of Western Asia professing Christians, seems to have been attended with disaster to the purity of the faith. Crowds of ignorant and superstitious converts mingled their ancient beliefs with the new; and self-seekers strove to turn to their own advantage the Imperial favour shown to the Church. St. Chrysostom bewails the decay of that Church as a 'faded beauty' whose former charms were now repaired with rouge and paints.* He joined with Basil and Gregory in denouncing the priests and bishops of his time, and the superstitions of the pilgrims. Jerome fled from Rome disgusted with the luxury of the Court of Pope Damasus. The worship of forged relics, the mendicancy of the hermits, the scandals of the kiss of peace, and of the feasts in honour of saints and martyrs, the worship of images, crosses and pictures, the pretensions of a sacred caste headed by bishops, who claimed to be regarded as almost divine, and many other abuses, became such growing evils, even in the fourth century, that the triumph of Christianity seemed destined to be soon followed by its entire disappearance. The great men of the age protested and exhorted in vain, and in the East the sword of Islam avenged the degradation of the pure faith. In the West the abuses flourished among ruder populations for nearly a thousand years more, till the light of learning was diffused throughout Europe in the worst ages of the Roman Church. When we consider the

* In 1 Cor. Homil. xxxvi. 5.

monumental and literary evidence, which shows us so clearly what were the religious systems adopted in Rome in the second century, side by side with the old Italian paganism, we can hardly but conclude that mysticism and ritual were not of Christian but of pagan origin. Paganism revenged its defeat by adulterating the Christian creed; and the process was the same which has corrupted the mild philanthropy of the Buddha * by admixture of the Shamanism of Central Asia, or which has wrought a deep schism among Moslems by bringing the Zoroastrian teachings into Persian Islam, and the paganism of the West into the beliefs of Sunnee peasants.

The rites and customs of the wilder pagan populations were almost as barbarous in the second century and down even to the fourth as they were before the times of a Roman empire. In Rome itself human blood was still necessary for certain rites, and the bloody baptisms of the Taurobolia were not unnatural to a people delighting in the shows of the arena. In Egypt the gloomy Serapis was adored with equally savage rites, and the beast worship of the temples survived even ridicule. Human sacrifices continued at Carthage; but perhaps the most bloodthirsty deities were those of Asia Minor and Syria. In the time of Hadrian human beings were still immolated at the shrines of Zeus throughout Greece and in its islands. The servants of Venus still prostituted themselves in her temples at Phrygia, at Paphos, at Daphne near Antioch, and at Afeia on Lebanon, even as late as Constantine's reign. At the temple of Hierapolis on the Euphrates the famous rites of the Dea Syria included the flinging of children tied up in sacks over a precipice, with self-mutilations and gashings—survivals of the ancient worship of Baal and Ashtoreth. Hermits here stood on pillars, like the later Stylites or the earlier Hindu ascetics; and miraculous images were believed to float in the air. The wealth of this temple made it widely famous in the time of Lucian.

Such barbarism could not attract the Christian; but in Rome itself more seductive mysticism had become widely popular, especially in connexion with the worship of Isis

* See, for instance, the Life of Huiuen Tsiang, the famous Buddhist pilgrim from China to India in the time of Muhammad (630 A.D.), translated by Beal (1888). The relics, sacred footprints, holy Bo-tree, pictures, images, and legends, of which he speaks, recall those of the pilgrim diaries in Palestine from the fourth century downwards.

imported from Egypt, and that of Mithra first brought by Pompey from the borders of Persia. To the latter there are several allusions in the patristic literature, as presenting blasphemous parallelism to the Christian rites.

The mother goddess nursing the infant god is a familiar group in pagan art. It is known as Ashtoreth with Tammuz in Phœnicia and Chaldæa, as Khrishna and his mother in India, as Lucina with her babe in Italy, as Isis with the infant Horus in Egypt. The Isis rites in Rome included the offering of the wine-cup and wafer; the pictures of Pompeii and Herculaneum show us the shaven priests of Isis wearing a kind of alb. They sprinkled the holy water of the Nile, and bore the statue of the goddess in procession through the streets of Rome, on which the votaries gazed with ecstasy. Women were consecrated as priestesses of Isis, and the death and resurrection of Osiris were celebrated; fasts were observed, and the Egyptian ritual was repeated by various members of a graduated hierarchy. To the Roman women the mysteries of Isis and her child were especially dear.

The worship of Mithra was widely spread over the Roman Empire. His cave chapels existed not only in Italy, but even in Germany and in England, and monuments of Mithra worshippers exist as late as 377 A.D. The remains of a Mithræum are found under the foundations of the chapel of Clement in Rome: the Mithraic gems are numerous. Justin Martyr* speaks of the Christian Eucharist

‘which the wicked devils have imitated in the mysteries of Mithra, commanding the same thing to be done. For that bread and a cup of water are placed, with certain incantations, in the mystic rites of one who is being initiated you either know or can learn.’

Tertullian writes:—

‘For washing is the means whereby they are initiated into the sacred rites of an Isis or a Mithra. The gods themselves they honour with washings. Moreover, by carrying water round and sprinkling it, they everywhere expiate country seats, houses, temples, and cities.’†

And again:—

‘Mithra sets his mark on the foreheads of his soldiers, and celebrates also an oblation of bread and introduces an image of a resurrection.’‡

The festival of Mithra was held on December 25 in Italy—the ‘Dies Natalis Invicti Solis,’ which Chrysostom § states to have been recently chosen in his own times as the

* 1 Apol. lxvi.

‡ Postscript. xl.

† On Baptism, v.

§ Hom. xxxi.

Christmas Day in Rome. For Mithra was the Persian God of Light, and the cup used in his rites was not of water only, but contained the expressed juice of the Haoma plant, making a sacred drink—that still prepared by the Parsees. The Haoma was the older Aryan Soma, which in Vedic hymns and Indian sacred books is at once the liquor of immortality and the god himself. 'I am the Soma,' says Khrishna.

The mitre which Clement of Alexandria mentions as a pagan dress* took its name apparently from Mithra. The initiate refused the wreath offered to him in these curious mysteries, and exclaimed, 'My only crown is Mithra.' It is the head-dress of the Persian priests and of the Mithra worshippers of Commagene on statues of the early Roman period. This is by no means the only instance in which pagan vestments came to be used by Christian priests. The scarlet robes of the flamens were adopted by cardinals; the alb was an Egyptian sacred dress; the dalmatic, a short-sleeved shirt, was worn by Commodus and by Elagabalus, the Emperor who was priest of the Sun God, symbolised by the black stone brought from Emesa, in Syria, to Rome. The practice of kissing the foot of an emperor was introduced by Caligula from Persia.

That it was the policy of popes to conciliate the heathen, by consecrating to Christian worship the ancient sacred places of heathendom, is evidenced by the letter of Gregory the Great to his missionaries, whom he instructed not to attempt to suppress the holy places of the Saxons. The traces of ancient altars with pagan legends are still found in or near churches throughout Europe, in Scotland, in France, in the Channel Islands, in Spain, and elsewhere, showing how generally such policy was carried out. The ancient yule feast was consecrated as Christmas Day, and the old ceremonies survived under the sanction of Roman priests.

For, although the pagan rites were forbidden and the temples destroyed in the time of Constantine, paganism was not easily rooted out. In 515 A.D. a chapel of St. George was raised at Ezr'a, in Bashan, on the site of the old temple of Theandrites, a deity of Bostra, and not far off in the same region dedications to the same divinity occur as late as 389 and 394 A.D.† Temples on Hermon and at Gaza

* 'Not leaning on the thyrsus, not crowned with ivy: throw away the mitre: throw away the fawnskin.' Cohort. xii.

† Inscriptions de la Syrie, Nos. 2498, 2046, 1965. A new temple was building in the Haurân as late as 320 A.D. (No. 2393).

were still visited in the time of Jerome, and yet later of Porphyry.

The astonishment of Tertullian would have been great had he heard that a Bishop of Rome had assumed the title of the Pontifex Maximus, the head of the great college of pontiffs who regulated all the sacrifices in Rome, arranged the festivals, punished the Vestal Virgins, and presided at marriages; but his wrath would have been yet greater had he heard a Pope usurp the name of Vicar of Christ, which Tertullian uses of the Holy Spirit.* To him the ascetic's mantle was the sign of the stoic or the cynic, adopted by Romans from Greece; white robes were signs of the initiates of Ceres; black of the worship of Bellona; purple or scarlet cloaks belonged to Saturn.† Early Christian writers, like the author of the 'Epistle of Barnabas,' forbade their followers to lead a hermit's life. The celibacy of the clergy was not recognised by Tertullian, who wrote letters to his own wife. Bishops and deacons alike were married men, and the Council of Nicæa tolerated, if it did not approve, the custom. The old titles, 'episcopa,' 'presbytera,' and 'diaconessa,' were titles of honour for the wives of bishops, priests, and deacons; and though the Pope forbade such marriage in 399 A.D., the custom of celibacy was not fully enforced even in the eleventh century, when English and Welsh priests were married men. Origen condemned the worship of images; Epiphanius destroyed a picture of Christ as contrary to the authority of Scripture and to the Christian faith; Augustine said that the Church condemned the 'worshippers of tombs and images;' but Gregory II. in 730 A.D. wrote to the Emperor Leo in favour of images, condemning only representations of the Divine nature. Yet there are among us many who believe that the liturgy, the rites, and even the latest enactments of the Church of Rome were handed down from Apostolic days, and are sanctioned by the writings of the Fathers. The history of the wondrous growth of Christianity is not to be founded on mediæval tradition, but on extant writings of the centuries preceding the Council of Nicæa, on the grudging witness of non-Christian writers, and on the scattered monuments, which bear witness to the persecutions of poor and humble converts, to the rites and vestments of pagan religions, and to the original simplicity of Christian practice and belief.

* De Virginibus Velandis, i.

† De Pallio, iv.

- ART. IX.—1. *Speech of the Right Hon. the Earl of Rosebery at Bradford, on October 27, 1894. 'The Times.'*
2. *Speech of the Right Hon. the Earl of Rosebery at Glasgow, on November 14, 1894. 'The Times.'*
3. *Speech of the Right Hon. the Earl of Rosebery at Devonport, on December 11, 1894. 'The Times.'*
4. *Speech of the Duke of Devonshire at Barnstaple, on November 26, 1894. 'The Times.'*

WE are living in strange days. For the second time within two years a political issue, large enough to shake to its very foundations the constitution of the kingdom, is before the people. The Ministers of the Queen solemnly assure the nation that under their leadership a great constitutional struggle, hardly less tremendous than the revolutionary movements of the seventeenth century, is about to begin. They implore the people to strain every nerve in their support. Yet throughout the country, from one end to another, perfect calm reigns. Where bye-elections occur the seats are, no doubt, fought for with zeal by the two parties; but a Government of professed revolution on the whole fails to rally to itself even the ordinary support vouchsafed to the Liberal party in less eventful times. Throughout the United Kingdom we look in vain to discover any kind of upheaval of public opinion, any deep stirring of popular passions, such as might naturally be supposed to precede a revolution.

The conclusion is evident. Rightly or wrongly, the people do not take seriously either the Ministry or its revolution.

How is it that the country has reached so extraordinary a crisis—a crisis in which the only rashness of action, the only violence towards the constitution, which men need fear proceed from the statesmen who advise the Queen?

Only two years ago the country was engaged in discussing in principle and detail a new constitution which Mr. Gladstone was endeavouring to impose upon the United Kingdom. The proposal to separate the parliamentary systems of Great Britain and Ireland, and to establish in the latter island a national executive government, was accepted by the House of Commons and rejected by the House of Lords. With a disregard of all precedent, and with an astounding want of self-respect, the Ministry elected to

remain in office, though it had failed to carry out its policy. They manifested no intention to stand or fall with Home Rule. They knew that if they appealed to the people their policy would be condemned, and they themselves would be driven from office. Victory accordingly remained with the House of Lords. As Home Rule statesmen would not fight for Home Rule before the constituencies, it is not to be wondered at that the interest of Liberal electors, never keenly excited in its favour, should become less and less, and that to-day a so-called Home Rule Ministry should withdraw Home Rule from the front place in the party programme, in order to substitute a policy better calculated (so the party managers have advised them), to stir the enthusiasm of the democratic elements of the English electorate.

Once again we are promised at the hands of the Ministry a new constitution, and once more the electors are to be kept in the dark as to its nature, till they have given *carte blanche* at a general election to a Prime Minister and his colleagues to frame any constitution they may please! We know only that a Ministry which two years ago was infatuated in its admiration of Parliamentary, bi-cameral institutions, that had perfected, according to its lights, such a constitution for Ireland, and was holding out hopes of the extension of a similar boon to Scotland and to Wales, has embarked on an enterprise of very opposite character. 'Home Rule all round' was the goal to which prominent 'Liberal' statesmen and the party organs pointed. The realisation of these hopes would have endowed the United Kingdom with ten legislative chambers, of which five would have been 'second chambers.' Now we gather that our one Parliament is, in the meantime, not to be multiplied at all, but it is itself at once to be reduced—virtually, if not professedly—to the dimensions of a single chamber!

We shall consider as best we can what it is that the Prime Minister proposes, and the means by which he hopes to carry his proposals into effect. 'It is not the business of 'the Prime Minister of this country,' says the Duke of Devonshire, 'to put conundrums to the people. And it is 'nothing less than a gigantic enigma or conundrum which 'he has, so far, proposed to us.' Yet at that time Lord Rosebery's Bradford speech had been for a month before the country. He had further expounded his policy in a speech at Glasgow. He had announced the intention of himself and of the Cabinet to invite the people to face 'a tremendous issue.'

Lord Rosebery says that if he had known any stronger word than 'tremendous' 'he would have used that stronger word. It was the greatest issue that had been put to this country since their fathers resisted the tyranny of Charles I. and of James II.' Nearly three months have elapsed since this Bradford speech, since this 'tremendous' policy was sprung upon an astonished people, whose history has not hitherto accustomed them to expect invitations to embark upon a revolution from the chief adviser of their Sovereign. As we have seen, the revolution has, so far, run its course tranquilly enough. Indeed, but for the repeated assurances of Cabinet Ministers we should not believe that a tremendous political issue comparable with those that brought about the execution and abdication of two Stuart kings was stirring the passions, or even very deeply occupying the minds, of men. To all appearance the attitude of the people is precisely the same as the attitude of the Duke of Devonshire. They are awaiting with intelligent, yet on the whole patient, curiosity for the solution of the enigma. They are not burning with zeal to discover a second Cromwell, to lead an attack upon the Parliamentary constitution of the kingdom.

It would be a mistake to take *au pied de la lettre* the language of a Prime Minister evidently anxious to pose as the hero of a dramatic situation created by himself. For once Lord Rosebery's sense of humour must have failed him, for he forgot, in what may be termed the histrionic requirements of the moment, the risks which inevitably attach to so near an approach to burlesque. Whether Lord Rosebery at Bradford was perfectly serious has been questioned. He affirms himself that he was in deadly earnest. And there is no question that the situation he has created for his country is serious enough.

The case made by Lord Rosebery for a new constitution consists in the overweening authority over Parliament which he declares is exercised by the House of Lords. It is impossible, he urges, for Liberal Governments to pass Liberal legislation. It is hopeless to attempt to disestablish Churches, to restrict the drink traffic, to reform the registration laws, because the House of Lords blocks the way. The people no longer can obtain the legislation they desire. We are not, in truth, a self-governing people. A chamber of irresponsible legislators have it in their power to resist the will, even if it is unanimous, of the House of Commons. What a singular travesty of the facts ! When the nation wished it a

Church was disestablished, and if Lord Rosebery had known as much of the House of Commons as its youngest member he would have learnt that the strength of the publican interest is far greater in that chamber than in his own. The attempts to restrict the liquor traffic have collapsed again and again, not because the House of Lords has rejected the Bills of the House of Commons, but because the latter chamber would not pass any Bills on the subject at all. Lord Rosebery says that the House of Lords is devoted to the liquor interest. He urges in the same breath that it is hopeless for Scotland, with its 'Liberal' majority, to expect that its wishes should be respected by a 'Tory' majority in the House of Lords. How does it happen, then, that the House of Lords passed a Sunday Closing Bill for Scotland a generation and more ago? Is it due to the House of Lords or to the House of Commons that a Sunday Closing Bill has not been passed for England? Talk about registration reform! Why, the House of Lords has passed one democratic Reform Bill after another. No doubt the instincts of our second chamber are strongly conservative; yet it habitually in modern times on all the larger questions bows to the declared wishes of the nation.

Lord Rosebery says that 'in the year 1886 the House of Lords changed its character for good or for evil,' though we do not gather that he accuses it of in any way checking legislation proceeding from the House of Commons between that date and the year 1893. In the year 1886 the great majority of Liberal peers no doubt agreed with the ninety or a hundred Liberal members of Parliament who firmly adhered to those Unionist principles which Mr. Gladstone and Lord Rosebery had always professed. They refused to follow Mr. Gladstone in his attempt to destroy the Union between Great Britain and Ireland. Nevertheless in 1886 the House of Lords took no action whatever. The opinions undoubtedly held by the majority of the peers were shown by the general election of that year to be held also by the majority of the electors. At that time, therefore, it is impossible to allege that the peers were acting in opposition to the representative chamber, or even that as individuals they held views antagonistic to the prevailing public opinion of the nation.

The difference that arose between the two Houses in 1893 is, in simple truth, the only ground for the attack by the Ministry and their followers upon the House of Lords. Yet that House in rejecting the Home Rule Bill merely performed

the duty cast upon it by the constitution—the duty which the country expected it to perform. The action of the second chamber was received in England with thankfulness, and in Ireland with tranquillity out of Ulster, in Ulster with rapturous rejoicings. Mr. Gladstone and his colleagues failed absolutely and entirely to stir up against the Peers any semblance of popular indignation. Nay more,—by their refusal to appeal from the Peers to the people they gave the strongest testimony it was in their power to give that even in the estimation of their own party managers the Lords and the electorate were on the same side.

It is unnecessary to recall the circumstances of the session of 1893. They are fresh in the minds of us all. Statesmen who before the general election had declined to acquaint the electors even with the main outlines of their plan had forced through the House of Commons a measure which, whilst it established a separate Parliament and Government in Ireland, actually retained at Westminster eighty Irish representatives. Ireland was to govern itself independent of English and Scottish control, whilst at the same time that country was to send a large delegation of Irish members to England to choose the Executive Government of Great Britain, to pass laws for Great Britain, and to tax Englishmen and Scotchmen! By far the greater number of the clauses of this astounding measure were passed by the House of Commons *without debate*. A large majority of English members, and a majority of British members, opposed the Bill throughout. Yet but for the House of Lords this insane project would have become law. On the invitation of the Duke of Devonshire and of Lord Salisbury the Peers threw out the Bill, not merely on the ground of its injustice and its grotesque absurdity, but also on the ground that the electorate had expressed no opinion in its favour, and that the people ought to be frankly consulted before such sweeping changes were made in their constitution. In short, the opposition to Mr. Gladstone's Bill was rested by the House of Lords upon the elementary principles of popular government, once dear to the Liberal party. But latter-day 'Liberal' statesmen, if there is one thing they dread more than another, dread the necessity of submitting their draft constitutions to the people.

It has been far too little noticed in the discussion which Lord Rosebery's speeches have evoked that the attitude of his Ministry, as of that of Mr. Gladstone, has been hardly less hostile to the liberties of the House of Commons than

to those of the House of Lords. It is with a feeling of wonder, almost with a feeling of amusement, that we find Lord Rosebery and his colleagues posing as the assertors of the rights and powers of the Commons House of Parliament against the encroachments of the Peers. No previous Government has ever treated with such little respect the most valued rights of the Commons. If it is at the present moment attacking the Peers it is not till it has first trampled upon the Commons.

When the representatives of the people surrender at the command of the Executive Government of the day their right to debate great measures of the first constitutional importance, they lower to an untold degree the high reputation of the House of Commons. If in the last few years the functions of the House of Lords have appeared of greater importance than at some other periods, it is not because the character of that assembly has changed, as Lord Rosebery imagines, but because of the discredit into which the House of Commons has fallen, and the increasing distrust with which men regard its action. In the short life of the present Parliament the House of Commons has on two occasions caused Englishmen to blush—once when it humbly accepted the position of a chamber at the orders of the Executive Government, willing to register its decrees without debate; once when the representatives of the people actually came into personal conflict on the floor of the House of Commons.

It requires no 'resolution' of the House of Commons to constitute the people's chamber the 'predominant' branch of the legislature. The facts of the case, the conditions of the age in which we live, make it so, notwithstanding that in ancient constitutional theory the two Houses may have been of equal authority. It is for this reason that whatever interest may attach to the present position of the House of Lords, or to future modifications of its constitution, or to any rearrangement between the Houses of their proper functions, infinitely greater importance must always attach to the maintenance of the high character and the reputation of the House of Commons itself. If of late the energies of that House have not been directed to high ends under the guidance of patriotic statesmanship, if its existence is now to be prolonged in the sole interest of party electioneering, far more is being done to weaken its authority with the public, and therefore indirectly to increase relatively the respect of the public for the other branch of the legislature, than can

be redressed by half a dozen resolutions of the House of Commons reciting its own 'predominance.' The truth is, that in spite of Lord Rosebery's 'resolution,' and in spite of all the present talk about the House of Lords, the real question of the day which concerns Englishmen is the character, the conduct, and the independence of the House of Commons.

Let us return to the Bradford speech. The Prime Minister assured the country that he was proposing a greater measure than the Reform Act of 1832.

'You have to deal with a question of the revision of the entire constitution. You have to deal with two out of the three estates of the realm. You have to deal with a Council which has survived many centuries and many storms, and which has existed up till now, partly from the disinclination of the English people to constitutional change, and partly also owing, perhaps, to the personal popularity and ability of some of its members. This is a great thing to undertake. . . . You are entering upon a great campaign, and if you give the seal of your consent to an entrance upon that campaign it will not be an affair of rose water. You must be prepared to take off your waistcoats, not merely your coats. You must be prepared to gird up your loins, and if you once put your hands to the plough you must take a solemn resolution that you will not look back. Well, gentlemen, to some great issues like this, to some grievances, there is an obvious remedy. The misfortune of this grievance and this issue is that the remedy is not obvious within the limits of the constitution. You can only deal with the House of Lords, with the powers of the House of Lords, by a Bill passed through both Houses. Anything but that is, constitutionally speaking, a revolution—is overriding the Chamber of Parliament against its own will, without legislation passed by its own consent.'

By applying these principles Lord Rosebery shows that the House of Lords can be abolished, or a limitation put upon what has been called its right of veto, only with its own consent. Besides, as he pertinently asks, what is the use of withdrawing from the House of Lords the power of rejecting Bills, if full power is left of amending them? If, again, no power of restraining or revising legislation is left to the House of Lords, what is the use of maintaining that institution at all? Lord Rosebery had already assured his audience that he was 'a second chamber man' in principle. 'I am all for a second chamber. I am not for the uncontrolled government of a single chamber any more than I am for the uncontrolled government of a single man. The temptation of absolute power is too great for any man or any body of men.' And then the door is left open: 'If I am asked to

'choose between no second chamber at all and a second chamber constituted as the House of Lords is, I will not make any choice before this assembly. But I will say that there is ground for hesitation with regard to my principle.' Lord Rosebery's predecessor in office could not have more carefully provided for a change of front.

What, then, is the proposal of the Prime Minister? It is, in the first instance, 'to bring the House of Commons into play.' The Government will move the House of Commons to pass a resolution declaring, in clear and peremptory terms, that the House of Commons in the partnership with the House of Lords is unmistakeably the 'predominant partner.' The Cabinet have to 'frame a resolution which will assert the privileges of the House of Commons as against the irresponsible control of the House of Lords.' That is to say, the House of Commons is to declare it a breach of its privileges for the House of Lords to reject the second reading of Bills coming to it from the Commons! This is to make a declaration contrary to fact, a proceeding which will not add fresh lustre to the House of Commons. This is not the assertion of privileges or the maintenance of rights, but an attempt to usurp authority not given to it by the constitution. The claim to be made by the House of Commons means either nothing at all, or means that the whole authority of Parliament is vested in itself.

At Glasgow Lord Rosebery enlarged still further on the subject of the House of Lords, and once more, in the most explicit language, declared that 'he at any rate would have no part or parcel in leaving this country to the sole disposition of a single chamber.' He was, however, careful to explain 'that he was speaking as a man and not as a Minister,' and that he did not wish to pledge others who held a different opinion. In his view 'the question of a second chamber is sufficiently remote. . . . It is not, at any rate, present to our hand. What we have to deal with at present is not the formation or the reform of a second chamber, but the adjustment of the relations of the two chambers which exist, so that the will of the popular chamber shall be made plainly and manifestly predominant.' This, he repeated, is to be accomplished by the resolution of the House of Commons—'a resolution which we can all combine and unite in, whether we favour a second chamber or not.'

The Prime Minister has reminded the country that the

question of a reformed Upper Chamber is no new question with him. To it he has devoted years of anxious study, and the main outlines of the reforms he has desired have been explained in previous years to the House of Lords itself. On March 19, 1888, he brought the subject very fully before the Peers in moving for the appointment of a select committee to take into consideration the composition of their own House of Parliament. Lord Rosebery's speech on that occasion deserves to be very carefully weighed by all who desire to preserve in our Parliamentary system an effective second chamber. It was his object, he said, to improve the House of Lords. He would remove from it elements which diminished the public respect for it. He would add other elements which seemed likely to bring it wisdom and strength. Out of the whole hereditary peerage, including the Scotch and Irish peerages, let a fixed number of peers be elected to serve in the House of Lords, as is done at present with regard to the peerages of Scotland and Ireland, introducing, however, some system of minority representation. Let Peers be created for life. Let a certain number of Lords of Parliament be chosen by the more important of the town councils and county councils, and let representatives of the larger colonies be admitted. He did not greatly fear that a deadlock would arise between an improved House of Lords and the House of Commons; and he suggested that difficulties of this sort might be provided against by requiring both chambers under certain circumstances to defer to the decision of the two combined. Lord Rosebery did not profess to have elaborated a perfect scheme, and his proposals were as definite as could reasonably be asked from a Peer in a private position who was calling for the appointment of a committee, and not promulgating a Reform Bill of his own. The criticisms made upon the existing system, and the suggestions thrown out for improving it, were in tone statesmanlike. He utterly repudiated the notion of a Parliament constituted of a single chamber, associating himself with the doctrine of Mr. John Stuart Mill, that two chambers were essential, 'so that neither of them may be exposed to the corrupting influence of undisputed power even for a single year.'

Only a week after Lord Rosebery's speech at Glasgow we find Mr. Asquith at Birmingham* enforcing with some vigour his leader's observation that in advocating a reformed House

* November 21, 1894.

of Lords the latter was speaking 'as a man,' and certainly not at all 'as a Minister.' The drift of the speech of the Home Secretary is unmistakeable. He advocates a single-chamber Parliament. He scoffs at Lord Rosebery's long list of nations whose experience has led them to prefer the double chamber. He pours ridicule upon Lord Rosebery's own projects of introducing an elective element into the House of Lords. To think of reforming the Upper Chamber, of bringing its constitution and composition into greater harmony with the sentiments of the day, of making it more fit to perform the duty for which a second chamber exists, he denounces as mere 'Toryism.'

'You can already see that a new constitution is on the stocks. By an adroit manipulation of the processes of election and selection, by a judicious mixture of new blood with blue blood, they' (those wicked 'Tories') 'hope to produce something a little more presentable to the electorate of Great Britain.' Mr. Asquith has a habit—not a little amusing to those whose attachment to Liberal principles dates from a period anterior to the last half-dozen years—of defining *ore rotundo* the principles of the Liberal party. On this occasion he was discussing 'Toryism,' and in so doing he has withdrawn from his own party the possibility of associating itself with one more practical reform, a reform which has been the lifelong study and the dearest object of the Prime Minister, the leader of his own party. Unless Lord Rosebery can bring himself not merely to 'speak as a Minister,' but sometimes also to act 'as a man,' neither his cleverness nor his eloquence will make him more than the figure-head of an Administration which he is not strong enough to lead. Mr. Asquith would not have thus turned and rent the long-cherished policy of his chief had he been the subordinate of a Lord Palmerston or of a Lord John Russell.

Let us turn to a still more recent deliverance of the Prime Minister—his speech at Devonport—to discover, if we can, a little more light upon the policy of her Majesty's Government. 'All Prime Ministers ought,' he tells us, 'to be able to speak in the House of Commons.' As Lord Rosebery can hardly mean that he ought not to be Prime Minister he must mean that Peers, or at least some Peers, are to be eligible to sit in the House of Commons. This, then, is part of his plan, and so far it will claim the approval of Lord Wolmer, Mr. George Curzon, and other expectant Peers. But it is entirely premature, he tells his party, to

propose, or to ask for, or even to imagine a plan for putting our Parliamentary constitution upon a better footing. The country is to work for a revolution without having the remotest conception of what it wants.

Statesmanship such as this should be allowed to speak for itself.

‘Remember, in the first place, then, we have nothing to do with the constitution of the House of Lords. We cannot touch it without the consent of the House of Lords. We cannot even pass a Bill of any kind through Parliament without the consent of the House of Lords, and therefore it never entered into our heads to touch the constitution of the House of Lords. We find the House of Lords as it stands, we find the House of Commons as that stands, and we desire, as the most practical way of effecting the object we have in view, so to readjust the relations of the present House of Commons to the present House of Lords that the deliberate will of the House of Commons shall not be overborne by the action of the House of Lords. In our opinion, the time has come when the right of the House of Lords to oppose an absolute veto on the wishes or the legislation of the House of Commons should for ever cease.’

The means are

‘a mandate from the country to deal with that question by passing a resolution through the House of Commons which shall declare and give effect to what I have said on our policy in that matter. When we have obtained our mandate—I will not say now the exact course we shall pursue, because we must have our hands free; but we shall be prepared to state that course, subject to the limitations I have expressed, at the proper time to the proper tribunal, and that is the House of Commons.’

Thus, then, it is the relations between the two Houses that are to be changed. And how? By a resolution of the House of Commons! Lord Rosebery is astounded that ‘some gentlemen have discovered in the Government an intention to reform the House of Lords. Well, I cannot conceive on what that theory is based.’ We venture to tell Lord Rosebery that that theory was based on the belief that the present Prime Minister was a serious statesman, and that weight deserved to be attached to his own words. The study of a life is now forgotten. A general election is in sight. Mr. Asquith thinks that the reform of the House of Lords is a Tory ‘cry,’ and the Prime Minister must follow at his heels.

We have quoted enough, and more than enough, of speeches whose great end is to shirk all real political discussion of the merits of ‘constitutional revision.’ The existing ‘relations’ between the Houses of Parliament to

which the Ministry object are the powers of the House of Lords to reject and amend Bills coming from the House of Commons. No resolution of the House of Commons can affect these powers. The consent of the House of Lords to proposals to limit the authority of the House of Lords is, of course, as much required as its consent to legislation.

The great question for the country to consider, but which the 'Liberal' party is told not to meddle with, lest it should breed dissension in its ranks, is whether or not there should reside in the House of Commons an absolutely unchecked power of legislation. To ask for a majority in order that Lord Rosebery and Mr. Asquith and their colleagues may 'revise the constitution,' or carry out 'their tremendous 'revolution' on such lines as seem good to them, resembles rather the invitation issued by democratic tyrants of a Bonapartist type for the support of a *plébiscite* than the proceedings of constitutional statesmen.

It is not difficult to foresee the result of the differences of opinion amongst Lord Rosebery's followers. Some are in favour of reforming, others are in favour of abolishing, the House of Lords. The Prime Minister says that in the meantime this is quite a secondary consideration, and he asks from a majority *carte blanche* to 'revise the constitution.' Those who are for 'ending' the second chamber speak out; those who are for 'mending' it keep silent or speak in whispers, lest their words should injure the party. It is only 'as a man,' in the singularly inappropriate phrase of Lord Rosebery, that the Prime Minister alludes to his life-long convictions on a matter of 'remote importance.' Mr. Asquith takes him at his word. Mr. Labouchere and Sir Charles Dilke are single-chamber men. They boast of it on every occasion. Sir William Harcourt, the Leader of the House of Commons, to whose charge is to fall some day the duty of moving the 'tremendous' resolution, as yet says absolutely nothing, but perhaps thinks the more. Mr. Bryce, who has thought deeply and written wisely on the American constitutions, and whose words should weigh, seems for a second time ready to make the best of the inevitable. Once Home Rule was inevitable, and Mr. Bryce found comfort in the reflection that it answers admirably in Iceland. The single-chamber system exists, Lord Rosebery reminds us, in Andorra, a village in the Pyrenees, in Montenegro, and in one or two other States. Englishmen, however, who are not fatalists will reject the proposed revision of the constitution as they rejected the

last two revisions of 1886 and 1893, if its character does not commend itself to their common-sense. They remember that the present Cabinet were, with Mr. Gladstone, the authors of the Home Rule Bill of 1893, and that for these statesmen consequently no constitution that the wit of man could devise is too grotesquely absurd.

In the Ministry there are men who have shown themselves well qualified to perform the administrative business of their departments. Mr. Asquith, as Home Secretary, surpasses many of his predecessors in the possession of the qualities of judgement and firmness, so essential to the successful conduct of his office. Mr. Campbell Bannerman has won the good opinion of those interested in the proceedings of the War Office. Lord Spencer has shown zeal in the administration of the Navy. Lord Rosebery himself as Foreign Minister stood high in reputation with his countrymen. Lord Herschell is an excellent Lord Chancellor. Unfortunately some evil genius has persuaded statesmen who have shown capacity in their several spheres for serving the State usefully and well, that it is incumbent upon them to present the country with a new constitution. They have not been asked to do this. It is true that Mr. Parnell and his followers called for Home Rule. But upon Great Britain the Home Rule policy was forced from above through the instrumentality of party associations. How far the Ministry is competent to perform its self-imposed task of constitution-building was displayed to an astonished and mocking world in the measure of 1893. For the new revision of the constitution there has been even less call from the people than there was before 1886 for Home Rule. This revolution has been started and is to be worked from above. In the next Parliament the 'men of '93' are again to sit down to the business of constructing a new Parliamentary constitution, and of 'dealing with,' to use Lord Rosebery's phrase, 'two out of the three estates of the realm.'

If there is one characteristic which has always prevailed throughout the long history of English Parliamentary government it is this: Power has always been divided. Absolute authority has rested neither with a single individual nor with a single assembly, nor with a single order. The only exception in English history is in the case of the Long Parliament. The abolition of the House of Lords was quickly followed by the closing of the House of Commons, and the iron rule of personal absolutism for a time prevailed. Struggles for 'predominance' have been fought, but the

result hitherto has been to deny absolute authority to any single man or set of men.

Another characteristic of the developement of our constitutional system has been the steady adherence by our reforming statesmen to the main lines of the constitution. As time has gone on repairs have been made, adaptations have been introduced, here and there something has been added. But there has been no ruthless pulling down, and no successful attempt to erect a brand-new construction.

In these two respects we are invited to witness in modern English history a new departure. It is all-important to understand precisely what is intended by the Ministry in proposing to make the House of Commons 'predominant' in our Parliamentary system. They intend, they tell us, that its authority shall predominate over, that is over-ride, the power of the House of Lords to reject or amend the legislative proposals of the House of Commons. This new power the House of Commons is to give to itself, by the simple process of passing a resolution. But a legislative authority which of itself can increase its own powers to any extent, and which can define its own jurisdiction, is necessarily sole and absolute master of the State. If to the House of Commons for the time being belongs the power of making and repealing laws, unchecked by any other authority, it is evident that the most fundamental institutions of the kingdom, including the Monarchy itself, will be at the mercy of a chance majority.

It is in the very nature of party government that public confidence should oscillate between different sets of politicians, if not between opposing political principles. What in the party sense one House of Commons professes, is frequently, indeed generally, repudiated by the next. To give an absolute and unchecked power of legislating, so as to effect the permanent destinies of the nation, to a body probably representing only a temporary phase of public opinion is not wise statesmanship. Amongst the many Parliaments by which Anglo-Saxon nations, colonies, and States are governed, no system such as this is known. The list of single-chamber and double-chamber States given by Lord Rosebery at Glasgow provoked the scorn of his Home Secretary, nevertheless it deserves the consideration of all fair-minded men. There is, in truth, not one State in the world, governed upon the single-chamber system, which the people of any other State would think of taking as a model. Success has lain with the double-chamber system. In

countries more democratic in spirit than our own, it is freely recognised that the interests of the representatives of the people may easily be opposed to those of the people itself, and that the people require to be protected either by another chamber, or by their constitution, or by both, against their own representatives. The British House of Commons, as things stand, is far more 'predominant' in Parliament than is the House of Representatives in the legislatures of other nations. Practically it nominates and rules the Executive Government, and so long as it has the evident and continued support of the people, it is recognised as virtually supreme over important legislation. A Liberal or Conservative Prime Minister, the head of the executive, enjoying the confidence of the House of Commons, holds for the time being—that is, for the particular Parliament—a position of great, though not unlimited, power. He and the House of Commons form but a part of the constitution, and are not its absolute masters. The Parliamentary constitution of the kingdom belongs, it must never be forgotten, to the people. It is not the private property of the 670 gentlemen who at any particular moment occupy the benches of the House of Commons. These gentlemen are not the people. If rather they are trustees for the people, it would be strange that they should be given a free hand in resettling at their own pleasure the terms of the trust!

Where a written constitution exists, or some constitution deriving its powers from a higher authority than that of the existing legislature, the legislature, whether consisting of one chamber or of two, can be restrained within the limits of that constitution from which alone its own powers are derived. In England no such constitution exists. It is recognised that it is impossible to tie the hands of the British Parliament. If, then, we are to substitute the House of Commons for the Parliament, if resolutions passed by the Commons alone are to take the place of Acts of Parliament, the representatives of the people, instead of being, as in most democratic States, subject to the constitution or a part of it, will hold the constitution itself in the very hollow of their hands.

Once only in England have we had experience of a single-chamber Parliament. On May 19, 1649, the well-known Act was passed by that small remnant of the Long Parliament, which declared

'That the people of England, and of all the dominions and territories thereunto belonging, are, and shall be, and are hereby, constituted,

made, established, and confirmed to be a Commonwealth and Free State, and shall henceforth be governed as a Commonwealth and Free State by the supreme authority of this nation, the Representatives of the people in Parliament, and by such as they shall appoint and constitute Ministers for the good of the people, and that without any King or House of Lords.'

The last thing these gentlemen who declared that they represented the people intended was to give back their power to the people. On the contrary, they desired indefinitely to prolong their own authority. They were determined not to dissolve themselves, and it was only through the intervention of Cromwell's musketeers that they were at last dispersed.

Till the date of the Union Scotland was governed by a Parliament, consisting of a single chamber, in which the Estates sat and deliberated together. It was not, however, an assembly which could be regarded as a free Parliament till the restraint of the committee called the 'Lords of the Articles' was removed in the reign of William III. Moreover, no one acquainted with Scottish history would point to the ancient Parliamentary system of Scotland as one which it would be wise to imitate.

In the absence of a constitution superior to Parliament itself it is difficult to see how any efficient check can, in the interest of the people themselves, be put to the absolute authority of the House of Commons, except through the instrumentality of a second chamber. Lord Rosebery may use the word 'predominant;' Mr. Bryce may talk about 'clipping the wings of the House of Lords;' yet both intend that without an Act of Parliament the House of Commons should endow itself with authority to dispense with the consent of the House of Lords. This is, on the face of it, impossible. If fundamental changes are to be made in the constitution they can be made only by Act of Parliament. In the courts of law a resolution of the House of Commons conflicting with an Act of Parliament or with the customs of the realm is not worth the paper on which it is written. Even by the House of Commons itself very little respect is shown for the resolutions of its predecessors, sometimes even for its own.

One of the most remarkable instances of a House of Commons' resolution was when, in 1835, the Whigs defeated Sir Robert Peel on a motion declaring that the question of Irish tithes could not be settled unless an appropriation was made to certain secular purposes of surplus funds belonging to the Irish Church. The Whig Ministry, having acceded

to office, again led the House of Commons to affirm its previous resolution. The House of Lords threw out the appropriation clauses, and after prolonged discussions the Bill was passed into law without them. Here was a precedent precisely on all fours with such a resolution as Lord Rosebery proposes. 'It was passed at the instance and on 'the authority of the Government itself. . . . It represents 'the joint demands of the Executive Government of the 'day and of the House of Commons,' and so on. Yet the very same Government and the very same House of Commons departed from their own resolution, and abandoned the policy of appropriation. The bare resolution of the House of Commons was of itself of no effect whatever.

The language of Mr. Asquith and the weakness of the Prime Minister have combined to render of some importance the political views of Mr. Labouchere and Sir Charles Dilke. These members of Parliament are avowedly in favour of the entire abolition of the second chamber or of its authority; they naturally do not much care which. With Mr. Labouchere, however, the House of Commons, though it is to have absolute legislative authority in the State, is itself to be but the instrument of an outside force. Its present duty is to carry out the decree of the Leeds Conference. There spoke the Will of the People! He himself and Sir Wilfrid Lawson were, if we remember right, the best known statesmen who were present at that important gathering. Lord Rosebery and the House of Commons are to do as they are bid; and against this mischievous impudence not a colleague of Lord Rosebery—hardly one of his followers—ventures to protest. Indeed, the drift amongst the weak-kneed members of the majority of the House of Commons, a large proportion of any party, is unmistakeably towards 'ending' rather than 'mending' the second chamber. In the absence of vigorous leadership in an opposite direction this was to be expected. The gentle aspirations of Mr. Bryce and the pious opinions of Lord Kimberley are not calculated to inspire with courage the timid hearts of trembling members of Parliament. Is any 'Liberal' peer or member of Parliament prepared to make a stand for reforming rather than for abolishing the second chamber? If not they will, most of them, sooner or later, find themselves at the heels of Mr. Labouchere and Sir Charles Dilke, who have at least the courage to say what they want.

If, in the crisis of to-day, reform of the House of Lords

is to be tabooed by degenerate 'Liberals,' who find the expression of the highest political wisdom in the resolutions of the Conference at Leeds, it will still occupy the thoughts of men of a different stamp, of men by no means confined to any single political party in the State. Lord Rosebery, in 1888, used the language to which we have already referred. His speech was that of a statesman. On the eve of a general election, doubtless, the voice of the platform orator will ring more loudly in our ears. At the meetings of the one side, anyone acquainted with public meetings will feel sure that 'ending,' not 'mending,' will be the policy to draw cheers; whilst, at the public meetings of the other side, there will be scarcely any limit to the laudation of the incomparable qualities of the House of Lords. Parties will arrange themselves for the time on the side of the one House and on the side of the other; and it is much to be deplored that even for a time the two parties should identify themselves each with a different branch of the legislature. It is possible, and even probable, that at the present time the House of Lords is more popular than the House of Commons, owing to the great service which the former has recently rendered to the nation, and to the discredit into which the latter has, we trust only temporarily, fallen. Yet assuredly the time will come when the composition and the proper functions of a second chamber will have to be carefully thought out, and when a reform of the House of Lords will demand the earnest efforts of constructive statesmanship.

Whatever changes may come to pass in the character and constitution of our second chamber, its usefulness and success will always mainly depend upon the discretion and firmness of the statesmen who lead it. They must recognise the proper functions of a second chamber, which cannot, at the present day, exercise co-ordinate authority with the House of Commons. When the Duke of Devonshire invited the Peers to reject the Home Rule Bill, it was on the ground that that measure had not been approved by the people, and the subsequent action of the Government went far to prove that the belief of the Duke of Devonshire was also their own. No second chamber, however constituted, could, under the then existing circumstances, without proving its own uselessness, have passed that Bill into law. But, on the other hand, the days of vexatious and factious resistance by the Peers, such as occurred when, after the first Reform Bill Lord Lyndhurst led the House of Lords to

reject, or fatally to mutilate, every measure of reform that came to them, are gone for ever. It is said that the House of Lords remains an unreformed chamber, whilst the House of Commons is continually, by successive changes in its constitution, being brought to correspond with the changing necessities of the age. This is true so far as formal changes effected by law are meant, whether with regard to the composition or the functions of the House of Lords. It is, however, no less true that the reforms that have been passed for the House of Commons, and the change in the popular sentiments of the age, have modified very effectually the position which the House of Lords holds in the Parliamentary system, and have, consequently, very greatly modified its Parliamentary conduct. In the days of Lord Lyndhurst the Upper House made repeated stands in the cause of privilege and exclusiveness. In 1893 the Peers had no greater interest than their fellow-citizens in the maintenance of the Union with Ireland. The legislation of the last few years on the subject of Irish land shows how, even on matters deeply affecting the personal interests of their class, they are ready to bend to a House of Commons backed by public opinion. The Peers to-day boldly justify their action on the ground that they are protecting the right of the people to pronounce for themselves for or against measures of vast constitutional importance. The change of attitude of the second chamber from that of the years 1834-1841 is most striking.

In attempts to improve the House of Lords, we should make clear to ourselves what are the functions we wish the House of Lords to perform. It has to revise measures coming from the other House, to correct errors, and to repair omissions. It has, moreover, to guard the permanent interests of the nation against the rash action of the representatives of the people. The Union with Ireland has been upheld by the House of Lords against the House of Commons, and with, it is hardly now possible to doubt, the approval of the majority of the people. The Gladstonian partisan may censure the House of Lords; but every true Liberal who wishes the people to have the deciding voice on its own fate knows that the Peers were right.

Lord Rosebery, in a wiser spirit, approached, as we have seen, this question of reforming the House of Lords, in the years 1884 and 1888. His desire was to improve it, as a second chamber. The principal reasons which now detract from its usefulness are not far to seek. It is im-

possible to doubt that, with a very large part of the public, the fact that the House of Lords is founded upon the 'hereditary principle' lessens the estimation in which that House is held. It is far easier for the multitude to take an *à priori* view of the whole question, and to remark the want of apparent reason that exists in constituting a chamber of hereditary legislators, than to make a serious inquiry as to how the system works. We live in democratic days, and none of us are entirely free from the sentiments natural to democracy. In truth, it does seem absurd, on the face of it, to reward John Smith for services rendered to the nation, or to his party, by giving to him, and the heirs of his body, for ever, the privilege of taking a direct part in making laws for the British people. Peerages are nowadays given with an ever-increasing frequency. Pitt has been thought to have far exceeded proper limits in the number of his creations. But more Peers were created in the seven years 1880-87 than in the whole seventeen years of Pitt's administration. In these democratic days the pressure upon the Prime Minister for peerages is as great, nay greater, than ever. Indeed, elevation to the peerage is expected to prove the reward in more than one instance for joining in the clamour against the House of Lords! Peerages are given for many other reasons than those belonging to personal merit or distinction. A long purse which has been put at the disposal of party managers has lifted many a man to the hereditary chamber. Surely this is to approach within measurable distance to the sale and purchase of public honours. If creations are to proceed at an ever-increasing rate, that consideration alone will, before long, make it absolutely necessary to introduce changes into the second chamber. Yet, as a matter of fact, however recruited, whether by the 'accident of birth' or by fresh creations, the House of Lords does contain a very large proportion of members possessing high qualifications. As regards business qualities, its average probably compares favourably with the average of members of the House of Commons. We believe we are correct in stating that, as regards Private Bill committees, the Lords' committees enjoy greater confidence on the part of those who practise before them than do the committees of the representative House. In fact, the Lords' committees constitute in general the stronger tribunals. The peerage, it cannot be denied, is rich with elements which would add to the credit and renown of any assemblage of statesmen in

the world. Surely, then, there is much to be said for the plan proposed in 1888 by Lord Rosebery.

Another charge that is made against the House of Lords, though much exaggerated, is not entirely without foundation. It is accused of acting as a Tory committee rather than as a second chamber. This charge is largely based upon the indiscretions of the House of Lords two or three generations ago. Granted, however, that a principal function of the second chamber is to give time for consideration, to secure that sweeping and irrevocable changes should not be made without the deliberate approval of the people, it follows that it will generally be called into play against the party of rash reform and of reckless innovation. Out of excessive caution even moderate and well-considered reforms may temporarily be delayed, till the will of the people has become manifest; but this is hardly too high a price to pay for protection on other occasions against irremediable injury to the State. When, however, Mr. Asquith makes it a grievance that the House of Lords should not throw out 'Tory' reforms, when Lord Rosebery, having in his mind the treatment by the House of Lords of the Reform Bills of 1832, 1867, and 1884, complains that that chamber 'strains at the Liberal 'gnat, yet swallows the Conservative camel,' we are tempted to ask these statesmen whether they really think it wrong of the House of Lords to show deference to a practically unanimous House of Commons. It has often happened that what are called 'Tory' reforms, such as the establishment of County Councils, or of Free Education, are sent up to the House of Lords with far more than mere party approval, and as such they would naturally be treated with the utmost respect by any rational second chamber.

It is, then, its hereditary character, and its undue preference for the Conservative party, that constitute in the eyes of the Prime Minister the chief blemishes in our second chamber. These are the two faults which principally detract from its usefulness. Democratic sentiment being opposed to the hereditary chamber, the action of the House of Lords is too seldom judged upon its merits. The fact that that House has rejected a Bill gives it, with certain classes, additional popularity, and sometimes affords to the demagogue the very chance for which he has been longing. All this was well put to the House of Lords itself in 1888 by Lord Rosebery, who then proceeded to sketch out the various improvements he should like to see adopted. To these reference has already been made.

Like every English reformer who has preceded him, Lord Rosebery desired as far as possible to proceed upon the lines of the constitution, and to enlist in support of an improved chamber the sentiments which cling to the old one. By applying more largely the principle of selection, already practised amongst Scotch and Irish Peers, he would eliminate the 'black sheep,' he would secure the presence of the ablest and most industrious of the Peers, he would mitigate the effect of an unadulterated hereditary chamber, and he would prevent the rapid growth of the House of Lords to unwieldy dimensions. By the creation of life peerages additional ability and merit would be available to recruit the second chamber. By having recourse to the representative principle in the manner he suggested, the House would be kept in better touch with the varying popular sentiment of the country. Whether nominated, selected, or elected, let the members remain 'Lords of Parliament,' and let everything be done to retain the dignity of our historic second chamber, whilst we add to its usefulness by modernising its constitution.

Let us turn from the Prime Minister to his lieutenants. Mr. Asquith has been already quoted. Mr. Bryce is reported to have declared in a speech at Aberdeen * that 'any second chamber worth having' must be entirely elective, and based 'on the same suffrage as the House of Commons;' and that the hereditary element in the House of Lords must 'be entirely extinguished.' With Mr. Asquith our revolutionary Prime Minister is almost a Tory. With Mr. Bryce, the reform which Lord Rosebery has made a principal object of his career is 'not worth having.' Now, whatever may be thought of the precise remedies suggested by Lord Rosebery in 1888, it must be admitted that he approached a very difficult subject with a liberal and thoughtful mind, and in a serious and responsible spirit. Even men who do not agree with him can hardly deny that his speech in the House of Lords was the speech of a statesman. The jingle about 'selection and election,' about 'blue blood and new blood,' in which the Home Secretary indulged, is, of course, on a different level. The phrasemongering of one minister, the flattering of the House of Commons electorate by another minister, are but specimens, and rather good specimens in their way, of a platform oratory very common in these days. Imagine building a

* December 17, 1894.

second chamber upon election based upon precisely the same suffrage as that which is the foundation of the House of Commons! A man must be a member of Parliament, or, at least, a candidate, in order to do full justice to the wisdom and virtue possessed by the House of Commons electorate, and to desire to build up a second chamber upon that admirable foundation. Mr. Bryce, however, has twice been responsible, in 1886 and in 1893, for the construction of a second chamber based on principles which he denounces. Mr. Asquith has endeavoured to force through Parliament the application to Ireland of a double chamber legislature. Neither minister, therefore, need be taken too seriously. Yet surely the country has a right to look for words of greater wisdom and weight from Cabinet ministers even when 'on the stump.'

Without for one moment denying that great improvements are possible in the composition of the House of Lords, the important question remains--Are the people at the present moment really anxious to effect a grand revision of their constitution? To us it seems that there is no evidence of any feeling of the kind. The spectacle we are witnessing is that of a wirepullers' revolution only. There is no popular heart in it whatever. Home Rule British statesmen were sick to death of Home Rule. English and Scotch Home Rule members would not venture to face their constituents with their perfected scheme of 1893 in their hands. Yet it was essential that ministers should pose as strong Radicals; and hence the notable expedient was adopted of endeavouring to abolish the House of Lords as a stepping-stone, first of all to Home Rule, and then to whatever anyone else might be in want of. This is just the kind of advice that party managers who believe implicitly in the power of party machinery might be expected to give. Accordingly, in every quarter, caucuses have been set to work. Stump orators mouth about the 'hereditary principle.' Lords Spencer, Kimberley, and Tweedmouth address meetings. Lord Rosebery travels from Bradford to Devonport, from Glasgow to West Ham. Mr. Bryce and Mr. Asquith, Mr. Shaw-Lefevre and Mr. Fowler, are on the war-path. Yet the public will not catch fire. The revolution falls hopelessly and incurably flat.

Englishmen refuse to believe that English liberties are at the present time in real danger from the 'hereditary principle.' Indeed, there is much more danger to popular rights of self-government to be dreaded from the abuse of

the 'representative principle' than from any possible action of the House of Lords. Two or three Home Rule members of Parliament have lately explained to their constituents that in voting for the Home Rule Bill of 1893 they had no wish or intention that it should become law. They disapproved the Bill; but knowing that the House of Lords would reject it, they supported it in order to satisfy the pledges given by their party to its Irish allies. The House of Commons cannot thus act and at the same time retain the respect of the public. It is a contemptible doctrine that a member of Parliament surrenders conscience and individual judgement into the keeping either of a party whip or of some committee of his own constituents. Let those who believe that the representative system necessarily protects the rights and interests of the people look into the history of New York and Chicago. Democratic institutions and popular forms have again and again both in Europe and America been the machinery by which a self-interested few have captured power for themselves and riveted a tyranny upon the helpless and unorganised masses. The caucus and the political 'boss,' far more than the British peerage, put in jeopardy at the present day those rights of popular self-government of which Englishmen are justly proud.

Mr. Chamberlain understands better than most men how to gauge the real feeling of the public. He believes that the principal work which lies before our statesmen at the present time is very different in kind from that constitution-building to which our ministers inveterately turn. A socialistic spirit, largely uninstructed, and possessed with impossible ideals, has gained much influence with certain sections of the people. The declaration of the Trades Union Congress against the institution of private property, for that is what it came to, is evidence enough of the thoughtless recklessness with which men may be carried away. Mr. Chamberlain would, in the old fashion of Liberal statesmanship, encounter discontent and revolutionary projects with measures of amelioration and reform. The better and independent housing of the working classes, the provision of support for the aged and deserving poor, the regulation of the liquor traffic, the provision of compensation in all cases for accidents incurred during the course of employment—these are the subjects to which he is endeavouring to turn the active energies of English statesmanship. It is not necessary, as a preliminary step towards the objects he is seeking,

either to destroy the unity of the United Kingdom, or to sweep out of existence the House of Lords. The programme with which Mr. Chamberlain's name is connected is in striking contrast with those endless projects of taking to pieces and putting together again our complex constitution which fill the minds of ministers. His plans he puts before the country, asking for criticism, ready to give explanations, admitting to the full the necessity of threshing out in principle and detail schemes of such far-reaching importance. Can men doubt which of the two, Lord Rosebery or Mr. Chamberlain, is on the right tack?

Unfortunately Lord Rosebery (by no fault of his own) labours under two grave disqualifications for the exalted post he is supposed to fill. Unlike all his predecessors, he has never had the inestimable and indispensable advantage of the training in the House of Commons which brings a young minister, or even member, into direct contact with all the questions affecting the internal interests of the Empire, and subjects him to the rough school of debate. Nor has Lord Rosebery's brief official experience been of greater service to him. He has not passed through the gradations of office in various departments, in which the practice of government is to be learned. The Foreign Office is less in touch than any other with the domestic affairs of the country; its duties lie abroad; and Lord Rosebery, then wholly inexperienced, was placed for a few months at the head of it. The result is that no statesman who has been called upon to preside over the affairs of the Empire had ever acquired so small and imperfect an acquaintance with practical politics, or with the vast and varied duties of a Prime Minister. In the absence of administrative experience Lord Rosebery's imagination and ambition have been inflamed by visionary projects. Imperial Federation, Colonial extension, the dismemberment of the United Kingdom, the disestablishment of Churches, and the revision of the British constitution appear to him to be the legitimate objects of government. We say emphatically that such objects are unreal: they are the offspring of delusion or imposture; they are the mere pretences of a counterfeit revolution.

One thing is certain. The Unionist party must, upon the reassembling of Parliament, force the Ministry to declare itself. To announce a revolution, and then to hold it in suspense, may, for all we know, strike the mind of party managers and wire-pullers as a clever piece of electioneering.

It is, however, difficult to believe that the Cabinet will really take a course which would render so conspicuous the hollowness of their intentions. It is impossible to believe that Parliament can be kept from at once debating the revolution in its own fundamental constitution which the Queen's ministers have announced. The notion of carrying a Bill for the Disestablishment of the Church in Wales, or of passing a Reform Bill, or of otherwise occupying the House of Commons till the Ministry is advised that the right moment has come to proceed with a revolutionary resolution may surely be dismissed. For his own reputation's sake the Prime Minister will hardly so far trifle with Parliament and the country.

A general election is very near at hand. Should the Ministry obtain a majority, once more a new constitution will see the light. The constitution of 1895 or 1896 will take its place by the side of the constitutions of the years 1886 and 1893, and men will be able for the third time to wonder at the constructive genius of British statesmanship. There is, however, a good deal of common-sense in the British householder. Perhaps he has had enough of failure in the manufacturing of new constitutions, and will turn to statesmen who are prepared to make use of the one they have got to increase the welfare and happiness of the people.



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ART. I.—1. *Proceedings and Transactions of the Royal Society of Canada.* Vols. i.–xi. Montreal: 1892–1894.

2. *The History of Canada.* By W. KINGSFORD, LL.D., F.R.S.C. 7 vols. Toronto and London: 1887–1894.

3. *Parliamentary Procedure and Practice, with a Review of the Origin, Growth, and Operation of Parliamentary Institutions in Canada.* By J. G. BOURINOT, C.M.G., D.C.L. Second Edition. Montreal: 1892.

4. *Proceedings of the Colonial Conference, held at Ottawa, Canada, from June 28 to July 9, 1894.* Ottawa: 1894.

IN an address presented a few months ago to the Governor-General, Lord Aberdeen, the Royal Society of Canada—a national institution composed of literary and scientific men drawn, for the most part, from the universities, colleges, and learned bodies of the Dominion—made a very appropriate reference to the important services rendered by such men as Lord Sydenham, Lord Elgin, Lord Dufferin, the Marquis of Lorne, and other distinguished representatives of ‘that Sovereign whose reign best illustrates the genius of the English race, and is coincident with that admirable system of government under which Canada has attained her present favourable position among the communities of the world.’ These words emphatically state an historic truth. No one will deny that the most important feature of the present reign has been—not the victories won by Great Britain in foreign wars, for these are but insignificant compared with those of other times; not triumphs in diplomacy, for they have not been remarkable; not even success in literature, for more lasting fame has been probably won by

writers of other periods; not the extraordinary expansion of commerce and wealth which has resulted from the evolution of sound economic ideas, national enterprise, and scientific discovery. No, assuredly the most significant and enduring achievement of the reign has been the economic, intellectual, and political developement of those prosperous communities which form the colonial empire of the British Isles. We have had quite recently some evidence of the remarkable growth, and the imperial aspirations of these countries, in the Conference that has been held, in the political capital of the Dominion, of delegates from eight free self-governing colonies in Australasia, South Africa, and America, who came together for the express purpose of discussing questions which not merely affect their own peculiar and sectional interests, but touch nearly the unity and integrity of the empire at large. Such a conference was not only an evidence of colonial expansion and ambition, but an acknowledgement of the importance of Canada in the councils of the wide imperial domain of England, since it was not in London, but under the shadow of her own Parliament buildings, that colonists met in conference. The fact that such a conference was possible in the year of grace 1894 is the most expressive testimony that could be borne to the success of the colonial policy of a reign which has given 'so 'admirable a system of government,' not merely to Canada, but to all those colonies that have attained so 'favourable a 'position among the communities of the world.'

We purpose in the present paper to give a brief historic retrospect of the position Canada occupied at the time when her Majesty ascended the throne, and to compare it with that the Dominion now holds as a federation of seven provinces and organised territories extending from the Atlantic to the Pacific Ocean. No one will gainsay Canada's pre-eminence among the dependencies when we consider how much she has done in fifty years, despite the enormous difficulties that have stood in the way of her progress on account of the rivalry of a great republican Power on her borders for three thousand miles, which has drawn away from her the wealth and population of Europe, and also a large number of Canadians from year to year up to a very recent period. In this review it is necessary to refer briefly to some leading features of Canadian history. In these days, when Englishmen have learned at last to take an interest in colonial questions—to recognise the fact that lessons may be learned from even colonial history and colonial states-

manship—we feel no apology need be made to our readers if we ask them to give their attention for a few minutes to a short account of the political evolution of the Canadian federation, which has already passed beyond the first quarter of a century of its existence. In this record we shall see what elements of stability this federation possesses, even when compared with that great Power to the south whose remarkable developement has been among the most interesting features of the century now so near its close.

Both England and France entered about the same time on a career of colonisation in North America. Champlain was already encamped with his little band of settlers on the picturesque heights of Quebec* when the Pilgrim Fathers landed on the rock-bound coast of New England. Then, for a century and a half, the colonies of England and France struggled for the mastery. The sturdy independence of the English colonists, accustomed to think and act for themselves, left as a rule to govern themselves in accordance with the free instincts of Englishmen, was in decided contrast with the subserviency of the French colonists, kept constantly in trammels by the king and his ministers, who were always opposed to the merest semblance of local self-government. Under the influence of the freedom they enjoyed, and the energy and enterprise peculiar to a commercial and maritime people, the English colonists, who inhabited a relatively narrow strip of territory from Maine to Carolina, soon outnumbered the population of the struggling community that dwelt on the banks of the St. Lawrence.

In the history of the French Canadian there is much to interest us. His patient endurance, his fidelity to his country, his adventurous life in the wilderness of the West, afford themes for poetry, history, and romance. The struggles of Champlain, the adventures of La Salle in the valley of the Mississippi, the exploits of the *coureurs de bois* and gentlemen-adventurers on the rivers and among the forests, the efforts of Frontenac and other French governors to found a new France on the continent, have already found in Francis Parkman an eloquent and faithful historian. France dreamed once of founding a mighty empire which would stretch from the island of Cape Breton, or Ile Royale, through the valleys of the St. Lawrence, the Ohio, and the Mississippi to the Gulf of Mexico, and of eventually having

* Champlain arrived at Quebec (Stadaconé) on July 3, 1608, and laid the foundations of the picturesque town.

the supremacy in North America; but the genius of Pitt relieved the English colonists of the fears they entertained with reason when they saw a cordon of forts stretching from Louisbourg to the heights of Quebec, to Champlain, Niagara, and the forks of the Ohio. With the fall of Quebec and Montreal in 1759-60, France left the New World to England, and of all her former possessions she now retains only some insignificant islands off the southern coast of Newfoundland, where her fishermen continue to prosecute the fisheries as they did centuries ago before a European had founded a settlement in Canada. The conflict with France had done much to restrain the spirit of self-assertion among the English colonists, and to keep them dependent upon England; but at the same time it had shown them their power, and taught them to have much more confidence in their own resources as a people. The capture of the formidable fortress of Louisbourg, one of the triumphs of Vauban's engineering skill, by the New England volunteers under Pepperrell and the fleet under Warren, was the principal incident in their history which showed the people their strength, and nerved them to enter into what must have seemed to many a hopeless struggle with England. The fall of Quebec may be considered the first step in the direction of the independence of the old English colonies.

When the War of Independence was over, Canada was only a sparsely settled country, in which the French Canadians were very largely in the majority. In Nova Scotia, New Brunswick, and Prince Edward Island there was a small English population, chiefly composed of United Empire loyalists.* A considerable number of the same class came over from the United States, and settled in the eastern townships of French or Lower Canada—now Quebec—and in the province of Upper or Western Canada, now Ontario. During the War of Independence the French Canadians resisted all attempts that were made to induce them to unite their fortunes with the revolted colonies. The British Government and Parliament had seen the necessity of conciliating the conquered people, and had passed in 1774 what is known as the Quebec Act,† which gave additional

* In 1784 there were in Upper Canada 10,000 United Empire loyalists; in Nova Scotia and New Brunswick, 20,000. In 1790 the population of Canada was 161,311, of whom 120,000 were French.

† Imperial Statute, 14 George III. c. 83.

guarantees to that nationality for the security of their property and the preservation of their language, religion, and institutions. Owing in a great measure to this conciliatory policy, and to the efforts of the priests, who have always been firm friends of British rule, the French people of Lower Canada remained faithful to the king of England, and the history of those times records the death of the brave Montgomery and the defeat of his troops, who invaded Canada and besieged Quebec, under the delusion that the province would be an easy conquest as soon as the invaders set foot within its limits.

With the settlement of Upper Canada by the loyalists and the English population that subsequently flowed into the country, it was thought advisable to establish two provinces, in which the French and English elements would be kept separate and distinct.* With the light that experience has given us in these later times, it was a great mistake, in the opinion of many statesmen, to have isolated the races, and, by hedging in the French at the very commencement of their history, to have prevented the gradual absorption of all nationalities into one great English-speaking people. Parliament formed a legislature for each province, and wished the people of Canada 'God speed' in the new experiment of government on which they were entering. No doubt can exist as to the sincerity and good wishes of the English statesmen of those days, but it cannot be said they always built with wisdom. In the first place, they erected a structure of provincial government which was defective at its very foundation. There was an entire absence of institutions of local government in French Canada—of that system which, from the earliest period in the history of the old English colonies, enabled them to manage their local affairs. May it not be said with truth that England herself has received no more valuable heritage than that system of local self-government which, cumbrous and defective as it may have become in the course of centuries, can be traced back to those free institutions in which lay the germs of English liberty and parliamentary government?

But in Canada there was no semblance of township or parish government as in New England or even in Virginia. The people of Canada were called upon to manage the affairs of a state before they had learned those elements of

* Constitutional Act, 1791, or 31 Geo. III. c. 31.

government which necessarily existed in the management of the local affairs of every community, whether it were town, township, or village. It was, indeed, surprising that a people like the French Canadians, unaccustomed to parliamentary institutions or local self-government in its most elementary form, should in the early stages of their legislative history have shown so much discretion. As a matter of fact, they discharged their functions for a while with prudence, and set to work to understand the principles on which their system of government rested. For some years the machinery of government worked fairly enough, and the public men of both provinces passed much useful legislation. The war of 1812-1815, in which Canada performed her part with credit, in a measure prevented any outbreak of political conflict, since all classes of people recognised the necessity of uniting at such a crisis to defend their homes and country. But when peace was proclaimed and the legislatures were relieved from the pressure that the war had brought upon them, the politicians again got the upper hand. The machinery of government became clogged, and political strife convulsed the country from one end to the other. An 'irrepressible conflict' arose between the Government and the governed classes, especially in Lower Canada. The people, who in the days of the French *régime* were without influence and power, had learned under their new system, defective as it was in essential respects, to get a very correct insight into the operation of representative government as understood in England.

They found they were governed, not by men responsible to the legislature and the people, but by governors and officials who controlled both the executive and legislative councils. If there had always been wise and patient governors at the head of affairs, or if the Imperial authorities could always have been made aware of the importance of the grievances laid before them, or had understood their exact character, the difference between the Government and the majority of the people's representatives might have been arranged satisfactorily. But, unhappily, military governors like Sir James Craig only aggravated the dangers of the situation, and gave demagogues new opportunities for exciting the people. The Imperial authorities, as a rule, were sincerely desirous of meeting the wishes of the people in a reasonable and fair spirit, but, unfortunately for the country, they were too often ill-advised and ill-informed in those days of slow communication, and public discontent was allowed to seethe until it burst forth in a dangerous form.

In all the provinces, but especially in Lower Canada, the people saw their representatives practically ignored by the governing body, their money expended without the authority of the legislature, and the country governed by irresponsible officials. A system which gave little or no weight to public opinion, as represented in the House elected by the people, was necessarily imperfect and unstable; and the natural result was a deadlock between the legislative council, controlled by the official and governing class, and the body elected by the people. The governors necessarily took the side of the men whom they had themselves appointed, and with whom they were acting. In the maritime provinces, in the course of time, the governors made an attempt to conciliate the popular element by bringing in men who had influence in the Assembly, but this was a matter entirely within their own discretion. The system of government was generally worked in direct contravention to the principle of responsibility to the majority in the popular House. Political agitators had abundant opportunities for exciting popular passion. In Lower Canada, Papineau—an eloquent but impulsive man, having rather the qualities of an agitator than those of a statesman—led the majority of his compatriots. For years he contended for a legislative council elected by the people, for it is curious to note that none of the men who were at the head of the popular party in Lower Canada ever recognised the fact, as did their contemporaries in Upper Canada, that the difficulty would be best solved, not by electing an Upper House, but by obtaining an executive which would only hold office while supported by the majority of the representatives in the people's House.* In Upper Canada the Radical section of the Liberal party was led by Mr. W. Lyon Mackenzie, who fought vigorously against what was generally known as the 'Family Compact,' which occupied all the public offices and controlled the government. In the two provinces these two men at last precipitated a rebellion, in which blood was shed and much property destroyed,† but which never reached any very extensive proportions. In the maritime province, however, where the public grievances were of less magnitude, the

* Lord Durham's Report, p. 47.

† The rebellion in Lower Canada broke out in 1837. Sir John Colborne was in chief command of the forces, and soon quelled the rebellion. In Upper Canada, Sir F. Bond Head was Lieutenant-Governor, and the attempt at rebellion broke out in December, 1837.

people showed no sympathy with the rebellious elements of the upper provinces. The agitation for responsible government in those colonies was led by Mr. Joseph Howe, who in the course of his public life was always animated by truly loyal British feelings, and was never influenced by passion to step beyond the limits of legitimate constitutional agitation.

Such was the political situation in Canada when Queen Victoria ascended the throne on June 20, 1837. If we survey the general condition of things in those troublous times, the prospect was not encouraging. The total population of the two provinces did not exceed 1,000,000 souls, of whom nearly one-half were French Canadians. Trade and commerce were quite paralysed by the political discontent which had existed for years, and had already broken out into rebellion. The value of the whole trade of British North America—that is, of the imports and exports in the aggregate—was about 5,000,000*l*. The principal trade was in fish and lumber, for the export of which a considerable number of vessels was yearly built in the maritime provinces. Not more than four or five banks existed, and none of them had a large capital except the old bank of Montreal, which has always been the most important monetary institution of this continent.

The total revenue at this time did not exceed 140,000*l*., and in more than one province the revenue was insufficient to meet the legitimate expenses required for public works and other necessary improvements. In Upper Canada the situation was extremely serious. In consequence of the construction of public works, commenced in the infancy of the colony, a debt of 1,000,000*l* had been accumulated when the whole revenue did not reach 60,000*l*., and was inadequate to pay the interest. A financial crisis in the United States had led the banks to suspend specie payments, and aggravated the difficulties of the commercial situation in Canada. The banks of Lower Canada found it necessary to follow the example of similar institutions in the American republic; though those of the upper province, to their credit, successfully tided over the crisis, and materially lessened the weight of financial embarrassment. The total production of wheat was not beyond 5,000,000 bushels, of which nearly four-fifths at that time was raised in French Canada. The French *habitants* carried on their agricultural operations with little energy or skill, and, from their ignorance of the system of the rotation of crops and of the

true principles of farming, were rapidly impoverishing the soil, so that in the course of a few years their wheat crop diminished, and its quality became more inferior. Their farms were on the banks of the St. Lawrence—deep, narrow strips—and their houses were crowded as near the river as possible, as affording the most satisfactory means of communication in early times between the settlements. The most noteworthy buildings were those belonging to the Roman Catholic Church, which then, as now, dominated the province. The system of land tenure in French Canada was not one calculated to stimulate industry and develop the country. In early days the seigniorial tenure, established by Richelieu with the idea of founding a Canadian *noblesse* and encouraging settlement, had had some advantages. It was the feudal system modified to suit the circumstances of a new country. It made the *seigneur* and the *habitant*, or *censitaire*, equally interested in the cultivation of the soil. The dues and obligations under which the *censitaire* held his land were in early times by no means onerous. The *seigneur* was obliged to cultivate and settle certain portions of his land at the risk of losing it within a fixed period, a penalty frequently enacted under the French *régime*. He had to erect a mill for the grinding of grain raised in the district, a great convenience to the *habitants* in early times.

But the system grew to be burdensome as the country became more populous. The seigniorial exactions were found more troublesome, and the difficulties that arose in connexion with the disposal of lands in the numerous seigniories gradually retarded settlement and enterprise in the province. In fact, the system under which lands were granted throughout Canada was not adapted to the encouragement of settlement. With the view, probably, of establishing a State Church, the Imperial Government had by the Act of 1791 granted large reserves, which were in the hands of the Church of England, and much discontent had consequently arisen among other Protestant denominations. Large tracts had also been set apart for loyalists and military men in different parts of the province. The natural consequence of this extravagance was that some of the most valuable districts of Upper Canada were kept idle and profitless for many years. The little island of Prince Edward had been nearly all granted away by ballot to a few landlords in a single day, and until very recent times its progress was retarded by a land question which

always created much discontent and prevented settlement. The means of communication in each province were very inferior, in the absence of any liberal system of municipal institutions, and in consequence of the large districts owned by absentee proprietors or by the Church. If a road or bridge was required in Lower Canada, it was necessary to apply to the legislature. Things were a little better in Upper Canada, where there was a system of local taxation which, imperfect as it was, enabled the people in a county to make minor improvements. Montreal, Quebec, Halifax, St. John, and Toronto were the only towns of importance, and the population of the first—then, as now, the commercial metropolis of British North America—did not exceed 40,000; while their aggregate population probably reached 120,000 souls. The streets of all of them were either ill-lighted or left in darkness, and without pavements.

The public buildings, as a rule, had no architectural pretensions. A few colleges and grammar schools had been established, where the sons of the well-to-do classes could obtain an excellent classical and English education for those times. The religious communities of Lower Canada at an early period in the history of the country had established institutions where the youth of both sexes could receive certain educational advantages. But the State had not in any degree intervened successfully in the establishment of a system of popular education.

The whole public expenditure for common and district schools in Upper Canada was a little above 8,000*l.* a year, and these schools were very inferior in every respect. The masters in many cases in this province—to which we refer especially, since now it stands above all others in the character of its educational progress—were ill-paid, ill-educated men who, having failed in other pursuits, resorted to teaching as their last hope. Many of them were illiterate citizens of the United States, who brought anti-British ideas into the country, and taught their pupils out of American textbooks, in which, of course, prominence was given to American history and institutions. In 1838-9 there were in all the public and private schools of British North America only some 92,000 young people out of a total population of 1,440,000 souls, or about one in fifteen. The administration of justice in all the provinces, except in Lower Canada, was on the whole satisfactory for a new country, where the highest judicial talent was not always available. In the French section there was a lamentable want of efficiency in

the courts, and an absence of confidence in the mode in which the law was administered. At times there was a decided failure of justice in criminal cases, owing to the complexion of the juries. In certain cases where political or national feeling was aroused, a jury was not likely to convict even in the face of the clearest evidence of crime. English and French Canadians divided in the jury box according to their nationalities. While the judges of the highest courts were generally distinguished for learning and fairness, the justices of peace were chosen without any regard to their character or ability to try the ordinary petty causes which fell within their jurisdiction. In all the cities and towns the police arrangements were notoriously defective. Immigration was rapidly falling off, owing principally to the distracted state of the country, but also to the mode of transportation. Those were days when the vessels that made voyages to Canada were literally laden with disease and misery. In the overcrowded, ill-ventilated, and ill-equipped vessels that annually sailed up the St. Lawrence, death was ever stalking among the half-starved, unhappy people who had left their wretched homes in the Old World to incur the horrors of the holds of the pest-ship, from which for years had been ascending the cries of the martyred emigrant.

No feature of the aspect of things in Canada gave greater reason for anxiety than the attitude of the French and English peoples towards each other. The very children in the streets were formed into French and English parties. As in the courts of law and in the legislature, so it was in social and everyday life—the French Canadian in direct antagonism to the English Canadian. Many among the official and governing class, composed almost exclusively of English, were still too ready to consider the French Canadians as inferior beings, and not entitled to the same rights and privileges in the government of the country. It was a time of passion and declamation, when men of fervid eloquence, like Papineau, could have aroused the French like one man, if they had had a little more patience and judgement, and had not been ultimately thwarted by the efforts of the priests, who, in all national crises, have intervened on the side of reason and moderation, and in the interests of British connexion, which they have always felt has been favourable to the continuance and security of their religious institutions. Lord Durham in his memorable Report on the condition of Canada, has summed up very expressively the nature of the conflict in the French province. ‘I expected,’ he said, ‘to

‘find a contest between a government and a people; I found
‘two nations warring in the bosom of a single state; I found
‘a struggle, not of principles, but of races.’

Amid the gloom that overhung Canada in those times, there was one gleam of sunshine for England. Although discontent and dissatisfaction generally prevailed among the people on account of the manner in which the government was administered, and of the attempts of a minority to engross all power and influence, yet there was still a sentiment in favour of British connexion, and the annexationists were relatively few in number. Sir Francis Bond Head understood this well when he depended on the militia to crush the outbreak in the upper province, and Joseph Howe, the eminent leader of the popular party, uniformly asserted that the people of Nova Scotia were determined to preserve the integrity of the Empire at all hazards. As a matter of fact, the majority of the leading men, outside of the minority led by Papineau, Nelson, and Mackenzie, had a conviction that England was animated by a desire to act considerably with the provinces, and that little good would come from precipitating a conflict which would only add to the public misfortunes, and that the true remedy was to be found in constitutional methods of redress for the political grievances which undoubtedly existed throughout British North America.

We have endeavoured to summarise as briefly as possible the actual state of affairs in the first years of the Queen’s reign. It was a most critical time in the career of the Canadian provinces. Had the British Government been prepared to act with haste or temper, the consequences would have been fatal to the provinces; but they acted throughout the whole with much discretion, and recognised the fact at the outset that mistakes had been made in the past, and that it was quite clear that the people of Canada would not be satisfied with a mere semblance of representative government. The mission of Lord Durham, who came to Canada as Governor-General in 1838, was a turning point in the political and social developement of the British North American colonies. Whatever may be the opinion held as to the legality of the course he pursued with respect to the rebels—a number of whom he banished from the country without even a form of trial—there can be no doubt as to the discretion and wisdom embodied in his Report, of which Mr. Charles Buller, his secretary, is generally considered to have been the writer.* The statesmen of all

* See Mr. Greville’s Journals, vol. i. p. 142.

parties in England, but especially Lord John Russell, aided in moulding a new policy towards the Canadas. This new policy, of which the reunion of the two provinces under one government was the foundation, was in the direction of entrusting a larger measure of self-government to the people—of giving them as complete control of their internal affairs as was compatible with the security and integrity of the Empire.

The union of the Canadas in 1841, when the French and English sections were equally represented in one legislature, was the first important step in the movement that has been steadily going on for many years in the direction of the unity and security, as well as of the social and political development, of the provinces of British North America.* Then followed, between 1841 and 1849, the concession of responsible government in the fullest sense of the term, and the handing over to Canada of the control of her public revenues and taxes, to be expended in accordance with the wishes of the majority in the popular House. At the same time came the repeal of the Navigation Laws, which had fettered colonial trade since the days of Cromwell. The Post Office was given up to the Canadian Government, and in fact all matters that could be considered to appertain to their provincial and local interests were placed under their immediate legislative jurisdiction. The Canadian legislature, under the new impulse of a relatively unfettered action, went vigorously to work to lay the foundations of a municipal system as indispensable to the operations of local self-government. The troublesome land question, involved in the seigniorial tenure, was settled, after much agitation, on terms favourable to vested interests, while the Clergy Reserves were also arranged so as no longer to favour one Church at the expense of others, or to impede the progress of settlement and cultivation. The union of the Canadas lasted until 1857, when it had outgrown its usefulness, and the provinces found it necessary to enter into a federation, which had been foreshadowed by Lord Durham and advocated by many eminent men even before his time.

The results of the development of Canada since 1841 may be divided for the purposes of this review into the following

* Imperial Statute, 3 & 4 Vict. c. 35. Lord John Russell introduced the Bill to reunite the Provinces in 1840. It was assented to on July 23, but did not come into effect until the following year.

phases: Territorial Expansion; Increase of Population and Wealth; Political Development; Social and Intellectual Progress; National Unity.

From 1841 to 1867 the provinces of British North America remained isolated from each other as distinct political entities, only united by the tie of a common allegiance to one Sovereign. Their political organisation was confined to the country extending from the head of Lake Superior to the countries watered by the Gulf of St. Lawrence and the Atlantic Ocean. Of these provinces Ontario was the most populous and the richest in agricultural wealth, although it has not as great an area as the province of Quebec, where a more rigorous climate and large mountainous tracts—the hills of the Laurentides—have rendered the country less favourable for extensive and productive farming operations. A very considerable portion of Ontario, even in those days, was a wilderness, and the principal cultivated tract extended for a few miles from the St. Lawrence, and the most populous settlements lay between Ontario, Erie, and Huron. The Confederation of 1867 brought four provinces into one territorial organisation for general or Dominion purposes—Ontario, Quebec, Nova Scotia, and New Brunswick—and it was not until 1873 that little Prince Edward Island, the garden of the Gulf of St. Lawrence, united its political fortunes with those of the young Confederation. Efforts were made to bring in Newfoundland, but purely selfish local considerations prevailed in that island over the national sentiment; though the unwisdom of the course pursued by the island politicians has become evident according as the fishery question with the United States comes up from time to time, and it is now quite clear that this large colony, which has been placed as a sentinel at the portals of Canada, must ere long fall into line with its sister colonies in North America. One of the most important results of confederation in its early days was the annexation by the Dominion of that vast tract of country which up to that time had been almost exclusively in the possession of the Indians and the traders of the Hudson's Bay Company—that region well described by General Butler as 'the Lone Land,' over whose trackless wastes French adventurers had been the first to pass—a region of prairies, watered by great rivers and lakes, above whose western limits tower the lofty, picturesque ranges of the Rockies. Next came into confederation the province of British Columbia, which extends from the Rockies to the waters of the Pacific Ocean—a

country with a genial climate, with rapid rivers teeming with fish, with treasures of coal and gold, with sublime scenery only rivalled by California. A new province was formed in the North-West, watered by the Red and Assiniboine rivers, and territorial districts, as large as European states, arranged for purposes of government out of the vast region that now, with the sanction of the Imperial authorities, has been brought under the jurisdiction of the Government of Canada. Within a period of twenty-seven years Canada has stretched from the Atlantic to the Pacific, and the territory now under her control is very little inferior in extent to that of the great republic to the south, and contains within itself all the elements of a prosperous future. It is, unhappily, true that this result was not achieved until blood had been shed and much money expended in crushing the rebellious half-breeds led by the reckless Riel;* but, apart from this sad feature of Canadian history, this important acquisition of territory, the first step in the formation of an empire in the West, has been attained under circumstances highly advantageous to the Dominion. Canada now possesses an immense territory of varied resources—the maritime provinces, with their coal, fish, and shipping, together with a valuable, if limited, agricultural area, not yet fully developed; the large province of Quebec, with ranges of mountains on whose slopes, when denuded of their rich timber, may graze thousands of cattle and sheep, with valuable tracts of meadow lands, capable of raising the best cereals, and already supporting some of the finest cattle of the continent; the rich province of Ontario, which continues to be the chief agricultural section of the Dominion, and whose cities and towns are full of busy industries; the vast North-West region, still in the very infancy of its development, destined to give the confederation several provinces outside of Manitoba, as large and productive as Minnesota, and to be the principal wheat-growing district of Canada; and, finally, the gold-producing province of British Columbia, whose mountains are still rich with undeveloped treasures, and whose mild climate invites a considerable industrious population to cultivate its slopes and plateaus, and collect the riches of its river and deep-sea fisheries.

* The first revolt of the half-breeds, or Métis, of Manitoba, was in 1869; the second in the spring of 1885; Riel was executed in the fall of 1885.

The population which owns this vast territory is confined chiefly to the countries by the great lakes, the St. Lawrence, and the Atlantic Ocean. A considerable number of people has within a few years flowed into the North-West, where the province of Manitoba is exhibiting all the signs of a prosperous agricultural country, and its capital, Winnipeg, has grown up in the course of sixteen years into a city of some 27,000 souls. The population of the whole Dominion may now be estimated at about 5,000,000 souls, and has increased nearly five times since 1837. Of this population 1,250,000 are the descendants of 70,000 or 65,000 people who were probably living in the French province at the time of the conquest (1759-60). The remainder of the population is made up of English, Scotch, and Irish. The immigration of late years has been insignificant compared with that which has come into the United States, and consequently at present the natural-born population amounts to about 85·09 per cent. of the whole. The people of Canada have already won for themselves a large amount of wealth from the riches of the land, forest, and seas. The total value of the imports is now about 26,000,000*l.*, and of exports at least 25,000,000*l.*, or an aggregate of 51,000,000*l.* a year, an increase of 35,000,000*l.* within half a century. Of this large trade at least 11,000,000*l.* represents the products of the farms. The province of Ontario now raises over 20,000,000 bushels of wheat alone, or an increase of over 19,000,000 since 1837. The North-West raises upwards of 20,000,000 bushels, or an increase of 17,000,000 in ten years. The people have deposited in Government savings banks, leaving out of the calculation the ordinary monetary institutions of the country, about 11,000,000*l.*, made up of about 114,000 deposits, belonging to mechanics, farmers, and people of limited means. For years the only industries of importance were the building of ships, the cutting of timber, and a few ill-supported manufactures of iron and various hard and soft wares. Now there is upwards of 72,000,000*l.* invested in manufactures, chiefly of cotton and woollen goods, of which the coarser fabrics compete successfully with English goods in the Canadian market, even crowding out certain classes entirely. Some fourteen lines of ocean steamers call at the port of Montreal, which now has a population of over 200,000 souls. Toronto comes next in population, about 184,000; whilst the other cities, like Halifax, St. John, Quebec, Ottawa, Hamilton, and London, range

from 64,000 to 80,000. The aggregate of the population of the cities and towns with over 5,000 population amounts to some 700,000 souls, or two-thirds of the total population of Canada in 1840. The urban population of Canada increased in 1891 to 1,390,910, compared with 912,934 in 1881, or an increase of 21.1 per cent. in ten years, illustrating that there has been going on the same movement that has prevailed in the United States. The total revenue of the Dominion, apart from the local and provincial revenues, is about 7,000,000*l.* a year, raised mainly from customs and excise duties, which are high, owing to the national or protective policy, although much lower than those on similar goods in the United States. If the expenditures of Canada of late years have been very large, they have been mainly caused by the developement of the country, and by the necessity of providing rapid means of intercommunication for trade and population in a country extending between two oceans. Canals, lighthouses, the acquisition and opening up of the North-West, and Government buildings, have absorbed at least 40,000,000*l.* since 1867, and it is not remarkable, under these circumstances, that a gross debt has been accumulated within half a century of over 60,000,000*l.*, against which must be set valuable assets in the shape of buildings and public works necessary to the progress of a new country. The public buildings, churches, and universities display within a quarter of a century a great improvement in architectural beauty, whilst the homes of the people show, both in the interior and exterior, decided evidences of comfort, convenience, and culture. Instead of the fourteen miles of railway which existed in 1837, there are now about 15,000 miles in actual operation, affording facilities for trade and commerce not exceeded by any country in the world. One of these railways, the Canadian Pacific, which reaches from Quebec to Vancouver, on the Pacific Ocean, is the most remarkable illustration of railway enterprise ever shown by any country; certainly without a parallel for rapidity of construction, even in the United States, with all its wealth, population, and commercial energy. These railways represent an investment of nearly 200,000,000*l.*, in the shape of capital stock, municipal and Government bonuses. The interprovincial trade—a direct result of the federation—is at least 25,000,000*l.* a year. These are some of the most remarkable evidences of material developement which Canada has exhibited within fifty years. All those who wish to pursue the subject further need only

refer to the Blue Books to see that the fisheries, the timber trade, and the agricultural products of Canada have all increased in the same ratio, notwithstanding commercial crises, bad harvests, and depression produced in certain branches of industry by the policy pursued by the United States for some years towards the Canadian Dominion. When we consider that the United States has received the great bulk of immigration for half a century, and that it is only quite recently that a deep interest has been taken in the developement of the Dominion by the people of Europe, it is remarkable that in every branch of trade and industry so steady a progress has been made during the reign.

In a new country like Canada one cannot look for the high culture and intellectual standard of the old communities of Europe. But there is even now in Canada an intellectual activity which, if it has not yet produced a distinct literature, has assumed a practical and useful form, and must, sooner or later, with the increase of wealth and leisure, take a higher range, and display something of the beauty and grace of literary productions of worldwide interest and fame. The mental outfit of the people compares favourably with that of older countries. The Universities of Canada—McGill in Montreal, Laval in Quebec, Queen's in Kingston, Dalhousie in Halifax, and Trinity and Toronto Universities in Toronto—stand deservedly high in the opinion of men of learning in the Old World and the United States, whilst the grammar and common school system, especially of Ontario, is creditable to the keen sagacity and public spirit of the people, who are not behind their cousins in New England in this particular. We have already seen the low condition of education fifty years ago—only one in fifteen at school; but now there are nearly 1,000,000 pupils in the educational institutions of the country, or one in five, at a cost to the people of upwards of 2,000,000*l.*, contributed for the most part by the taxpayers of the different municipalities in connexion with which the educational system is worked out. In Ontario the class of schoolhouses is exceptionally good, and the apparatus excellent, and the extent to which the people tax themselves may be ascertained from the fact that the legislature only contributes annually some 52,000*l.* out of the total expenditure of about 800,000*l.*

In French Canada there is an essentially literary activity, which has produced poets and historians whose works have naturally attracted attention in France, where the people

are still deeply interested in the material and intellectual developement of their old colony. The names of Garneau, Ferland, Fréchette, and Sulte, especially, are recognised in France, though they will be unfamiliar to most Englishmen, and even to the majority of Americans, who are yet quite ignorant of the high attainments of French Canadians, of whom Lord Durham wrote, in 1839, 'They are a people 'without a history, and without a literature,' a statement well disproved in these later times by the works of Parkman, and by the triumphs of men like Fréchette in Paris itself. The intellectual work of the English-speaking people has been chiefly in the direction of scientific, constitutional, and historical literature, in which departments they have shown an amount of knowledge and research which has won for many of them laurels outside of their own country. In the infancy of the United States, works like 'The Federalist,' with its wealth of constitutional and historical lore, naturally emanated from the brains of publicists and statesmen. In laying the foundation of a great nation, the learning and wisdom of the best intellects were evoked, and it has been so, in a measure, in Canada, where the working out of a system of government adapted to the necessities of countries with distinct interests and nationalities has developed a class of statesmen and writers with broad national views and a large breadth of knowledge. On all occasions when men have risen beyond the passion and narrowness of party, the debates of the Legislature have been distinguished by a keenness of argument and by a grace of oratory—especially in the case of some French Canadians—which would be creditable to the United States in its palmy days. Any one who reviews the eleven volumes already published by the Royal Society of Canada—one of the most useful results of Lord Lorne's administration—will see how much scholarship and ability the writers of Canada bring to the study of scientific, antiquarian, and historical subjects. In science, the names of Sir William Dawson and others are well known in the parent state and wherever science has its votaries and followers. The names of English Canadian poets will not be recognised to any great extent abroad, and yet there are several—Roberts, Bliss Carman, Lampman, and Wilfrid Campbell—who have produced poems worthy of a more general reputation, and who, under the inspiration of a wider field of culture, and of that encouragement too much lacking in prosaic Canada, might have won a respectable place among their famous contemporaries. In

romance, as Dr. Bourinot remarks with regret in his review of the intellectual progress of Canada, nothing remarkable has been done, while 'Sam Slick the Clockmaker' is still the only noteworthy evidence we have of the existence of humour among a practical people, and his 'wise saws' and 'sayings' were uttered fully half a century ago. Yet, on the whole, if great works are wanting nowadays, the intellectual movement is in the right direction, and according as the intellectual soil of Canada becomes enriched with the progress of culture, we may eventually look for a more generous fruition. The example of the United States, which has produced Poe, Longfellow, Irving, Hawthorne, Howells, Parkman, Lowell, Holmes, and many others, famous as poets, historians, and novelists, should encourage Canadians to hope that in the later stages of its development the Canadian people, composed of two distinct nationalities, will prove that they inherit those literary instincts which naturally belong to the races from which they have sprung.

The political system under which the provinces are now governed is eminently adapted to the circumstances of the whole country. Self-government exists in the full sense of the term. At the base of the political structure lie those municipal institutions which, for completeness, are not excelled in any other country. It is in the enterprising province of Ontario that the system has attained its greatest development. Every village, township, town, city, and county has its council, composed of reeves or mayors, and councillors or aldermen elected by the people, and having jurisdiction over all matters of local taxation and local improvement, in accordance with statutory enactments. Under the operation of these little local parliaments—the modern form taken by the folk-mote of old English times—every community, regularly organised under the law, is able to build its roads and bridges, light the streets, effect sanitary arrangements, and even initiate bonuses for the encouragement of lines of railway. The machinery of these municipalities is made to assist in raising the necessary support of public schools. Free libraries are provided for in every municipality whenever the people choose—as in the enterprising city of Toronto and in the great midland capital of Birmingham—to tax themselves for the support of these necessary institutions. In the other provinces the system is less symmetrical than in Ontario, but even in the French section, and in the maritime provinces, where these

institutions have been more recently adopted, the people have it within their power to manage all those minor local affairs which are necessary for the comfort, security, and convenience of the local divisions into which each province is divided for such purposes. Then we go up higher, to the provincial organisations governed by a lieutenant-governor, nominated and removable by the Government of the Dominion, and advised by a council responsible to the people's representatives, with a legislature composed, in only two of the provinces, of two Houses—a council appointed by the Crown, and an elective assembly; in all the other provinces there is simply an assembly chosen by the people on a very liberal franchise. The fundamental law, known as the British North America Act, which was passed by the Imperial Parliament in 1867, gives jurisdiction to the provincial governments over education, provincial works, hospitals, asylums, and gaols, administration of justice (except in criminal matters), municipal, and all other purely local affairs. In the Territories not yet constituted into provinces there is provided a more simple machinery, in the shape of a lieutenant-governor, appointed by the Dominion Government, and a small legislative body of one House elected by the people, which has the power of passing, within certain defined limits, such ordinances as are necessary for the good government and security of the sparsely settled countries under its jurisdiction. In accordance with a law recently passed, these territories are now represented in the two Houses of the Dominion Parliament, another step in the direction of the more perfect organisation and development of the North-West territories. These representatives have all the rights and privileges of members of the organised provinces, and are not the mere territorial delegates of the United States Congress. The central or general government of the Dominion is administered by a Governor-General, with the assistance of a ministry responsible to a parliament composed of a Senate appointed by the Crown, and a House of Commons elected under an electoral franchise practically on the very threshold of universal suffrage. This Government has jurisdiction over trade and commerce, post-office, militia and defence, navigation and shipping, fisheries, railways and public works, of a Dominion character, and all other matters of general or national import. The appointment of a Governor-General by the Crown, the power of disallowing Bills which may interfere with Imperial obligations, and

the right which Canadians still enjoy of appealing to the Judicial Committee of the Privy Council from the subordinate courts of the provinces, including the supreme court of Canada;* the obligation which rests upon England to assist the colony in the time of danger by all the power of her army and fleet, together with the fact that all treaties with foreign powers must be necessarily negotiated through the Imperial authorities, will be considered as the most patent evidences of Canada being still a dependency of the empire. Even the restraint imposed upon Canada with respect to any matters involving negotiations with foreign powers has been modified to a great degree by the fact that England has acknowledged for over thirty years that Canada should be not only consulted in every particular, but actually represented in all negotiations that may be carried on with foreign powers affecting her commercial or territorial interests.† From this brief historical summary of the leading features of the political organisation of Canada it will be seen how remarkable has been the expansion of the liberties of the people since 1837, when they exercised no control over the executive, when England imposed restrictions on their trade, and the officials of Downing Street were practically the governing powers.

In the formation of their constitution the Canadians have naturally borrowed the best features of the federal system of their American neighbours, and of the governmental institutions of the parent state, not without improvement. The fact is clearly shown in the constitutional works by Dr. Bourinot and Dr. Todd. We shall confine ourselves to the following brief summary of the advantages which Canada possesses over the institutions of the United States, so far as an experience of many years goes to prove :

* A Supreme Court of Canada was established in 1875 by 38 Vict. c. 11. Lord Durlam, in his Report, recommended the establishment of such a court (p. 101).

† For instance, in the Reciprocity Treaty between the United States and the British North American Provinces, Lord Elgin, Governor-General, with Mr. Hincks, then prime minister, conducted the negotiations on behalf of Canada at Washington. In the Washington Treaty of 1871, Canada was represented by Sir John A. Macdonald. In the Behring Sea arbitration, Sir John Thompson, late premier of Canada, was one of the English representatives. Sir Charles Tupper, high commissioner for Canada in London, was one of the plenipotentiaries who negotiated the Treaty of 1893 extending commercial relations between Canada and France.

That the powers of the federal and provincial governments are enumerated, while the residuum of power is left in express words to the central authority of the Dominion—the very reverse of the constitution of the United States, which gives to the national government only certain express, or necessarily implied, powers, and leaves to the several States all those powers of local or state sovereignty not so expressly taken away :

In adhering strictly, in the Dominion and every province, to the principles of parliamentary government, which makes the ministry or advisers of the executive responsible to the legislature for every act of administration—a flexible system which works admirably compared with the too rigid constitutional rules of the federal and state governments, which separate the executive from the legislative authority, and do not permit advisers of a president or a governor of a state to sit in the legislature and direct its legislation.

The latent powers of a dissolution of parliament, which may be used at any time by the Crown, under the advice of responsible ministers, with the view of obtaining the opinion and judgement of the people at a political crisis—a safety valve wanting in the rigid system of the United States, which constantly and necessarily creates friction between the executive and legislative authorities.

A permanent Civil Service in the Dominion and provincial governments—a system only partially adopted of very recent years by the national government of the United States, and now urged in almost all the old States of the Union.

The appointment of all judges and public officials by the Crown, on the advice of ministers responsible to parliament for every such executive act—in contradistinction to the elective system of the States of the federal republic, where judges are, in most cases, elected by the people.

The independence of the judiciary of all party and political pressure, when once appointed, since they can be removed only by the Crown, as a consequence of a successful impeachment by the Dominion parliament, while in the several States their tenure is limited to a certain number of years—ten on the average.

The infrequency of political elections and the practical separation of national, provincial, and municipal politics at such elections—a separation now advocated in many States, and already adopted by the revised New York constitution, in the case of municipal elections, especially in the cities, where the running of municipal officers on a

federal or state ticket has led to gross corruption and abuse by the political machine and its professional politicians.

The trial by judges of all cases of bribery and corruption in municipal as well as legislative elections—a system not yet adopted by the States, and necessarily questionable when so many judges are elective.

No doubt there are difficulties constantly occurring in the working of the Canadian federal constitution, arising from conflicts of jurisdiction between the Dominion and the provinces, despite the careful enumeration of powers in the fundamental law or British North America Act of 1867; but these doubts are gradually being removed by the wise practice which places the interpretation of all written legal instruments in the courts. Questions of gravity have also been raised with respect to separate schools in the province of Manitoba and the Territories, to which the sections of the Union Act protecting such schools in Ontario and Quebec do not directly apply; but here also the wisdom and learning of the Judicial Committee of the Privy Council of England and of the Canadian judiciary are to a large extent nullifying the contentions of politicians and bringing about a solution of difficulties which, in a country divided between Protestants and Roman Catholics, might cause serious complications if not settled on sound principles of law which all can accept.

One of the most encouraging results of this political system has been not merely the material developement of the country, but the creation of that national sentiment which must lie at the basis of any political structure, if it is to withstand the storm of passion and faction which from time to time will beat against its walls. The government of an immense country like Canada is surrounded with many difficulties which an Englishman or an American not thoroughly conversant with its history and condition can hardly realise. The great extent of territory and the diverse interests of the populations that inhabit it from the Atlantic to the Pacific shores require that there should be much wisdom and patience used in the exercise of the large responsibility which these circumstances throw upon the Government. If we look at the map, we see lying on the Atlantic seaboard three provinces whose industries are chiefly maritime, and whose propinquity to the United States naturally gives great importance to the commercial arrangement that may exist with that country. These provinces are separated by many hundreds of miles from the populous,

prolific province of Ontario, and all commercial intercourse must be by means of circuitous railroads, or by the long and expensive navigation of the St. Lawrence. To encourage inter-provincial trade under these circumstances, and make the people see that their true interests should not lie in dependence upon the United States, or on any single country, but on opening up new avenues of commerce wherever practicable, has been the natural policy of the Government ever since 1867. The result has been, on the whole, moderately successful, considering that the fight has been not merely against geographical obstacles, but also against the antagonism exhibited by American politicians, until the Wilson Bill, which now places many Canadian products on a more favourable footing than has been the case since the repeal of the reciprocity treaty of 1854. The firmness with which the Government has adhered to the rights it possesses in the fisheries, and the liberality with which it has promoted maritime interests by the construction of railways and other public works necessary to the material development of the country, have succeeded in restraining the clamour that was raised for some years in the maritime provinces against the operation of the Union. The situation has still its difficulties ; but there is every reason to believe that the national sentiment is largely predominant, and that the mass of the people clearly see that by strengthening the confederation they are assuring their true happiness and prosperity in the end, and that to weaken or destroy it by the withdrawal of any single province would mean the destruction of British interests on the continent and the annexation of Canada eventually to the United States. Then, leaving that branch of the subject, if we look at the distinct national elements that exist throughout Canada, we have further evidence of the difficulties with which a Government has to contend in striving to achieve the unity and security of this widely extended confederation. When the Canadian provinces were united, in 1840, the French Canadians were restive and uncertain of their future. The Act of Union was considered by many of them as an attempt to make them subservient to British influences. The elimination of their language from legislative records was to them a great grievance, because it was, in their opinion, clear evidence of the spirit which lay at the basis of the Union. As a matter of fact, however, the Union Act was a measure which from the very outset gave Lower Canada a political

superiority in the government of the whole country. The representation of the two provinces was equal in the assembly, but the greater unity that distinguished the French Canadians in all matters that might affect their political power or their provincial interests naturally enabled them to dominate the English parties, divided among themselves on so many political issues. The French language was soon restored to its old place, and step by step all the principles that the popular party of Lower Canada had been fighting for previous to 1840 were granted—even an elective legislative council—under the new *régime*. The consequence was that French Canada eventually recognised its power, and its people forgot their old grievances and were ready to sustain the union into which they had entered with doubt and apprehension. It was the English-speaking people of the West that now raised a clamour against ‘French domination,’ when the representation granted in 1840 did not do justice to the increase of population in Upper Canada, where, since that year, the progress had been more rapid than in the French section. The consequence was that the two provinces, united in law, were practically divided on the floor of parliament, and government at last became almost impossible from the division of parties and the controlling influence of French Canada, always determined to yield nothing to the cry from the upper province that would destroy the equality of representation. The solution of these difficulties, arising, it will be seen, from national antagonism, was found in a federal union, under which Lower Canada obtained supreme control over the provincial matters in which she has an immediate interest, and at the same time has been able to exercise great influence in national affairs by means of her large representation in the Dominion parliament. The results of the political changes which have occurred since the days of Lord Durham have been very different from what he hoped would be the case when he wrote his famous Report, throughout which there is a strong desire to diminish French Canadian influence and gradually absorb the French Canadian nationality in the English-speaking people. In Lord Durham’s opinion, ‘the first and steady purpose of the British Government should be to establish an English population, with English laws and language, in this province, and to trust its government to none but a decidedly English legislature.’ As a matter of fact, Lord Durham entirely underrated the national instincts of

the French Canadian population and the tenacity with which they cling to their national life. 'Le Canadien,' a newspaper established in French Canadian interests in the early days of this century, struck the keynote of French Canadian aspiration when it adopted as its motto, 'Notre langue, notre foi, et nos institutions.' Under the favourable conditions of the federal system Quebec has become essentially a French Canadian province, in which the English are actually in a very small majority, though it is one distinguished always by its great intelligence and superior enterprise. In the province of Ontario the French race has recently controlled the election of more than one county which heretofore had been English in its representation. The very 'national policy,' under which an artificial stimulus has been given to manufactures, has created industries in which the French Canadians can find some employment, instead of migrating to the mills of Holyoke, Manchester, and Lowell. At the same rate of progress, and under an equally favourable condition of things, five millions of French-speaking people will inhabit the Dominion in four or five decades. In the nature of things they must always exercise a powerful influence on the future destiny of the young confederation. It is therefore all-important to understand their actual sentiment with respect to the Union. At times, when they believe their nationality is in danger or an injustice has been done to one of their race, they become aggressive, but, happily for the peace and unity of the country, the conservative instincts of the leading classes ultimately prevail over the passion and impulsiveness of the masses.

While reason and common sense have the mastery in French Canada, all classes can hardly fail to see that the institutions which they value so highly can only be preserved by such a system of government as they now possess under the protecting influence of the Imperial state, and were they to-morrow to find themselves in the ranks of the federal republic, their position would, in all probability, become eventually, like that of their compatriots in Louisiana, interesting from the point of view of the antiquary and the student of human life, but insignificant from a political or national aspect. No French Canadian writer or politician of weight in the country now urges so impossible or suicidal a scheme as the foundation of an independent French nationality on the banks of the St. Lawrence. Mr. Laurier, the brilliant leader of the Opposition in Parliament, only

voiced the sentiments of his compatriots, Conservative as well as Liberal, when he said, in the presence of a large English audience in the city of Toronto:—

‘If there are any amongst my fellow-countrymen who have ever dreamed of closing themselves into a small community of Frenchmen on the banks of the St. Lawrence, I am not one of them. It would be an act of black ingratitude if, after we have sought from England the privileges and rights of British subjects, we were now to reject the responsibilities of such subjects; if, having sought the protection of Britain to grow strong, we were, when strong enough, to attempt to stab the friendly hand, and refuse to cast in our lot with those who are fellow-countrymen of ours, and whose birthright we claim as our inheritance. When confederation was established it was not intended that it should be based upon the humiliation of any one race: that any one should give up its characteristics; but it was expected that though every nationality might retain its individuality, yet that all would be actuated by one aspiration and would endeavour to form one nation.’

At times when the French Canadians press their national prejudices to extremes, a spirit of antagonism is at once evoked between them and the English classes, but the unfortunate state of things that existed before 1837 no longer shows itself with its original intensity, and whatever jealousies or rivalries break out now and then above the surface are sooner or later carried away by the current of sound public opinion, anxious for the harmony of all classes and creeds, and only solicitous for the safe working of the Union. A certain rivalry will always exist between the two nationalities, but as long as moderate and conciliatory counsels prevail, it will be, let us hope, the rivalry of peoples animated by the same patriotic impulses, and engaged in the same great work of building up a new nation on this continent. At all events a great deal has been gained since 1837 in the direction of creating a friendly and harmonious feeling between distinct races who at one time in their history seemed on the point of engaging in an internecine conflict like that which convulsed the North and South for years.

Every one who is at all conversant with Canadian political history for the past half-century will recognise the fact that Canada owes much to men like Sir Louis Lafontaine, who successfully inaugurated responsible government after the union of 1841, and did a great deal to allay sectional jealousies and antagonisms. It was Sir George Cartier who carried the province of Quebec with little or no friction into the federal union. In the biography of Sir John Macdonald, which is now before us, full justice is done to the broad

statesmanship and imperial conceptions of that great Canadian, whose name must be always associated with the political developement of Canada since 1844; but it seems to us, while we may commend the natural effort of a devoted private secretary to eulogise and emphasise the services of his chief, he has been too forgetful of the claims of Sir George Cartier, and of his followers from French Canada, to recognition. Canadians, at all events, know full well that, without the aid of Cartier, Sir John Macdonald would have been helpless time and again, and could never have carried out his national schemes.

In this review it has been our object to refer only to those salient features of the developement of Canada which stand out in remarkable contrast with the state of things in 1837, and to point out how much reason Canadians have for congratulating themselves on the events of a reign in which they have laid the foundations of their happiness and prosperity as one of the great communities which make up the empire. It is not within the scope of this paper to point out the shadows that may obscure the panorama as it unfolds itself to us. It would be strange if, in the government of a country like Canada, many mistakes had not been made, or if there were not many difficulties in store for the youthful confederation. Dr. Goldwin Smith, from time to time, has been disposed to perform the part of the Greek Chorus to the gloomy predictions of the enemies and lukewarm friends of the confederation, but Canadians will hardly allow themselves to be influenced by purely pessimistic utterances in the face of the difficulties that they have hitherto so successfully encountered, and of the courage and hopes that animate them for the future. For a century and a half the French Canadians fought and bled for their country; they had to face famine and savages, war with the British, and, what was worse, the neglect and indifference of the parent state at the most critical period of their history; but since the conquest they have built up a large community by the banks of the St. Lawrence and its tributaries, and even the superior energy and enterprise of the English Canadians have not prevented them from creating a province which is essentially French Canadian, and affords many evidences of prosperity due to the hardihood of the race that inhabits it. A century and more has passed since the English-speaking people sought their fortunes in the West or on the shores of the Atlantic. For years many of these hardy pioneers led toilsome lives—

lives of solitude, among the great forests that overshadowed the whole country; but year by year the darkness of the woods was brightened by bursts of sunlight, as the axe opened up new centres of settlement and echoed the progress of the advance guards of civilisation. Years of hardship and struggle ensued, and political difficulties followed, to add to individual trials, but the people were courageous and industrious, and soon surmounted the obstacles of early times. The material developement went hand in hand with the political progress of the country. The magnificent heritage which the people of Canada now own is the result of unremitting toil and never-failing patience, and, summing up the achievements of the past, they may well look forward with hopefulness to the future, for of them it may be truly said:

‘Men the workers, ever reaping something new;
That which they have done but earnest of the things that they will do.’

What is to be the next great step in the political career of Canada is a question which frequently occurs to Imperial as well as colonial statesmen. One thing is quite certain, that the movement is towards the placing of the relations between the parent state and its great dependency on a basis which will strengthen the empire and at the same time give Canada even a higher position in the councils of the Imperial state. The federation of the empire, in the full sense of the term, may be considered by some practical politicians as a mere political phantasm, never likely to come out in a tangible form from the clouds where it is now concealed; and yet who can doubt that out of the grand conception which first originated in the brain of Franklin and Otis statesmen may yet evolve some scheme that will render the empire secure from the dangers which arise from continual isolation, and from the growth of peculiar and distinct interests, that naturally result from the geographical situation of communities so widely separated from each other throughout the world?

At the Ottawa Conference not a word was whispered of Imperial federation—Imperial defence was not even considered; but, despite this studied neglect of a scheme which, more than once, had been eloquently urged by several representatives—especially by the Finance Minister of Canada—it is probable that this colonial assemblage would never have met were it not for the efforts of enthusiastic supporters of the movement, for some years back, to create a deeper interest in colonial affairs and Imperial connexion.

At the Conference commercial questions absorbed the attention of the delegates, and perhaps some historical students may recall the fact that considerations of trade and finance led to the famous Convention that created 'a more perfect union' in 1787 for the American States, previously bound together by a loose confederation. While it is most improbable that English statesmen will, in these times, yield to the proposal of the Conference and return to a protection policy in favour of the colonies, yet strong reasons may be urged by not a few persons, from an Imperial point of view, for giving Imperial assistance to such practical propositions as a fast Atlantic and Pacific steam service between Canada, Australasia, and Great Britain, and the laying of a cable, 'free from all foreign control,' between the Dominion and Australasia. One can also see in the resolutions of the Conference advocating larger and freer commercial relations between the colonial dependencies, the removal of any restraints that may be imposed by Imperial treaties, some important evidence of the growing desire among colonial statesmen to give greater unity to the colonial empire.

Only a few words in conclusion. Looking at the history of the Canadian dependency for half a century, one can see in all the phases of its political development there has run 'an increasing purpose.' The statesmen of England and her colonies have, perhaps, builded better than they knew. The destiny that shapes our ends, 'rough-hew them how we will,' has been carrying the Empire in a direction beyond the ken and conception of probably the most sanguine and practical minds. When we consider that the union of the two Canadas was followed in about a quarter of a century by the federation of all the provinces, and that this great measure has been also followed, after a lapse of twenty-seven years, by a conference of delegates from the most distant colonial possessions, we may well believe that the thoughts of men are indeed widened throughout England and her dependencies 'by the process of the suns,' and that the powerful current of human thought and progress which is everywhere making itself felt is carrying forward the Empire, not into an unknown sea of doubt and peril, where it may split into many fragments, but into a haven where it may rest in the tranquil waters of peace and security.

- ART. II.—1. *Luoghi degli Autori citati da Dante nel Convito*. By PIETRO MAZZUCHELLI. Padua: 1827.
2. *Nuova Centuria di Correzioni al Convito*. By Dr. CARL WITTE. Leipzig: 1854.
3. *Loci Auctorum in Libris de Monarchia*. By Dr. CARL WITTE. Vienna: 1874.
4. *Dante's classische Studien*. 'Neue Jahrbücher für Philologie.' By Dr. SCHÜCK. 1865.
5. *Dante e Ovidio: Studio*. By GIOACHIMO SZOMBATHELY. Trieste: 1887-8.

NO one can read a few pages of any of Dante's works, except perhaps the 'Vita Nuova' and the 'Canzoniere,' without being struck by the frequent use which the poet makes of Scripture and Classical authors in the way of quotation, allusion, and illustration. Nor could any one who pays but a little attention to the subject fail to be impressed by the extraordinary breadth of reading and variety of learning which are thus displayed by Dante. Our admiration is indefinitely increased when we remember the difficulties under which this surprising amount of learning was amassed; when we reflect that it was in the days before the invention of printing, when books existed only in manuscript, and were consequently very rare and difficult of access; when there were no helps for study in the way of notes and dictionaries, no conveniences for reference, such as divisions of chapters, sections, paragraphs; above all, no indexes or concordances to help the fallible memory, though it was, no doubt, less fallible then in proportion to the reliance placed upon it; when, finally, we add to all this the consideration of the circumstances of Dante's own life, a turbulent, wandering, unsettled life, a life of which we may truly say 'without were fightings, within were fears;' one intensely preoccupied, with fierce political struggles and anxieties, when 'politics,' if we may use so misleading a term, were a question of life and death to those who engaged in them, and defeat meant, as in Dante's own case, exile, confiscation, ruin. The varied and extensive reading of which Dante's works give evidence would be admirable if it had been exhibited under the most favourable conditions of what we call 'learned leisure,' and with the help of modern appliances, but under the circumstances under which Dante accomplished it it is nothing less than amazing. Nor are these considerations materially affected

even when all allowance has been made for the occurrence of secondhand references and the occasional use of handbooks of extracts and quotations, or 'Florilegia,' on both of which matters we shall have a few words to say presently. As Mr. Eliot Norton has truly said, 'Dante was born a student, as he was born a poet, and had he never written a single poem, he would still have been famous as the most profound scholar of his times. Far as he surpassed his contemporaries in poetry, he was no less their superior in the depth and extent of his knowledge.'

This subject has, in a partial way, attracted the attention of several students of Dante. In a partial way, we say, because, although some writers have dealt with the quotations to be found in single works of Dante, and others have written monographs on Dante's use of particular authors, as in such works as those enumerated at the head of the present article, yet no complete and systematic collection or discussion of such passages has yet appeared. None, we mean, (1) covering all the works of Dante; (2) including all the earlier authors thus used by him; (3) embracing not only direct citations, but also allusions and references, many of which are no less certain and obvious than direct citations, though not introduced by any formal acknowledgement. Such a collection, so far as concerns Scripture and Classical authors, though not including the wide field of Scholastic theology and philosophy, now lies before us, and we propose to offer to our readers some of the broad results which such statistics, being at any rate 'systematic,' though naturally far from 'complete,' enable us to establish as to the comparative amount of use made by Dante of particular writers—a point on which some erroneous statements have before now been made—and also as to the extent or limits of his acquaintance with the writings of an individual author when these are many or various in character: the extent in some cases, and the limits in others, being alike remarkable.

The general result may first* be briefly summarised as follows. If we include (a) direct citations, (b) obvious references or imitations, (c) allusions and reminiscences, we believe that at least 1,400 passages may certainly be found that fall under one or other of these heads; but it is obviously impossible to fix precise limits to the class 'c,' partly from differences of opinion as to the certainty of an 'allusion,' and still more from the fallibility of the memory and the imperfect scope of the reading of any one student, even with all the help to be gained from modern appliances, and after all the

labours of others in parts of the same field. It is eminently a case in which *παντὶς ἐστὶ προσθεῖναι τὸ ἐλλεῖπον*. However, starting from the above total as one likely to be approximately correct, or at least proportionately fair in relation to different authors, we may state the general result thus:—The Vulgate is quoted or referred to more than 500 times, Aristotle more than 300, Virgil about 200, Ovid about 100, Cicero and Lucan about fifty each, Statius and Boethius between thirty and forty each, Horace, Livy, and Orosius between ten and twenty each; with a few scattered references, probably not exceeding ten in the case of any one author, to Plato, Homer, Juvenal, Seneca, Ptolemy, Æsop, and St. Augustine; if we may be allowed to extend the term ‘Classical authors’ so as to embrace all those mentioned. Further, we suspect on two or three occasions a possible knowledge of Valerius Maximus, though he is nowhere mentioned by Dante. It is to be again remembered that Peter Lombard, Bonaventura, Hugh and Richard of St. Victor, and, above all, St. Thomas Aquinas and Albertus Magnus, to say nothing of Alfraganus, and possibly other Arabian astronomers, fall outside the limits above proposed, though if they were included the above total would be very largely increased.

Probably, what will at once strike most readers with surprise in the above summary is the very small use made by Dante of Horace. And the surprise will be increased when we add that the quite certain quotations of Horace are only about seven in number, and that of these no less than six are from the *Ars Poetica*, the only one outside its limits being the passing expression, ‘*bovem ephippiatum*’ (which recalls ‘*Optat ephippia bos*’ of *Epist.* i. xiv. 43), occurring in *Vulg. Eloq.* ii. 1. This is certainly not the general impression, as appears from the following statements of two recent, well-known, and generally well-informed writers on Dante. ‘Dante’s prose works supply many ‘quotations from Horace, (*Convito*, *passim*).’ And again, ‘From the frequent quotations in the *Convito*, it is evident ‘that Dante had a special predilection for . . . the *Ars Poetica* of Horace.’ The conclusion here is more correct than the premises, for there is only one definite quotation from Horace (*Ars Poetica*, it is true) in the whole of the *Convito*.*

* There is also a passage (iv. 12) where Horace, together with ‘Solomon and his father,’ Seneca and Juvenal, are referred to in general terms as having proclaimed the ‘deceitfulness of riches.’

We may now compare with the results thus tabulated some passages in which Dante definitely expresses his admiration or preference for particular authors. The best-known of these is undoubtedly that which contains the celebrated selection of the five great poets of antiquity,* viz. Homer (the 'poeta sovrano'), Virgil, Horace, Ovid, and Lucan; after which Dante, with a splendid audacity worthy of Aristotle's *μεγαλόφυχος*, ranks himself as the sixth 'tra cotanto senno.' It is worth noticing that in the *Vita Nuova*,† Dante's earliest work, he quotes illustrations of prosopopœia, to justify his own practice, from just these five poets, the quotation of Homer being taken from his citation by Horace in *Ars Poetica*, 141.‡

The next passage to be referred to is in *Vulg. Eloq.* ii. 6 *fin.*, where Dante, having occasion to give a sort of rough list of authors to serve as models of style, mentions under the title of 'standard poets' (*regulatos poetas*) Virgil, Ovid ('in *Metamorphoseos*'), Statius, and Lucan. It will be observed that Statius now takes the place of Horace, and that Homer, writing in an 'unknown tongue,' could not be quoted as a model of style. Dante then selects some prose authors, 'qui usi sunt altissimas prosas;' and these are Cicero, Livy, Pliny, Frontinus, and Orosius, 'et multos alios quos amica solitudo nos visitare invitat.' This is in some respects a curious selection, and Dante never, we believe, betrays any knowledge of either Pliny or Frontinus, nor does he ever again mention their names. The very noticeable omission of Tacitus (in whom Dante would have found, in some respects, 'a congenial spirit') is probably to be accounted for by the fact that his works were then almost, if not entirely, unknown, manuscripts of them being extremely rare.

A brief reference to one or two other passages will be sufficient. Near the end of the Epistle to Can Grande Dante refers some cavilling objectors to certain works of St. Augustine, St. Bernard, and Richard of St. Victor.

* *Inferno*, iv. 88 *seq.*

† c. xxv.

‡ It is interesting to compare with Dante's selection of six poets that of Lord Macaulay, who had, no doubt, a wider area of choice. He held the six greatest poets of the world (in the order of merit) to be (1) Shakespeare, (2) Homer, (3) Dante, (4) Æschylus, (5) Milton, (6) Sophocles. When a plea was put in for Virgil, Macaulay not only refused to recognise it, but expressed the singular opinion that both Lucretius and Ariosto should come before him.

These, however, fall beyond the scope of our present subject. In *Conv.* ii. 13, he mentions his special study of Cicero '*de Amicitia*,' and Boethius '*de Consolatione*,' when weighed down with sorrow at the loss of Beatrice, and gratefully acknowledges the comfort which he derived from both of these works. The quotations from them in his own writings bear ample testimony to this statement. Lastly, we may refer to his own declaration of his thorough and complete knowledge of the *Æneid*, which he puts into the mouth of Virgil in *Inf.* xx. 112-14.

'così il canta
L' alta mia Tragedia in alcun loco :
Ben lo sai tu, *che la sai tutta quanta.*'

The quotation last made suggests that we should say something as to the *extent* of the knowledge displayed by Dante with the works of the principal authors whom we have mentioned above. In the case of the Vulgate, we need hardly say it extends to the whole of it. Very few writers, mediæval or modern, 'knew their Bible' as well as Dante did. This intimate knowledge is shown, not only by direct citation, but by the frequent interweaving of Scriptural allusion and phraseology into the fabric of his diction. A similar generality of knowledge is found in the case of Aristotle, who, it is needless to observe, was only known to Dante through Latin translations. There is scarcely an important work of Aristotle which is not represented, and often very fully represented, in the pages of Dante. Especially well did he know the *Ethics*, *Physics*, *Metaphysics*, and *De Anima*. Only one remarkable exception occurs, in the case of the *Poetics*. This appears to have been wholly unknown to Dante, otherwise he could scarcely fail to have been struck with its bearing on many of the subjects discussed in Book II. of the *Vulg. Eloq.* In the case of Plato, no work of his is ever directly quoted, or even named, except the *Timæus*. The reason for this is found in the fact, that though that dialogue was translated by Chalcidius in about the fifth century, very long before a similar compliment was paid to any of the works of Aristotle, all the other writings of Plato remained in the obscurity of the original Greek till about the twelfth or thirteenth century. In the case of Horace (to whom we shall return later), we have seen that Dante shows no certain knowledge of anything but the *Ars Poetica*, with one or two possible references to the *Epistles*. The *Æneid* of Virgil (as Dante says himself) he knew thoroughly, and particularly, as

might be expected, Book VI. He also in one place (*Purg. xxii. 57*) describes Virgil as

‘il cantor de’ bucolici carmi,’

and certainly imitates in his own Eclogues the form and phraseology of the Eclogues of Virgil; but he never quotes them (with the exception of the Fourth*) as if he were familiar with them in detail. Also, he shows little, if any, knowledge of the Georgics, except in one beautiful instance of reminiscence and imitation, which will be quoted later. In the case of Ovid, he knew well and used freely the *Metamorphoses* (*‘Ovidio Maggiore,’* as, in common with other mediæval writers, he sometimes calls this work), but there is very slight evidence of his acquaintance with any other work of Ovid, except that he once quotes the second line of the *Remedia Amoris*, and that we suspect occasionally references to the *Heroides*. Finally, of Cicero he knew very well the *De Officiis* (especially Book I.), the *De Senectute*, and the *De Amicitia*. A few other works are once or twice quoted (the *De Finibus* about six times), but there is no evidence of any acquaintance with the speeches.†

The special character of the debt which Dante owed to the principal authors from whom he quotes may be briefly described as follows. His whole system of physics, physiology, and meteorology comes from Aristotle pure and simple, either directly from translations, or sometimes, probably, as reproduced by Albertus Magnus. On these, as on most other subjects, Aristotle’s authority was for Dante sufficient and final. To take only one instance. In *Conv. iii. 5*, Dante declares that ‘by that glorious Philosopher to whom Nature, ‘above all others, disclosed her secrets, it has been proved, ‘contrary to the false opinions of Plato and others, that the ‘Earth stands fixed and immoveable to all eternity.’ He adds that he will not repeat any of his arguments, because ‘it is

* It is to be noticed that this occurs in a dialogue with Statius, whom Dante feigns (a few lines before) to have been converted to Christianity by the study of the Fourth Eclogue.

† An interesting suggestion has been made that when Dante says of Cassius in *Inf. xxxiv. 67*, ‘che par sì *membruto*,’ he is confusing C. Cassius, who is twice described by Plutarch as ‘thin,’ a fact which Shakespeare has made familiar to us (‘Yond’ Cassius hath a lean and hungry look’), with L. Cassius, the fellow-conspirator of Catiline, of whom Cicero speaks as ‘*L. Cassii adipis*’ in *Cat. III. vii. § 16*. If this should be so, it is, we believe, the only trace left of any knowledge of the Speeches of Cicero in the works of Dante.

'enough for his readers to know, on the great authority of Aristotle, that this earth is fixed and does not revolve, and that it is the centre of the Universe.' This characteristic passage sufficiently explains Dante's attitude on the subjects which we have mentioned. It is almost needless to point out that a large amount of the 'machinery' (so to speak) of the *Divina Commedia*, the personages introduced, the scenery and incidents in detail, are taken from the *Æneid* of Virgil,* and especially from Book VI. For his mythology Dante is at least as much, perhaps even more, indebted to the *Metamorphoses* of Ovid; and in a much less, but still not inconsiderable, degree to Statius. His historical allusions come chiefly from Lucan in the *Divina Commedia*, and from Livy and Orosius in his prose works; though his references to Livy are often inaccurate, and we suspect that they belong rather to Orosius, or possibly even Florus, or were perhaps derived from some historical epitomes. To Cicero he owes, as we shall see later, one of the most fundamental principles of his classification of sins in the *Inferno*.

It would not, of course, be correct to infer that all the quotations and references in such a list as we have given above are proof of direct acquaintance on the part of Dante with the original passages. Allowance must no doubt be made, in the case at least of some authors, for (1) second-hand quotations, and (2) the use of *Florilegia*. We may briefly illustrate each of these. The most obvious instance of the former is to be found in Homeric quotations occurring in Dante. Homer was, we know, inaccessible to Dante in the original, and there was no Latin translation of him, as Dante informs us in *Conv.* i. 7, *ad fin.*; adding the interesting remark that a translation of Homer, or indeed of any other poet, is impossible, since the poetic element would be lost in the process. It could not be done 'senza rompere tutta sua dolcezza e armonia.' What would be Dante's feelings if he could see the list of translations in a variety of languages of his own great work? His opinion of the futility of the process would certainly be confirmed by many if not most of them. Dante, however, three times quotes *Il. xxiv.* 259—

οὐδὲ ἔφκει

ἄνδρός γε θνητοῦ παῖς ἔμμεναι, ἀλλὰ θεοῖο—

* *E.g.*, Cerberus, Charon, Minos, the Giants, the Harpies, the Furies, the story of Polydorus as adapted to Pier delle Vigne in *Inf.* 13, &c. &c. The beautiful scene of the Valley of the Kings in *Purg.* vii. is evidently suggested by *Æn.* vi. 679 *seq.*

and once at the beginning of the *Vita Nuova* in application to Beatrice, as though at first hand from Homer. But the source from which he obtained it, viz. Aristotle's citation of it in *Nic. Eth.* Book VII., is acknowledged in the other two passages, viz. *Conv.* iv. 20 and *De Mon.* ii. 3; and in the latter case with rather a peculiar formula, 'ut refert Philosophus in iis quæ de moribus fugiendis ad 'Nicomachum.'* Again, in *Vita Nuova*, § 25, a fragment of Homer is quoted through the acknowledged medium of Horace (*Ars Poetica*, 141). Another interesting case of a second-hand quotation occurs in the reference to the courtesan Thais in *Inf.* xviii. 133, which seems to imply acquaintance with the Eunuchus of Terence. But it is evident, on more grounds than one, that this reference is obtained by Dante from Cicero, *De Amicitia*, § 98. This explains (*inter alia*) Dante's wrong attribution of the words to Thais. They are spoken by Gnatho, but in Cicero's citation this does not clearly appear; and though the context, regarded carefully, rather implies a speaker other than Thais, it does not necessitate this, and no other name than that of Thais appears in the passage.

Dante knew something, though apparently not much, of Juvenal, and though he quotes him directly, as there is no reason to doubt, two or three times, it seems almost certain that his manifest, though not quite exact, quotation of the well-known line, 'Cantabit vacuus coram latrone viator' (*Sat.* x. 22), is derived, not from Juvenal direct, but from its citation by Boethius, with the form of which it more closely corresponds than with that of the original passage. Moreover, Dante introduces it by the words 'dice il Savio,' which, though not inapplicable to a poet (as in *Divina Commedia* it is applied two or three times to Virgil and Statius), is more suitable to Boethius. Besides, as Dante elsewhere cites Juvenal by name, why should he not do so here, if he was aware that he was quoting his words? These and other examples that might be added show that occasionally we must exercise caution in inferring direct acquaintance with an author quoted.

Next, as to the use of 'Florilegia,' 'Dicta Philosophorum,' 'Moralités des Philosophes,' and similar collections of extracts exhibiting 'the wit and wisdom' of various writers.

* In like manner, no doubt, Dante obtained his apparently direct citation (in *De Mon.* iii. 6) of the well-known dictum of Agathon, which is found in *Nic. Eth.* VI. ii. 6.

Such collections were common in the Middle Ages, and in days of manuscripts only we can appreciate the utility and even the necessity of such works,

‘Che noteranno molto in parvo loco.’

Many of these still survive in manuscripts, and others, amplified by successive editors, have found their way into print. Smaller collections were commonly used in schools for purposes of dictation, and then for what is now called ‘repetition.’ Nor could the works of classical authors, from their costliness, have been otherwise accessible to the ordinary schoolboy,

‘quum totus decolor esset

Flaccus, et hæreret nigro fuligo Maroni.’

Though more advanced students had recourse to public and monastic libraries, they were doubtless as glad to avail themselves occasionally of the help of *Florilegia* as we are to benefit by indexes and concordances, and, it need hardly be said, with as good right. Though we must not be tempted too far in pursuing this interesting subject, especially when it takes us beyond the limits of Dante and his practice, we may briefly mention some of the traces which the use of such collections has left in literature. (1) Certain passages of an author are found to be quoted by various and independent writers quite out of proportion to the results of any principle of ‘natural selection.’ (2) Passages of a certain class, viz. those of an epigrammatic or sententious character, suitable for ‘copybook headings,’ though doubtless possessing some advantage in the ‘struggle for existence,’ are yet quoted with quite disproportionate frequency, compared with those of striking literary beauty or general interest. The explanation would seem to be that they are ‘such stuff as *Florilegia* are made of.’ (3) A still more remarkable result is that, in the case of an author who has written works of different kinds, those which lend themselves to the supply of such extracts or sentiments are constantly quoted, while others of equal or greater literary merit fall into comparative oblivion. A very remarkable instance of this is found in the case of Horace, whose Odes were in the time of Dante almost unknown, while his hexametral works were freely quoted, thus fully accounting for Dante’s description of him as ‘*Orazio satiro*,’ as will be explained later. As to the evidence of the use of such works by Dante in particular, there is naturally not much to be said. But we have noticed three or four suspicious cases. His usual habit in his prose

works is to mention not only the author whom he is quoting, but the title of the work, and generally also the number of the book. This applies especially to Aristotle, Cicero, Virgil, Ovid, and Lucan. To go into the details of these 'suspicious' quotations would obviously be unsuitable here. We will only, therefore, mention that a quotation from Cicero vaguely introduced with 'dice Tullio,' without any book being specified, in *Conv.* iv. 29, cannot be identified, and perhaps occurred thus wrongly fathered in a *Florilegium*. Again, two similar cases occur in respect of Aristotle, and in these instances they have been found in printed *Florilegia* actually, though wrongly, attributed to him. Though these particular works are later than Dante, they are probably based upon earlier works of the same kind, which were a common quarry for later collections. Finally, in *Inf.* xxiii. 4, Dante refers to Æsop's fable of the Frog and the Mouse. No such fable is known by that author. But here we are distinctly informed by the old commentator, Benvenuto (writing in 1379), that there existed in his day a handbook of extracts from Æsop in which such a fable is attributed to him.

We have spoken hitherto chiefly of direct and acknowledged quotations. But in the case of Dante, or any other author, the allusive references to earlier writers are fully as instructive, and often present features of peculiar interest. They are, so to speak, more spontaneous, and reveal the channels in which the writer's thoughts naturally or habitually, and indeed sometimes but half-consciously, flow, his mind being, as it were, saturated or ingrained with the thoughts of his favourite authors.* This is conspicuous in Dante's case chiefly in reference to Scripture and Virgil. The texture of his diction is, so to speak, 'shot' with a Scriptural colouring, and in the case of Virgil this intimate familiarity is shown (among other ways) by the frequent repetition of small phrases, and in particular of Virgilian epithets. We select the following out of a considerable number that we have noticed. 'Superbum Ilium' (cf. *Inf.* i. 75; and add *Inf.* xxx. 14 and *Purg.* xii. 61-3); 'carcere cæco' (cf. *Purg.* xxii. 103); 'antiquam silvam' (cf. *Purg.* xxviii. 23); 'littoræ rubro' (cf. *Par.* vi. 79); 'miseris mortalibus' (cf. *Par.* xxviii. 2); 'vada livida' (cf. *Inf.* iii. 98); 'secreti calles' (cf. *Inf.* x. 1,

* Thus, the 'Trionfi' of Petrarch, the poetical works of Boccaccio, the 'Orlando' of Ariosto, &c., abound with fragments of Dante embedded in the language like fossils.

where 'secreto calle' is the best reading),* &c., &c. There is one other instance which deserves a few words in passing. Virgil's 'humilem Italiam' (*Æn.* iii. 522) undoubtedly suggested

'Di quell' umil' Italia fia salute' (*Inf.* i. 106).

A variety of interpretations have been proposed for the epithet *umile* in this passage. We believe that Dante is intentionally reproducing a Virgilian phrase which he gracefully puts into Virgil's own mouth, though no doubt he intends us to 'read between the lines,' and to attach a deeper meaning to 'low-lying Italy' than that which they originally bore, descriptive of the 'low-lying' Apulian coast, as *Æneas* approached it from the sea. We may add just two illustrations from the Vulgate of these quotations 'held in solution,' as they have happily been called. They are selected because this peculiar feature of interest attaches to them, as to many similar instances, that, in order that Dante's language may be effective or even intelligible to his readers, a like familiarity with the original is assumed to exist on their part. Thus, in *Par.* xii. 128, 129, Dante makes St. Bonaventura declare:—

'nei grandi uffici
Sempre posposi la sinistra cura.'

It seems to be agreed that his meaning is that he always regarded the dignity or emoluments of office as quite a secondary matter. But to describe these as 'sinistra cura' is hardly intelligible unless Dante supposed that his readers would at once remember that Wisdom in *Prov.* iii. 16 declares that 'in her left hand are riches and honour.' Again, a little before, in the same canto (l. 75), Dante describes St. Francis's love of poverty by saying that his love was devoted

'Al primo consiglio che diè Cristo.'

He assumes that our minds will recur at once to the 'counsel of perfection' in *Matt.* xix. 21, viz. : 'Sell all thou hast and give to the poor.' Similarly, when Dante periphrastically describes the sun as

'Quegli che è padre d'ogni mortal vita' (*Par.* xxii. 116),
or human nature as

'la bella figlia
Di quei che apporta mane e lascia sera,' (*Par.* xxviii. 138),
he takes it for granted that we shall remember the saying

* So also in the prose of his *Epistles* we find interwoven such expressions as 'malesuada fames,' 'præsaga mens,' 'Pergama rediviva,' &c.

of Aristotle (quoted by himself directly in *De Mon.* i. 9), 'generat enim homo hominem et Sol.' Many more passages might be added in which Dante makes similar demands on the intelligence and instruction of his readers. In this, as in other respects, he takes it for granted that they are as full of varied learning and interests as himself, and if not, so much the worse for them. He will go his own way, and though he may warn those who are in 'piccioletta barca' of their danger of losing themselves, he will not pause in his impetuous course to help them. A recent anonymous writer has very truly said that 'far the greatest part of Dante's hardness comes not from his own want of clear thinking, but from his readers' want of clear knowledge.'

Another way in which, short of actual quotation, familiarity with an earlier author or passage is shown is by what we may perhaps venture to call the 'echo' of a quotation. The ring, so to speak, of a passage is in the writer's ears, and this determines or modifies the form into which his own words are thrown, even though sometimes the idea expressed may be a different one. As Spenser quaintly says: 'Having the sound of the ancient poets still ringing in his ears, he mought needs in singing hit out some of their tunes.' Thus, when Dante says

'Che gli occhi miei si fero a lui seguaci' (*Purg.* xxiv. 101),

he is not indeed quoting, but he is probably thinking of Virgil, *Æn.* vi. 200:—

'Quantum acie possent oculi servare sequentum.'

We call this an 'echo' rather than a quotation, because the idea expressed by the similar words 'seguaci' and 'sequentum' is in a sense retained, though introduced in a different way. Such imitation as this is probably in some cases only half-conscious, but there is also another way in which it may sometimes occur. We all know how provokingly the *disjecta membra* of quotations sometimes float, like wreckage, in our memories, and, apart from books (Dante's normal condition), what patchwork we make when we try to quote or imitate a would-be familiar passage. It is not improbable that some, at least, of Dante's numerous 'echoes' of quotations may have had a similar origin. But be this as it may, we have noticed several times, in the case of Ovid, a tendency on the part of Dante to reproduce a rhetorical artifice by one similar in character, though the form of words may be altogether different. Such rhetorical artifices,

of course, abound in Ovid. He has even been characterised by a recent writer (though, surely, most unjustly) as 'more of a rhetorician than a poet.' We will merely put down, without further comment, two illustrations of this. In the story of Niobe, which Dante evidently derived from Ovid, compare

'Tra sette et sette tuoi figliuoli spenti' (Purg. xii. 39)

with

* Orba resedit

Exanimis inter natosque natasque virumque' (Met. vi. 301-2);

and in reference to the crime of Alcæon, compare

'Per non perder pietà si fe' spietato' (Par. iv. 105)

with

'Ultusque parente parentem

Natus erit facto pius et sceleratus eodem' (Met. ix. 407-8),

where both the sentiment and the rhetorical form are reproduced, though the effect of the repeated words is differently arranged. But we must not omit to call attention to the beautiful and touching 'echo' of a quotation which Scartazzini has pointed out in the parting scene of Dante and Virgil in Purg. xxx. 49-51, as compared with that of Orpheus and Euridice in Georg. iv. 525-7. Compare

'(Volveret,) *Euridicen* vox ipsa et frigida lingua,
Ah miseram *Euridicen*! anima fugiente vocabat;
Euridicen toto referebant flumine ripæ'

with

'Ma *Virgilio* n' avea lasciato scemi
Di sè, *Virgilio* dolcissimo padre,
Virgilio, a cui per mia salute dièmi.'*

The pathetic repetition of the beloved name in three successive lines, and in the corresponding position in each line, is very striking.

We have already said that sometimes we may suspect (even as 'bonus dormitat Homerus') that Dante has fallen into an occasional lapse of memory in his quotations or references. One or two samples may perhaps be given of what seem to be imperfectly remembered passages. In Par. xx. 51, Dante describes Hezekiah as one who

'Morte indugiò per vera penitenza.'

* The very line before this passage—'Cognosco i segni dell' antica fiamma'—is a direct translation of *Æn.* iv. 23: 'Agnosco veteris vestigia flammæ.'

He seems to have confused two incidents—(1) his sickness, in which he pleads that he has ‘walked in truth, and with a ‘perfect heart, and has done that which is good in God’s ‘sight’ (2 Kings xx. 3), and it is after this plea that his life was prolonged for fifteen years; and (2) his subsequent lapse into pride and boastfulness, for which his penitence is recorded, and, as a consequence, the threatened national calamities were delayed. Again, in Conv. iv. 23, Dante quotes St. Luke as saying that Christ died about the sixth hour in order to prove that He did so before the decline of the day, just as He died before the age of thirty-five in order that He might not enter on the descent of life’s arch. But St. Luke clearly implies (xxiii. v. 44–46) that He died about the ninth hour, as SS. Matthew and Mark expressly state.

Virgil (*Æn.* i. 665) is very curiously misquoted, or rather mistranslated, by Dante in Conv. ii. 6. The words are:—

‘Nate, patris summi qui tela Typhoia temnis.’

Dante is aware that Venus is addressing Cupid, and yet he takes *patris summi* as the genitive after *Nate*, and not after *tela*, thus making Cupid the son of Jupiter! Further, he supposes *tela Typhoia* to be the darts thrown *by*, and not *at*, Typhoeus. Again, we cannot but suspect some misunderstanding of the celebrated ‘*Auri sacra fames*’ passage, put into the mouth of Statius in *Purg.* xxii. 40. At any rate it is very difficult to explain as it stands. Finally, Dante’s representation of Cacus as a Centaur in *Inf.* xxv. 17 seems to have resulted from a misunderstood or confused recollection of the expression in Virgil, ‘*Semihominis Caci facies*.’

We may now call attention to some cases in which Dante has directly borrowed or imitated the similes of earlier writers; such as, in *Par.* xxvi. 137, the fashion of the use of words changing like autumn leaves, from Horace, *Ars Poetica*, 60, 61, combined with 70, 71; in *Inf.* iii. 112 *seq.*, the spirits in Charon’s boat showering down like withered leaves, from Virgil, *Æn.* vi. 309–312; and in *Inf.* v. 82–85, Francesca and Paolo gliding through the air like doves returning home to their nest, also from Virgil, *Æn.* v. 213–17; the tree bent by the wind and recovering itself, in *Par.* xxvi. 85–88, from Statius, *Theb.* vi. 854 *seq.*; and so on. But when Dante has thus borrowed from other poets, they may be said to ‘receive their own with usury,’ for it is interesting to observe the wonderful transformation that the material borrowed has sometimes undergone in his hands. As a distinguished writer observed many years ago in the pages of

this Journal, also speaking of Dante: 'Reminiscences in great geniuses are like sparks that produce a mighty flame. . . . Much of a great writer's originality may consist in attaining his sublime objects by the same means which others had employed for mere trifling.' Without, let us hope, any suspicion of applying these last words to the case before us, we will take just one of the above similes—the second, which is also the most celebrated of them, since it is not original even in Virgil, being found in a slightly different application both in Homer, *Il. vi. 146 seq.*, by whom it may have been suggested to Virgil, and in *Ecclus. xiv. 18*. A comparison of the corresponding passages in Virgil and Dante will show how little Dante owed to Virgil, and how, at any rate, he gave in exchange *χρύσεα χαλκείων*, as Homer says. The whole scene of Charon's boat in *Inf. iii.* is full of imitations and reminiscences of Virgil, but the particular simile with which we are concerned is as follows:—

'Quam multa in silvis auctumni frigore primo
Lapsa cadunt folia, aut ad terram gurgite ab alto
Quam multæ glomerantur aves, ubi frigidus annus
Trans pontum fugat,' &c. (*Æn. vi. 309-12*).

Now observe that Virgil uses these two comparisons of the falling leaves and the migrating birds for no other purpose than that of giving the idea of the *vast numbers* of the souls preparing to enter Charon's boat: 'Quam multa . . . folia' . . . 'Quam multæ . . . aves.' In Dante this passes out of sight, and there are three other distinct and very beautiful points of resemblance indicated by the simile of the leaves. His words are:—

'Come d' autunno si levan le foglio
L' una appresso dell' altra, infin che il ramo
Vede alla terra tutte le sue spoglie.'

Note here—(1) The *gentle fluttering down* of the falling leaves as they are detached, (*si levan*) from the branch in the 'calm decay' of autumn is compared to the feeble dropping off from the bank of these weary spirits (*anime lasse*, l. 100), *νεκρῶν ἀμνηνὰ κάρηνα*, as Homer would call them. On this Ruskin remarks: 'When Dante describes the spirits falling from the bank of Acheron as dead leaves from a bough, he gives the most perfect image possible of their utter lightness, feebleness, passiveness, and scattering agony of despair.' (2) The *continuous shower* of leaves, leaf following leaf till the branch is left quite bare, gives a vivid picture of the spirits casting themselves down in quick succession, one

after the other, into the boat below, till all have disappeared from the bank. Note 'L' una appresso dell'altra' in l. 113, and then

'*Similmente il mal seme d' Adamo
Gittansi di quel lito ad una, ad una.*'

(3) Finally, the pathetic touch in the words next following—

'*infin che il ramo
Vede alla terra tutte le sue spoglie,*'

the bare branch looking as it were wistfully at all its own foliage strewed upon the ground beneath, is all Dante's own. The pathos of this may well be compared with that of the beautiful lines of Keble :—

'*See the calm leaves float,
Each to his rest beneath their parent shade.
How like decaying life they seem to glide !*'

Even so (ll. 118–120) the lately crowded but now (though for a brief space) deserted bank looks down upon the crowded spirits floating away on the dusky stream below. There is one line which we have not yet noticed (l. 117)—

'*Per cenni, come augel per suo richiamo.*'

Virgil, it will be remembered, also refers to birds in his simile, and this probably suggested 'augelli' to Dante; but if so, what infinitely more effective use he makes of the idea thus 'echoed!' He does not merely duplicate the former simile, as Virgil does, but brings in an entirely new and very beautiful thought. He compares the spirits, passively and as by some resistless impulse following the beck of Charon as he summons them one by one, to a bird that cannot but obey its master's call, though it may do so 'disdegnoso e fello,' as he says elsewhere (Inf. xvii. 132), in another of the numerous passages in which he has drawn his metaphors from falconry. Even thus do these spirits blindly and unresistingly abandon themselves to their fate, Divine justice so spurring them on that they come to desire that which they fear—

'*Si che la tema si volge in desio*' (l. 126).

Thus Dante has borrowed the mere germ, so to speak, of a somewhat commonplace simile, and transformed it into one of the most graphic and beautiful comparisons to be found in all poetry. If any one will compare the simile of the doves in Inf. v. 82–85 with Virgil, *Æn.* v. 213–17 (adding, perhaps, vi. 190–92 and 202, 203), he will find clear indications that Dante had the model of Virgil before him, but no less

clear evidence that in this, as in other similar cases 'Dante
'imitando creò.'

Dante has a curious habit, which may be briefly noticed here, of placing side by side quotations from Scripture and so-called profane authors, balancing one against the other, as though they had something like co-ordinate authority; which certainly Dante would not for a moment have admitted, though his language occasionally about Aristotle seems to come very near to this. In the same way, the most casual reader cannot fail to have noticed in all the three parts of the *Divina Commedia*, but especially in the *Purgatorio*, how habitually the examples of vice or virtue are taken alternately, or in alternate groups, from Scripture or profane literature; e.g. Potiphar's wife and Sinon (*Inf.* xxx. 97, 98), Nimrod and Briareus Antæus, &c. (*Inf.* xxxi. 77 *seq.*), Jephthah and Agamemnon (*Par.* v. 66-70), Goliath and Antæus in *De Mon.* ii. 10; while in the numerous examples for warning and imitation in the seven *Cornici* of 'Purgatory' there is not a single exception to this symmetrical arrangement. The same tendency is sometimes shown in grouping *ancient* and *modern* instances, as Jason and Caccianimico (*Inf.* xviii. 50, 56), Mirra and Gianni Schicchi (*Inf.* xxx. 32-39), Thais and Interminei in *Inf.* xviii. 122, 133, and many others; or, again, *ecclesiastical* and *secular* instances, as St. Laurence and Mucius (*Par.* iv. 83, 84), or Sabellius and Arius on the one hand, grouped with Parmenides, Melissus, and Bryson on the other, as instances of heretics, theological and philosophical respectively (*Par.* xiii. 124-27). One of the most singular examples of this tendency in the case of quotations is found in the pair of passages by which the triumphant advent of Beatrice is heralded in *Purg.* xxx. 19-21.

'Tutti dicean : *Benedictus qui venis,*
E, fior gittando di sopra e dintorno,
Manibus o date lilia plenis.'

So in *Vulg. Eloq.* i. 2, the difficulties arising out of the use of speech implied in the scriptural narration of Balaam's ass, and in Ovid's account of the transformation of the magpies, are gravely discussed together. The *Convito* also affords many examples of this practice. Dante was, no doubt, familiar with St. Thomas's defence (in the beginning of the 'Summa') of this alliance of theology with secular knowledge as not implying any slight on the supremacy of Scripture. Indeed, we might well apply to Dante himself the language quoted by Aquinas from St. Jerome in reference

to the early Christian apologists: 'Nescis quid in illis 'prius admirari debeas, eruditionem sæculi an scientiam 'Scripturarum.' Dante might also have found some curious examples of it in the works* of his own master Brunetto Latini, who once quotes in succession St. Gregory, Juvenal, Boethius, Cicero, Seneca, and Solomon with the same formula, 'dice' or 'disse;' and similar combinations are elsewhere to be found in his works.

There are two authors in particular towards whom the attitude of Dante calls for a few special remarks—Horace and Statius. Also, a few words will be added on Cicero. It is known to all how Dante introduces Horace among the five great poets in *Inf.* iv. as 'Orazio satiro.' This epithet has caused much surprise among critics, and has given rise to a good deal of discussion. We must observe first of all, that 'satiro' means 'moralist' rather than 'satirist,' and must be taken to include the 'hexametral' works of Horace generally, and not the 'Satires' exclusively, or even specially. Dante never shows the slightest evidence of acquaintance with the 'Satires,' and, had he known them, it would probably have been (as with mediæval writers usually) under the title of 'Sermones.' One writer supposes that Dante deliberately chooses the epithet 'satiro' to indicate his opinion of the superior value of this part of his work as compared with the Odes. This then would be the part, according to Dante, 'nel quale egli vive ancor.' The Odes, in comparison, would perhaps be thought of as 'nugæ canoræ.' The exaggerated rhetoric in which the writer referred to proclaims this view is rather characteristic of a good deal of modern Italian criticism: 'in quell' epiteto è tutt' intero 'un ragionamento di critica letteraria'! Another suggestion made is that Dante selects 'satire' as the distinguishing feature of Horace because it was the form of composition most original and indigenous at Rome, that in which pre-eminently 'vestigia Græca ausi (sunt) deserere;' for, according to the well-known dictum of Quintilian, 'satira 'tota nostra est.' We believe the simple and prosaic explanation to be the true one, viz. that Dante was not acquainted with the Odes. He certainly never quotes or definitely refers to them; and it is more than probable that, had he known them, he would have been attracted by the numerous passages in which Horace appears as the panegyrist

'dell' alma Roma e di suo impero,'

as he was by similar language in Virgil. We do not, of

course, mean that Dante was not aware that Horace was also a lyrical poet, but only that Dante was probably not himself acquainted with that part of his works. In this we are not left merely to probable inferences, or to the *argumentum e silentio* to be derived from his own writings. We have definite and statistical evidence of the oblivion into which the Odes of Horace had fallen among Dante's literary contemporaries and predecessors. A very learned monograph has lately been published by Dr. Manitius, of Göttingen, entitled '*Analekten zur Geschichte des Horaz im Mittelalter*,' in which he has collected, with infinite pains, a list of the references to Horace to be found from the earliest times to the end of the thirteenth century, in authors of all sorts, grammarians, scholiasts, ecclesiastics, chroniclers, historians, poets, &c.* He gives separately the quotations from 'Odes,' 'Epodes,' 'Satires,' 'Epistles,' and 'Ars Poetica,' but for our present purpose it will be enough to group the last three as 'Orazio Satiro,' and the first two as 'Orazio Lirico.'

We have taken the trouble to analyse and tabulate this collection, with the result that whereas up to the end of the eleventh century the number of quotations registered in 'Orazio Lirico' is 157, in 'Orazio Satiro' 290, in the twelfth century it is, 'Or. Lirico' 77, 'Or. Satiro' 520; and in the thirteenth century, 'Or. Lirico' 16, 'Or. Satiro' 229. Thus, it is clear that while the study of Horace, as of other classical authors, shows a great falling-off in the thirteenth century (partly owing to the disturbing militarism of the Crusades, and partly owing to the growth of Scholasticism), this falling-off in the case of Horace is far more marked in the case of the Odes. This becomes still more striking if we separate the quotations found in Italian writers from those of Britain, Germany, and France. The quotations from Italy in the thirteenth century registered by Manitius are, Odes 1, Satires 0, Epistles 11, Ars Poetica 6. Here we have surely a sufficient explanation of Horace appearing to Dante in the character of 'Orazio satiro' (in the wider sense explained above). If we desire still more precise evidence, it is not wanting. One Hugo of Trimberg, a schoolmaster of Bamberg, and a contemporary of Dante, wrote (in 1280) a doggerel rhyming epitome of Latin litera-

* In some few cases he merely refers his readers to the previous labours of others in respect of particular authors; but this is not likely to affect the general truth of the above results, which are based upon his own researches.

ture for the benefit of his pupils. From his account of Horace (reproduced by Manitius) we extract just four lines:—

‘ Qui tres libros etiam fecit principales,
Duosque dictavera^f minus usuales,
Epodon videlicet, et librum Odarum,
Quos nostris temporibus credo valere parum ’!

We could not wish for a more significant commentary on the much-disputed ‘Orazio satiro.’

It may be added that the remarks of the early commentators on this passage fully bear out the conclusion at which we have arrived as to the prevailing ignorance about Horace. Of the ten or eleven who wrote in the fourteenth century, i.e. within about eighty years of Dante’s death, seven profess to give some account of Horace, and of these only one (Boccaccio) mentions him as a lyrical poet. Some of the statements made about him are very grotesque. One, after describing Lucan as ‘one who wrote about the battles of Æneas, and of the same battles that Homer wrote about,’ merely adds that ‘Orazio satiro spoke of these same things, and of many others.’ Another says that Horace ‘wrote *tragedies* (!) and several epistles.’ Another romances in the following astonishing manner: ‘Orazio fu grande poeta, et era deputato pe’ Romani a correggere i libri che lasciavano i poeti, che eran tutti rappresentate a lui! Fece molti volumi di libri, la Poetria, le Pistole,’ &c. And even Buti (generally better informed), in similar language, states that ‘Orazio . . . fu valentissimo poeta intanto, che a Roma, ov’ elli visse, fu fatto correggitore de’ poeti.’ This extraordinary invention looks like a ‘mythical’ embodiment of the ‘Poetria’ generally, and in particular, perhaps, of the passage, ‘Ergo fungar vice cotis,’ &c. (ll. 304 *seq.*)

Dante’s treatment of Statius constitutes one of the most singular problems or anomalies of the ‘Divina Commedia.’ We are surprised at his enthusiastic, and, as it appears to us, somewhat extravagant admiration of a poet whose prolix and often inflated style is the very antipodes of his own. We have already seen that on one occasion he has substituted the name of Statius for that of Horace when selecting the Latin poets as models of style, though in other respects repeating the well-known list in *Inf.* iv. This and other indications convince us that the name of Statius would have certainly been the next to be admitted to the charmed circle of the ‘bella scuola,’ were its limits to be enlarged,

Indeed, Dante has in some sense 'provided some better 'thing for him,' for by the singular fiction of his secret conversion to Christianity he has secured for him the anomalous privilege of admission to purgatory, and of ultimate salvation, which is denied to so many that are 'greater than he.' The following are some of the problems or anomalies to which we have referred in Dante's treatment of Statius, on each of which a few words may not be out of place.

1. His alleged prodigality.
2. His pretended conversion to Christianity.
3. The peculiar rôle assigned to him in the 'Purgatorio.'
4. Of what is he the type or symbol?

1. It will be remembered that Dante meets Statius in the fifth *Cornice* of Purgatory, from which he has just at that moment obtained his release. In this division of purgatory, in which avarice is punished, he is represented as having passed five centuries or more (*Purg.* xxi. 68), and in the *Cornice* next below, that of 'Accidia,' more than four centuries (xxii. 92, 93). Virgil is made to express his surprise that one so wise as Statius could have been stained with so sordid a vice.* Statius explains that his was the contrary vice, viz. that of prodigality—'avarizia fu partita 'troppo da me'—and that in purgatory, as in hell, the excess and defect are punished together as connected forms of vice, on strict Aristotelian principles. Statius then declares that he was indebted to Virgil for his recovery from this vice, as well as for the more important boon of his conversion to Christianity, which comes later. In particular his reformation was effected by Virgil's well-known lines in *Æn.* iii. 56:—

'Quid non mortalia pectora cogis,
Auri sacra fames?'

The form, however, in which these words are quoted by Statius is very difficult to explain—

'Per che (=quid?) non reggi tu, o sacra fame
Dell'oro, l'appetito dei mortali?' (*Purg.* xxii. 40, 41).

We are not aware of the existence of any such tradition

* It is to be observed that Dante had a very special contempt for the vice of avarice. See, *inter alia*, *Inf.* vii. 53 *seq.* :

'La sconoscente vita che i fe' sozzi
Ad ogni conoscenza or li fa bruni.'

The same feeling appears conspicuously in *Convito*, *Tratt.* iv. *passim*.

as to the character and habits of Statius. It appears to be a pure invention on the part of Dante, as much so as the alleged conversion to Christianity. The object in both cases seems to be to connect the benefits received with the influence of Virgil, and with some definite passage that could be quoted from his works. What makes this particular invention more singular is that it is somewhat inconsistent with the picture of Statius's condition presented by Juvenal in Sat. vii. 82-87, which Dante appears to have been acquainted with, though we cannot point out the indications of this here. For 'prodigality' implies the possession of considerable means, whereas Juvenal implies that Statius was poor, and that even his great popularity would not have saved him from starvation, unless it had been relieved by the more substantial support of Domitian's powerful favourite, Paris.

'Esurit intactam Paridi nisi vendat Agaven.'

2. Still more strange is Dante's fiction that Statius secretly embraced Christianity for some years before his death, though he had not the courage to profess it openly during the persecution of Domitian, a *tepidezza* which was expiated by more than four centuries on the *Cornice* of 'Accidia' (Purg. xxii. 73-93). And stranger still (though this is probably the key to the invention) that his conversion was brought about through the instrumentality of Virgil's prophetic lines in Ecl. iv. 5-7. That this language was in some sense 'inspired,' and that Virgil therein 'prophesied of 'Christ,' was a common mediæval belief; but its application to Statius in particular is peculiar to Dante, and, as we have said, is intended for the glorification of Virgil, and also perhaps, to enhance the pathos of the 'duro giudizio' by which Statius is 'taken' and Virgil 'left,' and by which Virgil, though able 'appresso Dio' (xxii. 66) to 'save others,' cannot 'save himself.' Thus, in the touching and exquisite metaphor of Dante, he was

'Come quel che va di notte,
Che porta il lume dietro, e sè non giova,
Ma dopo sè fa le persone dotte' (Purg. xxii. 67-69).

3. The peculiar rôle assigned to Statius in the 'Purgatorio' is perhaps the least capable of explanation of any of these anomalies. His most conspicuous function is to be the vehicle of a sort of authoritative revelation to Dante of the truth as to the process of generation, the development of the embryo, and the origin and nature of the soul. This long digression occurs in Purg. xxv., a great part of it consisting

in a *réchauffé* of Aristotle, De Gen. Anim., until Dante has to part company with Aristotle's guidance, and to follow Aquinas and other Christian teachers in expounding a Creationist theory of the origin of the soul (ll. 67 *seq.*). When Dante raises the difficulty which leads to this 'revelation' as its solution, Virgil deliberately stands aside and gives place to Statius, who apologises for assuming the office of a teacher while Virgil is present (ll. 28-33). We have called it a 'revelation,' for such the exordium of Statius implies it to be.

'Se la veduta eterna gli dislego' (l. 31; comp. l. 36).

We cannot offer any explanation of the selection of Statius for this purpose; nor do we see what there was in his character, history, or literary qualities to render it in any way appropriate. He was, indeed, in one degree (as Scartazzini points out) more appropriate than Virgil, because, being supposed a Christian poet, Christian doctrines could with less violence be put into his mouth. But this qualification is itself a pure fiction of Dante's own, and does not, therefore, much advance the solution of the main question.

4. Finally, What, it may be asked, does Statius symbolise? The part assigned to him is almost, if not quite, as conspicuous as that of the still more mysterious personage Matelda in the later cantos of the Purgatorio, and only surpassed in importance by the parts played in the action of the poem by Beatrice and Virgil. This naturally disposes us to expect some definite piece of symbolism. It is easier to feel convinced here of the reality of a problem to be solved than of its solution. We venture tentatively and with much hesitation to offer the following suggestion as perhaps worth considering *faute de mieux*. If Virgil (as is generally admitted) represents Human Reason, and Beatrice Revelation or Theology,* we may perhaps suppose that Statius typifies something intermediate; such as Human Reason, generally enlightened by Christianity, but not specially instructed or interested therein; the cultivated 'lay' mind (not even the 'pious layman') in an age that has received the general impress of Christianity; a mind by which it is accepted and assumed rather than warmly embraced; one that is uncon-

* This seems clearly pointed out, *inter alia*, in Purg. xviii. 46-48 (Virgil *loquitur*):—

'Quanto ragion qui vede
Dirti poss' io, da indi in là t'aspetta
Pure a Beatrice, che opera è di fede.'

sciously rather than consciously under its influence. Christianity has, of course, lifted the minds, the ideas, the knowledge of mankind to a different level, though they may not be aware of what they precisely owe to it. They breathe a different atmosphere, though they may be unconscious of its ingredients and unaware of the degree or manner in which it has been changed for the better. Thus, as compared with any one who lived before Christianity was 'in the air,' 'the least in the kingdom of heaven is greater than he,' just as, since the establishment of the Copernican system, the veriest tyro in astronomy is enabled to start from a higher platform than would be attainable even by a Ptolemaic Newton. We only throw this out as a possible suggestion. Dante *may* have intended to create a type of this intermediate condition between Virgil and Beatrice, between the highest type of pre-Christian intellect, or merely human reason, and the fullest development of the soul enlightened by the treasures of wisdom and knowledge which are imparted by revelation and dogmatic theology.

Before leaving the subject of Dante and Statius we may call attention to one of the many passages cited or imitated by Dante from his works, for the sake of the interesting comment made upon it by Dante, and the consequent probability that it has served as the model for a celebrated passage in his own poem. In *Conv.* iv. 25, Dante gives as an illustration of 'Verecundia' the answer of Polynices to Adrastus (according to Statius, *Theb.* i. 668 *seq.*), when asked by him as to his parentage. His reply is:

'Cadmus origo patrum, tellus Mavortia Thebe,
Et genetrix Jocasta mihi' (l. 680).

Dante observes that through shame Polynices avoids mentioning the name of his father Œdipus, but declares his ancestors, his country, and his mother. Dante having been thus struck by the tact and delicacy of Statius in this passage, and having himself drawn this inference from his language, we can scarcely doubt that we have an imitation of it in the exquisite episode of Manfred in *Purg.* iii., where Dante makes Manfred declare—

'io son Manfredi,
Nepote di Costanza Imperadrice' (ll. 112, 113).

He mentions his grandmother, but omits to name his mother (Bianca Lancia), since he was illegitimate.*

* Benvenuto da Imola, quaintly, as usual, but here, it must be

Though some of Dante's references to Cicero involve special points of interest, we shall limit ourselves to the consideration of one only, which affords the key to one of the most important principles involved in his classification of sins in the *Inferno*. The two fundamental principles may be said to be—(1) The distinction between sins of incontinence and of vicious habit (*incontinenza* and *malizia*), and the more venial character of the former. This is, of course, derived directly from Aristotle, and is definitely asserted upon his authority, by Dante in *Inf. xi. ll. 70-90*. (2) The distinction between sins of violence and sins of fraud, under one or other of which heads all kinds of *malizia* fall.

'D' ogni malizia ch' odio in ciel acquista,
Ingiuria è il fine, ed ogni fin cotale
O con forza o con frode altrui contrista' (*ib. ll. 22-24*).

The former occupy Circle 7, and the latter Circles 8 and 9 of the *Inferno*, each with numerous subdivisions. The source of this distinction is not expressly acknowledged, but it has been pointed out (in the first instance, we believe, by Dr. Witte) that it is beyond doubt derived directly from a passage in Cicero, *De Off. i. 13*: 'Cum autem duobus modis, id est, aut vi aut fraude fiat injuria; fraus quasi vulpeculæ, vis, leonis videtur; utrumque homini alienissimum, sed fraus odio digna majore.' It will be observed that of these three clauses, the first is almost translated in the passage quoted above. The second is reproduced in the mouth of Guido da Montefeltro (*Inf. xxvii. 74, 75*):—

'l' opere mie
Non furon leonine ma di volpe;'

and the sentiment of the third is implied in the next *terzina* to the one above quoted, in *Canto xi*.

'Ma perche frode è dell' uom proprio male,
Più spiace a Dio, e però stan di sotto
Gli frodolenti, e più dolor gli assale.'

It has also been pointed out in reference to this question—as to which before Dr. Witte's explanation much confusion and misapprehension prevailed, nor has it yet wholly disappeared from commentaries on the '*Inferno*')—that Dante's familiarity with this portion of the *De Officiis* is shown by the fact that chapters xi.-xvii. are quoted or referred to by him in his several works no less than eight times.

admitted, rather flippantly, comments thus: 'He is like the mule who said he was the grandson of a horse, though he was the son of an ass!'

But little space remains for pointing out some of the practical purposes that may be served by a systematic study of the passages which Dante quotes or refers to in such authors as we have been considering. The first and most obvious arise from the bearing of such passages on (1) questions of textual criticism, (2) questions of interpretation.

As to the former, there is, unfortunately, a good deal of uncertainty about the text of all of Dante's works, the autographs of the whole of them having very early disappeared. In the case of the *Divina Commedia*, though an enormous number of manuscripts (about 600) is known to exist, the earliest of them does not come within several years of Dante's death. On the other hand, five early commentaries have come down which were written within twelve years of his death, and it is curious to find various readings occasionally discussed even in some of them. Moreover, there are some cases in which readings which have very little support in manuscripts now existing are supported almost unanimously by the early commentators. This (we may remark in passing) illustrates the importance of admitting the evidence of patristic quotations to check the evidence of the surviving manuscripts of the New Testament. The chief difficulties, however, occur in the case of the *Convito*, the text of which is deplorably corrupt. Several readings have already been corrected, some with certainty, others with considerable probability, by the help of some of the very numerous direct quotations which abound in this work.

It is obvious that this is a very dangerous tool, and one that needs to be employed with the greatest precaution, and only by skilful hands. It would be difficult to imagine any process more uncritical than an offhand alteration of the text of an author simply to secure the accuracy of his quotations. It would assume on his part either an infallible memory, or else an habitual practice of verifying his references. The latter would be a practical impossibility before the days of printing, and it is none too common even in modern authors, with all their facilities for doing it. It would also involve another assumption, sometimes overlooked, viz. that the text which he used was the same as that now current. We cannot pursue this subject further than by merely giving two illustrations, one of the need of this last precaution, and the other of a safe and certain rectification of text by the help of a quotation. In the following passage from *Purg.* xxxiii. 49, the word *Naiade* is most inappropriate,

(inviting an obvious emendation), and yet is certainly the correct reading :—

‘Ma tosto fien li fatti le Naiade
Che solveranno questo enigma forte.’

How came Dante, it may be asked, to assign to the Naiads the astonishing function of solving riddles? Any one who refers to a modern edition of Ovid (*Metam.* vii. 759 *seq.*) will recognise the passage which Dante is imitating in this line, and, further, in this context generally. But he will also find that it reads thus :—

‘Carmina *Laiades* non intellecta priorum
Solverat ingenijs.’

The path, and almost the duty, of conjectural emendation seems clearly pointed out. But on further inquiry we find that the reading *Laiades* is due to a manuscript discovered long since Dante’s time, and that in his day the text of Ovid in this place was

‘Carmina *Naiades* non intellecta priorum
Solvunt ingenijs.’

The received text in Dante is therefore undoubtedly correct. The other illustration is this. In *Conv.* iv. 15, Dante quotes in an accurate Italian version a long passage (and therefore worth verification, and probably verified) of six consecutive lines from Ovid, *Metam.* i. 78–83. All goes well till we come to the words ‘recens tellus seductaque nuper ab alto *Æthere*,’ and then we find in all manuscripts the surprising reading, ‘la recente terra di poco dipartita dal nobile corpo sottile e *diáfano*.’ It is evident that a marginal gloss has displaced the word ‘etera’ which puzzled some copyist, and the passage from Ovid enables us with confidence to restore the word. Apparently the copyist knew less about the ‘ether’ even than modern philosophers (*auct.* Lord Salisbury at the British Association of 1894); for it is most singular that in another passage (*Conv.* iii. 15) where Dante is quoting another long passage in which the word ‘*æthera*’ occurs from *Prov.* viii. 27–30, all corresponds with the original till we come to ‘Quando *æthera* firmabat sursum et librabat ‘fontes aquarum,’ and then the text of the manuscripts runs, ‘quando suso fermava e sospendea le fonti dell’acque.’ The puzzling word is simply omitted altogether, since the sentence will construe in a fashion without it!

In employing quotations for the *interpretation* of the places in which they occur we are generally on safer ground,

though even here we might instance passages imitated in which, apparently, a new meaning is intentionally given to one or more words.

One obvious case in which quotations may throw light upon interpretation is that of ἄπαξ λεγόμενα, which are not uncommon in Dante, and, it may be added, come with suspicious frequency at the end of lines, in spite of his alleged boast that he never altered anything that he wished to say for the sake of a rhyme. If these occur, as they sometimes do, in a quotation or obvious imitation, we can often determine their sense pretty confidently. Thus, when Dante says

‘Quel fu il duro *camo*

Che dovia l' uom tener dentro a sua meta' (Purg. xiv. 143),

he is evidently thinking of Ps. xxxi. 9: ‘In *camo* et freno ‘maxillas eorum constringe;’ and we know that the word thus transliterated into Italian must mean ‘a bit.’ Also that Dante was familiar with the passage is shown by its direct quotation in De Mon. iii. 16. Again, the disputed interpretation of the word *rimorte* (again a ἄπαξ λεγόμενον) in Purg. xxiv. 4,

‘E l' ombre che parean cose *rimorte*,’

seems really determined for us by the obvious imitation of ‘arbores . . . bis mortuæ’ in Jude 12. But there are a great many words not uncommon in themselves, but used in an unusual or uncommon sense in Dante, the explanation of which may be traced in the same way. For Dante is said to have qualified the boast above referred to by adding that many times and oft (*molte e spesse volte*) he had made words to express for him that which they had not been in the habit of expressing for others. No student of Dante would feel any difficulty in admitting the truth of this. Thus, in Purg. x. 65, David dancing before the ark is described as ‘trecando *alzato*.’ The interpretation of the latter word is very much disputed. It seems most probable that it represents ‘accinctus ephod lineo’ in 2 Sam. vi. 14, in a narrative which Dante is here imitating throughout. The number of such passages is almost endless.* Two more from Ovid may be briefly mentioned. In Purg. xxviii. 50, 51—

‘Prosperina nel tempo che perdetto

La madre lei, ed ella *primavera*,’

the explanation of *primavera* has been variously given. We

* The two passages from Par. xii. already quoted above (p. 294) would also illustrate the use of quotations in interpretation.

venture to think that it is to be found in the passage which Dante is imitating from Ovid, *Metam.* v. 385 *seq.*, and especially the lines 397-99 :—

‘*Matrem sæpius ore*
Clamat ; et ut summa vestem laniarat ab ora
Collecti flores tunicis cecidere remissis.’

In other words, *primavera* means the flowers of spring that she had been gathering ; and so, indeed, Dante uses the word elsewhere—

‘[rive] Dipinte di mirabil primavera’ (Par. xxx. 63).

So, again, some doubt has attached to the meaning of the word *vivi* in *Purg.* xxix. 95, where Dante compares the eyes of the ‘four beasts’ to those of Argus, ‘se fosser *vivi*.’ It surely means if they were ‘alive’ in the sense of ‘awake and watchful,’ this proviso, so to speak, being required from a recollection that Ovid, from whom the story is borrowed, states that half of Argus’s eyes were always closed, so that only half were at any time ‘*vivi*’ (Ovid actually says ‘*vivebant*’), whereas those of the ‘four beasts’ ‘rest not day nor night.’

‘Centum luminibus cinctum caput Argus habebat :
Inque suis vicibus capiebant bina quietem :
Cætera servabant atque in statione *vivebant*’ (*Met.* i. 625-7).

But we must pass on, though many similar instances suggest themselves, and space compels us to limit ourselves to the merest hints or notes as to other practical applications of the special study of which we have been speaking. Another interesting problem to which it lends help is that of the actual Latin translation of Aristotle employed by Dante. Without going further into details, we may observe that such translations fall, at any rate, into two classes : the earlier ones made not directly from the Greek, but from Arabic versions of it ; * and later ones so recent as to be called ‘new’ in Dante’s time, made from the Greek itself. Both, it need hardly be said, abound with blunders, unintelligent literal renderings of single words without regard to the sense of the context, and still stranger transliterations of Greek words, the meaning of which was unknown to the translator. Some of these are reproduced in Dante’s citations of Aristotle, and when they are peculiar to one translation, or at any rate

* Indeed, some of the earliest Latin versions were four removes from the Greek (*auct.* Buhle), being based on a Hebrew translation of an Arabic translation of a Syriac translation of Aristotle !

to one class of translations, they afford a clue to the source from which Dante derived them. Several such coincidences enable us to determine, if not the actual translation which he used, at any rate within fairly narrow limits the family to which it belonged. The only illustration of this subject which is perhaps suitable for production here is the singular passage in *Conv.* ii. 15, in which Dante confesses himself unable to state with certainty the opinion of Aristotle as to the nature of the galaxy (the 'via di santo Jacopo'*) because it was different in the 'new' translation and the 'old.' Dante, fortunately, adds the view which is attributed to him in each of them. Thus we can start on our investigation of the subject with the clue that the 'new translation,' which naturally Dante is most likely to have employed, was one of those made directly from the Latin, since we find that those made through the Arabic exhibit the version attributed by Dante to the 'old translation.' The further steps in the argument involve details too technical for reproduction here.

There is yet another line of argument, in which we think some use might be made of the study of the quotations in Dante if they were systematically worked out and tabulated, though at present the suggestion is rather a speculative one. We refer to what might be called the 'synchronism of quotations' in different works of Dante, as affording some evidence of approximate date of composition. Such evidence might be regarded as at least confirmatory of, and subsidiary to, other considerations. The task of determining the chronology of Dante's works is one of extreme difficulty. It is greatly complicated by the consideration that in days before formal publication the 'date' of a work is rather an indeterminate matter. Not only may different parts of a work (as the *Trattati* of the *Convito*) exhibit evidence of very different dates, but a work in any of its parts would remain to a considerable extent in the author's control, and be capable of revision and alteration, and of being 'brought up to date,' long after its contents were in a general sense known to a certain amount of 'public.' Of such revision, too, some students have thought that there are indications even in the *Divina Commedia*. The arguments on which the solution of this question of date turns are almost entirely considerations of probability gathered from internal evidence. Among these, coincidences of thought and expression, sometimes very striking and unmistakeable, between portions of different

* So called from *Galassia* being confused with *Galizia* !

works have often been employed as evidence of probable synchronism in composition. If so, why should not the repetition of the same quotations, or the frequency of quotations occurring from the same author, or the same book, in two different works of Dante be taken as an indication of the grooves in which his thoughts were running at a given time, and that time, therefore, the one common to the composition of both works? It is, no doubt, only a slight argument; but so are pretty nearly all the arguments available in this investigation, when isolated; but if several agree in pointing in the same direction, the contributory force of each is not to be neglected.

This is but a fragmentary sketch of a large subject, and one which has yet to be worked out in detail. Nor must it be forgotten, as we said at the outset, that a field nearly as large remains beyond our limits in the evidences of Dante's study of Aquinas, Albertus Magnus, Peter Lombard, Bonaventura, and several Scholastic writers besides, to say nothing of Alfraganus and other Arabian astronomers, to whom he is very frequently beholden, especially in the *Convito*. We hope that the importance and interest of the subject will before long engage the leisure and research of some one in the school of students of Dante, which, we are glad to believe, in spite of the deplorable neglect of the study of Italian in our schools and examinations, is, in these closing years of the nineteenth century, a large and ever-increasing body.

ART. III.—*A Memoir of Mrs. Augustus Craven (Pauline de la Ferronnays)*. By MARIA CATHERINE BISHOP. 2 vols. 8vo. London: 1894.

IT is always difficult to form a just estimate of society and ways of living different from our own, even when these are within our own country and more or less within the conditions of our own existence. But this difficulty is greatly increased when country, language, and uses differ from ours, and we have to strain our intelligence to follow the lines of a life with which we have no familiarity. We, in our insular ways, are more separate from the rest of the kingdoms of the earth than are any of those nations who divide the Continent among them. We love, we rejoice, and mourn, as they do; we encounter the same human episodes and revolutions, but we do not express ourselves in the same way, and we often find it difficult to understand or to sympathise with their modes of expression. On the other hand, the very absence of this faculty of expression often gives to a *journal intime* from another language a popularity and an influence to which in itself it has little right.

The book before us is interesting from both these points of view. It is one of the best indications we could have of French life and character, and it is a kind of sequel to a work which of all *journaux intimes* is the most exquisite and touching. The 'Récit d'une Sœur,' by which the name of Mrs. Craven will always be distinguished, is already an old book, and we dare not undertake to say how it is regarded by the new generation, which has a standard of taste so much changed from that of the last: though it may indeed be said to be a classic, and therefore one of the books which it touches the reputation of all who profess a love of literature to know. We cannot but hope, however, that the book now before us, which is in some sort the completion and winding up of that wonderful history of love and sorrow, will do much to bring it back to the reader. Seldom has there been so full and delicate a record of youth, of love, of happiness and gaiety, and trouble and grief. The life of Mrs. Craven, its author, records the maturer years, the riper thoughts, the consolations and philosophy of a woman tried with every possible shock and sorrow, yet retaining the spirit and courage, the gay heart, the happy blood—to use a phrase of her own—of her early years through all.

These modest volumes have thus many claims upon the interest of the reader. They reveal to us a life with which only a limited number of people out of France can be acquainted—a life full of the most curious and piquant contrasts, and which, perhaps, is already fading out of the contemporary phases of existence, society in France having passed through more fundamental changes than in any other country in Europe. They bring back to our knowledge one of the finest varieties of the race, more different, perhaps, than any we find among ourselves from the common strain, yet so fully revealed that we become more intimately acquainted with it than we are, it may almost be said, with many of our nearest friends. Coming from the very *fine fleur* of that French society at a period more unlike the present than in our steadier order we can well understand, profoundly pious, brilliantly *mondaine*, at home in half the Courts of Europe and in all the convents, with all the wit and logic of France in her talk, and the mystic worship of a devout Catholic in her heart, Pauline de la Ferronays in herself is more interesting than anything she has produced or anything that could be said about her: for words have to follow one line at a time, and she was half a dozen different things at the same moment, flashing like the facets of a diamond from the point of view at which you looked at her. We have had innumerable sketches of French society both from the worldly and from the pious side. But no such separation is necessary in France—or, at least, in Catholic France—where those common occupations of life which in a certain class consist as much of balls, theatres, and receptions as of more homely employments, are no more shut out than is driving or riding, or any natural exercise. ‘Call nothing common ‘or unclean,’ said the angel to St. Peter. But no angel has ever been able to convey this point of view to the pious in England; and it was thus with a surprise which may have frightened some readers, but was very pleasant to others, that we discovered in Mrs. Craven’s book the most tender and beautiful devotion, the desire ever present to serve and love God and dedicate life to his service, as the foremost of all purposes, among a group of beautiful young creatures who danced and acted with as much energy as any of their gayest contemporaries, and spent every spare evening at theatre or opera, and were indeed as gay, as fond of amusement, as ready to take a part in everything that promised ‘fun’ and pleasure as young creatures could be. We all

demurred a little at this, even when we were most charmed with the revelation. It must have seemed to many good young people anxious to be saved from the snares of the world, yet drawn a little by a carnal inclination towards the gaieties and brightness of life, too good to be true. The question is a curious one. At all events, we do not hear in France or in Catholic countries generally of that severance between amusements and religion which was believed in among good people fifty years ago, and which has affected the constitution of so many of us through the medium of training and tradition even in days of larger toleration and a less rigid faith.

The father of Pauline de la Ferronnays, afterwards Mrs. Augustus Craven, was a Breton noble, and Mrs. Bishop does not fail to note, according to the fashion of the time, the influence of their Celtic origin upon the minds of the family, conferring at once a higher vivacity and a greater spiritual enthusiasm. We cannot say that these discriminations have ever much interest for us, nor does the Comte de la Ferronnays himself, from whom they must have been derived, show any original tendency towards enthusiasm, though he died, like the others, in the odour of sanctity. There is one whimsical evidence of a truly Breton (or Celtic) impatience and irritability, however, in the life of this good man which recalls D'Artagnan rather than the graver spirit of the North. M. de la Ferronnays was an *émigré*, an ardent Royalist, and the bosom friend and aide-de-camp of the Duc de Berri, in whose train he returned to France amid all the glories of the Restoration, and was at once provided for as was fit and proper. But, unfortunately, there arose a quarrel in Court touching some indiscreet act of the Marquise de Monsoreau, who was the mother-in-law of M. de la Ferronnays, in which the Prince permitted himself to use certain words which greatly offended his friend. It is to be supposed they were immediately repented of, for the Duc de Berri was so full of condescension as to offer to measure swords with the affronted aide-de-camp. But this suggestion was inadmissible, and the consequence was that La Ferronnays instantly removed from his apartments in the Tuileries with his young family, within two hours, we are told, throwing up all his appointments. Such a sacrifice for a mother-in-law is, perhaps, unexampled in history. The dispute was about baby clothes! We could have wished for a more dignified *motif*. It shows what small matters occupied a Court just snatched from exile and dependence to

a great fate, for which it was not equal. However, this was but the beginning of better things for the hot-headed Breton. He was sent as ambassador to St. Petersburg, where he remained for eight years. Then he held for a few years the position of Minister of Foreign Affairs in Paris, and finally, at the very end of the Restoration period, received, as he was in indifferent health and seeking recovery in Italy, the appointment of ambassador at Rome, which he resigned a year after, when the Revolution of July threw down the Legitimist party into the lowest depths again.

The younger members of the family thus entered life with the most brilliant environments. Pauline was nineteen when she came back to Paris, to all the fascinations of the brightest of cities, and at the dawn of one of the finest periods of French intellectual history. She was never, we presume, beautiful, but she had fine eyes, perfect manners, a remarkable intelligence brightened and polished even at that early age by contact with the great world, and high political and universal interests—and that gift of conversation which is so much more usual on the other side of the Channel than among ourselves. Mrs. Bishop does not give us any reason, beyond her great affection for her own family, why she did not marry at the usual early age, which is habitual among French girls of her rank. But the generation was one which had broken loose in several directions from the ancient French code. And there was a spirit of sentiment abroad with which French fathers and mothers could not cope any more than those of other communities. France has never been addicted to love as we understand the word. There is nowhere, perhaps, so much family affection, and the ‘grande passion’ in its unlawful exhibitions has been worshipped there as it never was anywhere else. Unfortunately, however, it has never, except in exceptional instances, or by rare moments, been considered necessary that the foundations of the family should be laid upon that rock. But the experiences of the emigration, which took away, for a time at least, all those external motives of *dot* and position which had regulated marriage in the France of the old *régime*, and the intercourse with England, in which a different motive is at least supposed to be the only basis, had produced wonderful, almost incredible modifications for a time; and true love for that moment was in the ascendant, influencing the young and generous mind as never had been before. The

age itself was full of new genius, new impulse—all, in its beginning at least, elevated and noble. It is hard to see why the period then about to open should be so universally discredited in France. It was in literature one of the greatest eras which she has ever known. It was a time of prosperity and peace, and by far the best government that France has ever enjoyed in her century of revolutions. But national feeling is perverse, and the age of great poets, great romancists, great historians, and not inconsiderable statesmen seems now the age which Frenchmen look back on with the least pleasure. Bourgeois, bless us all!—and what, then, is it now?

The family of the Comte de la Ferronnays consisted of seven children; for along with the new *régime* of love it had also become an understood and permissible thing in the well-regulated French world that large families might be—an understanding which still exists, or did at a very recent date, in the select regions of the *haute noblesse*, a whimsical demonstration of goodness and general superiority which we remember to have had proudly held up to us. Of these Pauline would, perhaps, have been the only remarkable member had not her brother Albert become the hero of one of the most touching and beautiful of love stories. The difference between a world in which the young men of M. Paul Bourget are the heroes, and that which surrounded such noble youths as Albert de la Ferronnays and Charles de Montalembert, is incalculable; though, for that matter, the young men of Balzac, who were contemporary, and who were worth much more intellectually, were quite as unlike—a consoling reflection, as showing that the actual was far more worthy, true-hearted, delicate, and generous in mind and fancy than the fictitious. Young Montalembert had already embarked in that visionary path of politics which still hoped to connect and even identify national freedom with entire subjection to the Church—an inspiration which deeply affected the young La Ferronnays too, though delicate health kept him back from all public work, and his poetic nature soon found the absorbing influence of a first love more potent than all the attractions of the world. These young friends, however, wrote to each other, upon friendship, and love, and religion, letters such as it passes the possibilities, even of fiction, to imagine as written by one young Englishman to another: but so genuine in their youthful expansion, and so lofty in tone and purpose, that we doubt whether the manly and muscular notes which one

dear old fellow might fling to another in our own day could ever be so truly individual, much less those college compositions on the subjects of literature and 'thought' with which we are equally familiar. The thoughts, and especially the religious thoughts, of such correspondents among ourselves are apt to become either purely abstract or painfully and consciously original at the cost of character and nature. English piety is much the same in the young man as in the old woman; it expresses itself in the way which has been appropriate to the subject for generations; though in everything else the modes of speech have changed, religious correspondence is very much like a long and diffusive paraphrase of the hundred and nineteenth Psalm, without a trace of the impetuosity of David or the poetry of Asaph. But it is not so in the letters of the Frenchmen, which, whether highly intellectual or not, are always instinct with an individual touch, which probably has something to do with the peculiarity we have already remarked, the junction of genuine human life, in all the indulgences which are honest and blameless, with the most highly stimulated life of the soul.

Besides Pauline and Albert, there were two sons—the eldest, Charles, unknown to fame, and the youngest, Fernand, a kind and merry boy, passing through the little drama of domestic life with cheerful steps; and the two sisters, Eugénie and Olga, both with the same predestination on them of early death. It is in the early part of the year 1832, after the ambassador's family had fallen back into a lowlier state, but with undiminished gaiety, popularity, and happiness, that we first see the group of young men in Rome, full of sentiment, art, and romantic politics: M. Rio, the well-known author of '*L'Art Chrétien*,' their guide, philosopher, and friend: Montalembert, the young sub-editor of the '*Avenir*,' who had come with his leaders and friends La Mennais and Lacordaire to receive the decision of the Pope upon that newspaper: and Albert, the sympathiser, disciple, and gentle critic, ripe for any influence which might take possession of his young life. Mrs. Bishop, in going over the story, expresses herself with curious confidence. 'It has been said,' she tells us, 'that two fragments of literature will never cease to be read, the prophecies of Isaiah and the "*Avenir*."' The conjunction is scarcely respectful to the elder and greater writer, and we fear, indeed, that even in France there must be many more people who never heard the name of the '*Avenir*' than

there are readers of these faded pages, which preserve the trace of a romantic and impracticable effort, something like the essays of Christian socialism among ourselves. It had been denounced by the clergy, which was the unkindest cut, for it was the champion of the clergy, and was now condemned by the Pope, to whose absolute authority it had committed its fate. But this, though it kept the heart of Montalembert in agitation, did not much affect Albert, who was in delicate health, and had no *carrière*—nothing but poetry and piety and the expectations of romantic youth to occupy his mind. He found the latter fulfilled in a certain young Russian lady (yet not Russian so much as German), the charming daughter of a beautiful mother, then living in Rome, on a slope of the Pincio, in much the same atmosphere of expectation, romance, and religious feeling which made the world an enchanted place to the youth who fell in love with her at first sight. She was, alas! a Protestant, which brought a poignant note of regret yet additional religious ardour into the strain of adoration—for to win your love and at the same time to save a soul, could any climax of feeling be more exquisite? In Albert the love was at first sight, in Alexandrine it awoke more slowly; but when shortly after both proceeded to Naples, where the La Ferronays household and the sympathetic sisters were established, the romance was in full developement. We know no love story more tenderly prolonged, more charmingly told. It is made up of scraps of journals and of letters full of the warmth and reality of the passing moment, when he and she both speak in tones, youthful and artless, in which the love of God and the love of each other blend with a sincerity and refinement that it is impossible to describe. ‘Paul and Virginia’ had its day, and charmed the whole French nation with its too fine-drawn sentiment and too fastidious delicacy; but the story of Albert and Alexandrine is far more exquisite in its truth and simpleness. Later, the long, long letters, the multitudinous details, may become a little tedious, perhaps, to any reader not penetrated with the charm of personalities so exceptional; but there is nothing less than perfection in the broken records of the love tale which we can see going on under the blue Italian skies, on terrace and balcony, all the pretty comings and goings, the pleasure parties, the word hazarded with a tremble in the voice, the poetic lover marching in the dark by the side of the carriage, no one knowing he is there, or appearing with dazzled eyes in the courtyard, when it reaches home, to

hand the ladies forth : and now *her* sense of growing happiness confided to her journal, after the fashion of her day, and now *his* dream of enchantment poured forth in a letter :—nothing could be more delightful, and all so true.

All this lovely story is to be found in the 'Récit d'une Sœur.' Mrs. Craven does not, as is natural, give us her own idyl, neither does Mrs. Bishop. We have an instinctive feeling that it would not have been so delightful, notwithstanding that the shadowy figure of Mr. Augustus Craven in the background is always amiable and friendly. The Ferronays were not interested people, it is clear, and the reader, if he is a sympathetic person, will on his own account a little grudge the brilliant Pauline to a young society gentleman of doubtful parentage and little money, who never did very much for himself—indeed, the revolutionary sentiment of the time in respect to love, which we have above referred to, must have been very strong indeed to have reconciled the far-descended noblesse of the La Ferronays to the natural disadvantages of their daughter's lover. It is amusing, indeed, when we follow the notes given by Mrs. Craven to every name in the 'Récit d'une Sœur,' and carefully followed by Mrs. Bishop in the life before us, to observe the nobility of all who appear in any link of connexion with them. No charming Elisabeth, or Berthe, or Constance among the girlish company but is inscribed *depuis Duchesse de, Vicomtesse de, &c.*, in all the gradations of rank and of the most celebrated names. As for a plain 'Monsieur' or 'Madame,' except in the case of M. Rio, there is not one. This arises, of course, from the fact that our own untitled gentry are unknown in France, where you must have the *particule* and a coronet, or die. The reader is apt to lose himself with a bewildered sense of too much grandeur in the maze of nobility, which makes the fact of Mrs. Craven's marriage more remarkable still. Her husband, it is evident, was one of the pleasing butterflies of the diplomatic service, called here and there, it is true, by the exigencies of duty, as if his rôle had been a more serious one, and no doubt doing something for the world in general by extending the acquaintance and the accomplishments of his remarkable and brilliant wife, but not much more: for, attaché as he was, he seems so to have remained, not making much progress in his unimportant share of public business. The social talents of both thus became the most serious of their lives, and perhaps nothing could have more polished and perfected the wonderful type of woman of the world,

which all Europe got to know in Mrs. Craven, than this wandering life from Court to Court, where nothing could be shut from her close observation, as everything was open to her natural position and opportunities. One cannot but think of a quite superlative and crowning achievement in the way of the employment of women, enough to satisfy the highest ambition. What an ambassadress she would have made—in her own person *bien entendu*—with her highly trained appreciation of rank and character, her clear understanding of political questions, her lofty yet tolerant views!—a little more absolute, no doubt, than a man in principle, a little more easily affected, perhaps, by Court intrigue, but the most charming representative, say, of a queen.

Alas! there can never be a queen in France: and as well by the course of events as by the nationality of her husband, Pauline de la Ferronays, among many other worthy and capable servants, was debarred from any chance of serving her native country. The drawback to both the country and the French nobility of this general detachment of so many from the standards of the nation can scarcely be overestimated. Political consistency, no doubt, is a great matter, and one cannot (or, rather, could not) refrain from a certain admiration of the *entêtés* who paid their annual homage to 'the king' at Chambord, while that mystic pseudo-monarch, more *entêté* still than his followers, reigned there as in a land of dreams. But we confess that nowadays the curious little signpost of a ministry, of a score of ministries, in which there is not one little *particule*, not a 'de' for love or money, among the fierce crowd of the paid and professional politicians, is a painful thing to behold. A very large class, the most perfectly educated and highly trained in the country, with an inheritance of experience which has come through many generations, the only really cosmopolitan class, and with, perhaps, more intellect and a higher standard of morals generally than any one of the others (for even at the present day there are things which *noblesse oblige*), it is bewildering to find them altogether shut out from public affairs. Such a thing, we hope, never could happen to ourselves; but if by any fatal impulse this country were to find itself in the hands—as so many others now are—of a hired clerkship, a band of professionals trained to the trade for the sake of the salary which looks a fortune to a working man, there is no reckoning all the secondary misfortunes that might follow.

In the meantime, however, the story of the family, the

joyous young party at Naples where the two marriages took place, speedily accomplished itself. They separated in the course of nature, Pauline following the fortunes of her attaché, and her parents returning with their younger daughters to France, where they had just bought a *terre*, intended for the home of the family, a place called Boury, near Gisors, situated in what they all thought an ugly and unattractive country. It is another of the curious social indications of revolution in France that there are comparatively few families who retain the inalienable family house so general in England. A French nobleman has to buy his 'place' like an English soapboiler. Country and house were alike unconnected either historically or domestically with the La Ferronays, though their temporary inhabitation of what seems to have been a sufficiently dreary country-house has given to some very unlikely pilgrims a new shrine. Albert de la Ferronays and his young wife wandered from place to place for a few years in one of those heartbreaking searches after health which so many of us know, and taking their troubled way to Rome, to Pisa, and to Venice, finally reached Paris, where, in the autumn of 1837, Albert died. For two years afterwards the history of the family is chiefly recorded on the graves they left behind them. Two of the sisters within a very short space of time, the father, Alexandrine, and last of all the patient, much-enduring mother followed. And it may well be imagined that the life of social occupation and amusement which was the trade of the attaché and his wife formed but a sorry accompaniment to the dread course of years, signalised, at intervals so short and continually recurring, by another and another passing bell.

It is after all this, the story of which is continued through the '*Récit d'une Sœur*,' that the life of Mrs. Craven, as recorded by Mrs. Bishop, ought to, and to a certain extent does, begin. She had but barely settled into the calm course of common life after so many sorrows, when the death of his father placed Mr. Craven in a position of comparative wealth, with a noble palace in Naples, and so agreeable a competence that he felt himself able to take and establish himself in a house in Berkeley Square. After all the pleasant prefaces of diplomatic life this was the triumphant time of Mrs. Craven's history, the crown of life and success. Unfortunately, however, Mrs. Bishop has seen this brilliant period under prepossessions which do away with its importance in her friend's history. Perhaps her idea was, that as Mrs. Craven has herself written much about these

years in her 'Reminiscences,' it was unnecessary to repeat the tale; but Mrs. Craven's 'Reminiscences' have not, so far as we are aware, been reprinted in England, and the effect of the omission is something like leaving out the highest light in a picture or the chief part in a drama of incident. Many of us still can remember what she was, and there is no want of the highest testimonials. 'The cleverest woman I ever met'—was it Lord Palmerston or Lord Granville who said so? She saw everybody who was worth seeing, knew the best people everywhere, visited in the most delightful of country-houses, and corresponded with all sorts of interesting people. It is evident that Mrs. Craven's biographer has a very imperfect knowledge of this period of her heroine's life. She appears to date it from the publication of the '*Récit d'une Sœur*,' which took place when Mrs. Craven was *sixty*. She seeks to array that captivating woman of society in the garb of a saint, almost of a penitent. The brilliant intermediate years from 1836 to 1859 are a blank. Mrs. Bishop seems to know nothing of them. Will it be believed by any one acquainted with that period that the name of Marie Countess Granville (*née* Dalberg) is not so much as mentioned in these volumes? Lady Granville was Mrs. Craven's earliest and dearest friend. They were brought up together and lived in the closest intimacy through life, with congenial tastes and beliefs. Mrs. Craven's intimacy with Lady Georgiana Fullerton dates from a much later period, and originated in circumstances of a different character. All the letters cited in these volumes belong to the last period of Mrs. Craven's life, and were written between the ages of sixty and eighty.

The winters she spent in Naples, where, after the first keen anguish of recollections, Mrs. Craven's acting, her conversation, her social success in every way, was still more triumphant than had been the youthful fame of Pauline de la Ferronays. She had a beautiful house, filled with beautiful things:—

'In front it commanded the Bay of Naples, and to the west was Posilippo; on either side of the entrance hall were the dining-room and Mrs. Craven's sitting-room, full of books and beautiful things. Mr. Keppel Craven had decorated the chief reception-room in what is called the style of the First Empire. Its walls were painted in shades of umber, and massive gold cornices of classical design framed four large mirrors as well as two life-size portraits by Romney, a full-length of the Margravine of Anspach in one, and of Mr. Craven's father and uncle, Keppel and Berkeley Craven, in the others. Beyond the

dining-room, with its choice pictures and fine porcelains, was the spacious and well-filled library. It was arranged in the form of a Greek cross, of which the bookshelves carrying some eight thousand volumes formed the arms, while in the centre was a comfortable place for study. The room was lighted from a wide balcony looking south upon the sea.'

The glorious bay, flashing in the sun outside, the most wonderful prospect in the world before one's eyes, all this rococo brightness and luxury within, the first people of all nations coming and going in a perpetual stream, the most graceful and brilliant of the pastimes of society carried on with special wit, skill, and brilliancy, and, to make all perfect, a few beloved friends in the inner circle of all, seems no uncomfortable fate. And when, added to this, come Berkeley Square and frequent residences in Paris, we cannot but feel that the lady's lot had fallen in pleasant places, and that she had every reason to be pleased with her circumstances. But it is unfortunate that Mrs. Bishop takes a gloomy view of these privileges, and that here for the first time we begin to suspect that Catholic piety as well as Protestant loves to lay the flattering unction to its soul that it never enjoys itself, whatever may be its inducements to do so, and that our former convictions on this subject are no longer tenable. At all events the idea which the biographer impresses upon us in these brilliant years is that they were chiefly years of disappointment, and that the change from one brilliant 'season' to another was in fact a penitential round from which the possessor of so many good things desired nothing so much as to escape. She did not want to go to Naples. 'It is as repugnant to me now as it was delightful in former days,' she cries. There was a moment of pleasure in the meeting with some dear friends:—

'But immediately afterwards the weight which crushes everything has made itself felt. The absence of all interest, of all life, and even of hope that anything could prosper here is oppressive in spite of the scene and all the natural beauty of the place. Natural beauty easily pleases me. . . . But I want as well order, neatness, and cleanliness in what I see around me that is of man's providing. With those conditions I can enjoy life not perhaps enthusiastically but peacefully. The ugliness of all the buildings in Naples vexes me. I cannot get used to it, and in that respect this town is the meanest in Italy. There is not another like it. The past has left no imprint here, and under the influences now dominant the beautiful is perishing not less than the good. . . . Naples of to-day is the only spot on the earth where it is true pain to live. The miserable tyrannies that have always existed have grown more oppressive, and they are at last felt by every one

without exception. Nothing is to be heard but murmurs, fears, and groans. There are two blessings which God does not bestow upon me, and yet the happiness of my life is in question. Another check to the hopes of my husband, the last and greatest, will bring on that gloomy sadness of which the mere thought terrifies me. It will darken our life, and disappointment and inaction will cause that total eclipse of my sun which is not unknown to me, and during which time I live and act as in a painful dream.'

It would, perhaps, have been better to say plainly what was the cloud that overshadowed Mrs. Craven's career. It was, outside, a very handsome, very agreeable cloud—the husband whom she loved, and who was as great a favourite in society as herself. Mr. Craven has no one to stand up for him in this book, although, on the other hand, he is never assailed by any serious blame. No doubt it is a very disagreeable and often exasperating thing to return, after a long interval, to a young man of promise, of whose progress we have felt assured, and find that after all he is only a man of promise still. This is what evidently had occurred in the course of years between the two people who married each other with such a certainty of every kind of success. In 1852 Mr. Craven was exactly what he had been in 1834. The attaché was an attaché still. What change had happened had been the wrong way. He had been sent to flutter in smaller Courts instead of greater ones, and after twenty years of service he was as little important in his profession as ever. When this happens in a man's life he is generally of the *insouciant* class, and does not mind; but Mr. Craven minded very much, moved heaven and earth for promotion, and was humiliated and depressed beyond measure when the great officials, who were delighted to have him and his brilliant wife at their tables, or to sit at his, waved him away from every post of importance, and would give him nothing.

This, it is evident, was the shadow upon Mrs. Craven's life. Everybody was delightful to her in England, but nobody would give her an appointment for her husband. They were all eager to see her act and hear her talk, but neither Premier nor foreign minister would give what she wanted. This is a great testimony to the impartiality of the great officials, and might prove to angry critics how little the finest interest has to do with advancement. But Mrs. Craven did not take it in that point of view. Perhaps it is well that we should have a glimpse behind the veil, and see that everything is not so fair as appears even in the brightest of

lives. On the other hand it would have been well, at least, to show us as much of the brightness as of the shadow. And we cannot help feeling that perhaps, after all her troubles, Mrs. Craven had an unacknowledged consciousness that to be without trouble was to be less interesting than up to this time the course of events had enabled her to be. Was it some such idea as this which inspired Madame Swetchine, that wise old lady who knew everything, with whom, as with everybody best worth knowing in Christendom, Mrs. Craven was intimate, and who, on one occasion at least, responded to her complaints in the following way? We have taken the liberty of transposing the extracts which Mrs. Bishop gives :—

‘ One day I went to see her when my heart was heavy with some sorrow, I don’t remember what. She said to me at the end of our long conversation, which did not appear to have justified those words which surprised me : “ You are happy. Be very sure of that. You know how I enter into your suffering, and that I can understand the pain of even imaginary trouble ; yet, and I tell you so, you are one of the happiest persons I have ever met. You have happiness which you yourself know not of. You ought to feel it and be thankful, instead of lamenting your condition.” That same evening I was kneeling by her side and crying. She gently shook her head and stroked mine so tenderly, so lovingly, and the expression of her countenance remains so vivid in my memory, that I feel certain that her love for me endures, and that her prayers for me are still offered in heaven. Then she laughed a little, and said to me : “ You look at me with your great suppliant eyes as if I had said something very cruel to you. Yet what I have said is truth, believe me. Of course I ardently wish for you all external help from a tranquil life, but whether we have that or not, there is a complete interior stability which you ought to acquire. I should feel no anxiety for your soul if you were to die in your present state, but I firmly believe that God asks more of you. It is a step in advance which I ask you to make ; but I am anxious that you should be happier.” ’

We feel sure that Madame Swetchine was well inspired and took a true view of the matter, and that, in short, this period of life which Mrs. Craven’s biographer chooses to put before us in such subdued tones of colour, but which other observers have known under quite a different interpretation, was in reality very full of good things and of much, though probably alloyed, enjoyment. Without alloy, it is not novel to remark, there is but little enjoyment in this world, and though she would have liked to inhabit, not to let, her house in Berkeley Square, and though the streets in Naples were dirty, there were many triumphs for this accomplished

woman of the world. At the same time, perhaps, it is a good moral exercise for the reader to discover, if he had any doubt on the matter, that a mind highly strung and sensitive is not always an unmixed blessing, and that the absence of actual ills is a temptation, if not to invent unreal ones, yet to dwell upon those imperfections which subdue the higher lights. The deeply emotional piety of such a mind is perhaps also a temptation in the same way: for how to be consoled by the highest of spiritual teachings if there is in reality very little occasion for consolation? We are sometimes tempted to believe ourselves miserable for the sweetness of being comforted.

When it became evident that the advancement for which Mr. Craven sighed was not to be attained in the way of diplomacy, a new idea occurred to them, which was that if he could but get into the House of Commons all would be well. It was evidently hailed by both as the most delightful alternative, and perhaps, in the partial and practical ignorance which must mingle even with the most perfect knowledge of a country which was scarcely less a foreign country to the English husband than to the French wife, they considered the patronage and support of the political leaders as making the seat a certainty. 'I should be perfectly happy,' said Mrs. Craven, 'if I could see Augustus in harness and at work. He does not know how to live in idleness.' She expresses forcibly in one of her journals that high sense of the advantages of public life which no one could feel more strongly than the dispossessed and self-exiled nobility of France.

'This practical life in England is like nothing else to be met elsewhere. No royalty surpasses the power which every man feels himself to possess if he takes a part in politics. The influence exercised by certain classes is accepted by the others with intelligent independence. Some lead while others know how to follow, but all mutually respect each other, for here, in truth, the chiefs are the servants of the rank and file. Their interests are in common, and if any are to be sacrificed in the struggle of parties, it will certainly be the same in the highest places.

'It is well known that once the habit of interest in public affairs is acquired it is never lost, and, humanly speaking, what higher interest can occupy a man's life?—that, or help in the great work of Christianity, which is best of all. I know nothing else worthy of ambition. For an Englishman whose position allows him to contemplate such a career, where is more justifiable subject for regret than to find himself shut out from it?'

It was, however, an unfortunate moment for the candidature of a Roman Catholic and stranger like Mr. Craven. The

country had just been, as we all think now, unreasonably irritated and frightened by what was called the restoration of the Catholic hierarchy in England and Dr. Wiseman's new title of Archbishop of Westminster. We take these things very quietly nowadays; even the proposed erection of 'Westminster Cathedral,' which, in our poor opinion, is *tant soit peu trop fort*, considering what Westminster Abbey is to all England, has not called forth, so far as we are aware, a single objection. But in those days our blood was hotter, or else it was the moment for a panic fit of one kind or other, and the Pope kindly furnished the occasion. It was considered wise that Mr. Craven should stand for an Irish constituency to avoid the 'No Popery!' cry. But even in county Dublin there were voices enough, and these more virulent than in England, to cry 'No Popery!' no doubt to the great and dolorous surprise of those excellent Catholics who never can forget that Ireland was once the Isle of Saints: and Mr. Craven lost his election along with a great deal of hope and anticipation and no small amount of money. The disappointment was so intense that Mrs. Craven burst into tears when she heard the news, and she tells a pathetic story of how, years afterwards, when she read to him an account of a debate in Parliament, she saw two large tears roll down her husband's cheeks, as he sat over the fire, that silent confidant of so many phases of misery.

In the meantime there are many pleasant scraps of observation and reflection to be picked up, notwithstanding Mrs. Bishop's return, as she moves about from one place to another, always, as she thinks, longing for that 'permanence,' which probably would have been not at all so delightful to her as she thought, and complaining that in her prettiest dwellings she felt as if in a ship always under sail. It is natural to one so closely connected with two different countries that there should be a frequent return to the inevitable contrasts between one and another. Mrs. Craven has been describing the effect upon her mind of a *Lent retraite des hommes* at Notre-Dame, an exceedingly curious and impressive scene, and is moved to apostrophise the 'men of Paris' whom she saw there, an immense, unbroken mass, filling the whole nave, which we ourselves remember to have regarded, though a stranger, with something of the same startled and excited feeling.

'Men of Paris, so powerful alike for good and evil. When I remembered it was their voices I heard, I could not help joining them with confidence, and hope, and faith in the future of our sick and troubled

commonwealth which is yet so full of that vigorous sap by which national prosperity may always be resuscitated. It is when I remember this that I love France and that I feel I still belong to her. In no other country does one feel so happy, so pure, and so full of energy in the presence of evil. Fighting it at close quarters, not disguising it by specious names, not yielding to it; keeping our souls at their highest level, using the words self-abnegation and devotedness in a sense that is more thorough than the meaning in which they are understood elsewhere—a sense that is the highest, and that is forgotten by other nations. Of such Frenchmen I am the fellow-citizen and the sister. They were, no doubt, not the majority in that great building, but they were certainly more, many more, than the ten just men who once sufficed to save a nation. (?) God above knows their number, and it may be much greater than we believe. As for those who are worldly and frivolous, I think they are inferior to all others of the same class on earth. The contrast is great on arriving in Paris from England—the country where respect for women is proved by the complete absence of that mixed coarseness and ill-nature which is the basis of conversation in Paris. True one unfortunately gets used to it, but the first impression is the right one, and I feel it again, and I am startled and shocked by what is said and what is listened to. Decidedly in proportion as fervent and intelligent Christians are superior here to those who are to be met with in England (for the reason that here they each pursue an ideal, and the Catholic ideal is the nobler of the two), so, in proportion, those who are not fervent in religion are inferior here, for the reason that the human, political, national, perhaps even domestic ideal in England is higher and nobler, and agrees better with that natural law which links happiness and right order together. There is something disorderly in French society which does not exist in that of England.

‘I know not if there is truth in these remarks—perhaps not. I do not cling to my generalisations. I know what I feel. However that may be, and whatever its defects, Paris remains a delightful place, and I believe that in the long run it is the only place that entirely suits me. How much has been said to persuade me that it is so!’

Some of these statements are surprising and unexpected, and we can only be grateful for the favourable eye with which Mrs. Craven generally views us; but there are times when her sympathy for England breaks down, as, for instance, under the very natural annoyance and discouragement of finding that though everybody is delighted to entertain and amuse and flatter her, not the closest acquaintance with prime ministers, nor endless visits to great households, will procure her that advancement for her husband for which she longs. Then she breaks forth into a little diatribe, if not against England yet against its spirit.

‘Here there is always an immovable barrier, beyond which I cannot hope to find sympathy, and I have not one friend here who can or will aid me in the object which I have in heart. All this, notwithstanding

the kindness with which I meet, I might almost say the flattery offered to me, ends by chilling and irritating me. This Protestantism worries and disgusts me. The false imputations, the false witnesses against neighbours, a national crime of which England is guilty towards Catholics, wears out my patience. It weakens that which I had hoped to draw yet closer. No doubt the liberty of Catholics is respected in outward matters, and politically they have valuable rights which they freely use. But this is balanced by the atmosphere of calumny which surrounds them, and against which it is always necessary to struggle, and that is wearisome, or to endure, and that is intolerable. Besides which I can as little sympathise with the anti-national tone adopted by English Catholics, and especially by converts, though what I hear of the other side justifies them to a certain degree.'

All this is very true, though we doubt if the Catholic scorn of Protestants is not equal to the Protestants' calumny of Catholics. 'No Popery' is a hideous and horrible superstition, and we are perfectly willing to acknowledge as much; but perhaps it is as well for national good feeling not to inquire into the balance on that other side. While we are on the subject of French and English, however, we must quote one delightful living scene, an amusing sharp interlude which took place at an English table, and in which we can almost hear the two Frenchmen snapping their brief sentences at each other over the heads of the English listeners with that frank and complete indifference to the opinions of the persons under discussion which is so charmingly characteristic of their nation. The scene is a small dinner-party at Holland House, and the chief talker no less a person than M. Thiers:—

'It was a very small dinner-party, and the little great man talked with brilliancy as he explained the reasons why the English army was so inferior to the French. The English, he repeated frequently, have no merit but that of courage. The guests who were present did not contradict him, until M. de Pontois exclaimed with stentorian energy, "You are right no doubt, they have not military qualities; but they are the only soldiers who have beaten us." "Oh! where?" cried M. Thiers, suddenly cut short and not pleased by the remark. "Where?" said M. de Pontois. "In Spain—at Waterloo." "Ah, bah!" cried M. Thiers. "It is true they beat us, but why?" "I don't know why," answered M. de Pontois; "but the fact remains that we never beat them." "Yes, we did," said M. Thiers, "at Fontenoy."

We do not think it would occur to any two Englishmen, at whatsoever point of savagery, to discuss the inferiority of the French army at a French dinner-table in Paris or else-

where; but this is one of the most distinct national differences in respect of manners.

Mrs. Bishop is very sparing in details of the wider life which Mrs. Craven lived in the midst of her days. This is about the only sketch we can find of one of the eminent persons among whom she passed her life. It seems a ridiculously long time since Lord Palmerston was one of the greatest figures in Europe. Everything has so changed that his personality, his attitude, the effect he produced on the Continent, and the most characteristic popularity which he possessed at home, strike us with a sense of distance which is absurd when we remark how many people are still living who can recall that gay and careless figure, so English, so unlike anything traditionally known as English, so embarrassing to the foreign spectator, so congenial in paradox to ourselves. Mrs. Craven's portrait of the great statesman has, with some natural mistakes, a great deal of truth in it.

'He is not a great party leader as his friends represent him to be, and as the position he holds would indicate; neither is he the evil genius which the greater part of Europe will have him to be. In fact, he is in no way a genius, and he is nothing great. His nearest approach to greatness is in his imperturbable good temper, which remains unshadowed whether he is in or out of office, beaten or triumphant, violently attacked or unduly praised. He is always the same, always ready to do justice to his adversaries, never embittered against them, never even impatient. In 1852 I was in Broadlands at the time when he resigned office under Lord John Russell's Government. I saw no traces of resentment in him; he did not say a word of recrimination or bitterness, nor did he assume affected moderation. The only perceptible difference appeared in a greater elasticity of spirits in his conversation. He was less reserved and more playful, and gave more time to society. His indifference to general opinion seems contempt for it; his taste for liberty gains for him the reputation of being revolutionary. He does not write exactly as he speaks, and it is singular that fewer rash words escape him in the heat of speech than in a despatch written at leisure. In short, he is in England generally master of his hearers, because he knows them so well, while his ignorance about foreigners is extreme; and his tolerant spirit towards his fellow-countrymen becomes coloured by the strongest prejudices when he has to do with other people. That explains some of his mistakes, and the dislike felt for him outside his own country; and yet this dislike is unjust. Notwithstanding his misconceptions, nothing is less true than that he has the wish attributed to him to revolutionise Europe for the benefit of England. He loves justice as sincerely as he hates oppression. He thinks it is for the interest of all nations that they should be governed as well as possible. He has the right to think that the political experiences of his country have been

fortunate; but he is wrong not to see that elsewhere the risks of English methods might be greater than their advantages, and that, though it is easy to mimic English institutions, it is not easy to imitate them.'

We remember the amusement and surprise with which we heard many years ago the Count de Montalembert express himself on the same subject. The cheerful 'Pam' of that wide and familiar English popularity, which is apt, let us allow, to become too familiar, if not vulgar, in its widest extension, was to that acutest of French critics something like a new incarnation of the devil. A certain awe was in the dislike and repugnance with which he was regarded, an emblem of ruthless national selfishness, arrogance, and unscrupulousness. Perhaps there was a certain truth in this outside judgement, and Lord Palmerston did really think no claims in the world of any importance in competition with the advantage of his own country, which was certainly the foreign view of him. However, as this is, or was, the foreign view of all English administration, sharpened in his case by a keen sense as of diabolical cleverness, promptitude, and energy, it is perhaps the less important.

The best time, according to ordinary ideas, of Mrs. Craven's life was already over when her literary career began. The publication of the '*Récit d'une Sœur*' gave a new beginning to an existence of which it might truly be said that it had comprised almost everything that society could give and all the knowledge and experience that could be acquired among the highest haunts of men. There was nobody she did not know, nothing she had not seen, few things indeed in which she had not had her share, more or less, though unfortunately without any of those great results which, humanly speaking, the world seems to have had a right to expect. But now a fresh range of new sensations and successes opened before her. She was never to be that ideal ambassadress of which perhaps in the deepest secrets of her mind she had once dreamt. But there was a new world to be conquered all the same. Even during the most brilliant period of her career it had been her greatest happiness to retire into the passionate and joyous and sad world of her youth, living it over again in the letters of the past, and carrying on from year to year a delicate work of arrangement, of selection, with the hope some time of revealing to a circle of sympathisers, wider even than those who already knew of it by personal

connexion or friendship, the delightful tender story of her brother and sister—the romance of Christian and Catholic life which was in her hands in the ‘*Histoire*’ of Alexandrine. It was her luxury to turn to this when there was an interval of special quiet, or when the interest of external life temporarily failed. But it was not till 1863, when her life was on the verge of many and great changes, that it was completed. She took it to Paris to submit it to her friends and take their advice as to its publication. Almost the only survivor of that period of romance and happiness was Count de Montalembert, the gentle Montal of Alexandrine’s story, the Catholic democrat of the ‘*Avenir*,’ the champion of freedom and education, the historian of monks and saints, whose period of public life was long over, and who was now hard bound by failing health to—the hardest of punishments for so active and brilliant a mind—a sick-room in the midst of the intellectual commotion of Paris. It is difficult in a few words to indicate such a character as that of Count de Montalembert—all goodness and geniality without, all keen observation, keen wit, and swift sarcastic perception within: an enthusiast, yet the acutest man of the world, with an eagle eye for every pretence, yet in sympathy with anything that was genuine and true, even when quite out of his sphere. But for the much more emotional tone natural in France which his English blood and training occasionally made a little shamefaced in him, we might have considered it a doubtful advantage to submit the wonderful ethereal romance of Albert and Alexandrine to a critic so clear and so trenchant. But he had taken his share in that romance in his youth, and was still, and until the end of his days, notwithstanding his keen sarcastic humour, the same chivalrous and romantic son of the Crusaders who had once dreamed of conjoining all the powers of Church and State in the service of freedom. So paradoxical a character is always of the highest interest to the spectator. Montalembert played the part of a critic as he might have been expected to do. He was at first strongly opposed to the publication of a book so intimately opening up the most private recesses of the heart to the public eye, with a very natural feeling which scarcely required to be intensified by the prejudices of a Frenchman against publicity. But as the beauty of the book gained upon him, Montalembert withdrew his opposition. The same effect was produced in several others to whom the manuscript was submitted. The Count de Mun

objected to the publication of the letters of his wife, which formed so great a part of the collection; but he, too, was overcome by the charm of that revelation of youth and unconscious natural feeling. These critics consented first that the book should be printed for private circulation only; but a privacy of five hundred copies is easily broken, and soon all France was talking and weeping over Alex and Eugénie and the love tale, almost for the first time told in all its purity and grace—half infantile, half angelic. Much has that country always known about love impure and forbidden; there is no such authority in all the intricate ways of so-called Passion. But this was altogether new, and so true, that the most prudent nation in the world was partially frightened, partially overawed, and altogether conquered by the fascination of the fairy tale—terrified to let its girls know that such a thing could be in a world where the *dot* and the eligible *parti* were the things alone to be considered, yet carried away by a tide of feeling which flesh and blood could not resist.

It is not very often given, even to a writer of genius, to produce such an effect as this; and Mrs. Craven, though one of the cleverest of women, was not in any way a person of genius. She wrote a number of books afterwards, which were not of very great account, and which, indeed, we should have been as well pleased she had not written. The '*Récit d'une Sœur*' had very little to do with any literary gift of hers, or of any one's. The letters and simple story of which it is composed are charmingly written, but without any pretension to style, or reflecting any special intellectual power. They are a simple revelation of life, in which there was nothing unusual, no fantastic effort, but only a spirit, pure and noble, which transformed the commonest action: vague lights of almost miracle, too, were on the horizon, like that story of the Jew who, straying by chance into the church where M. de la Ferronnays, the most modest, the most humble of all, without any pretensions of saintliness, lay awaiting his burial, was suddenly convulsed by the pangs of compunction and conversion, and, crying, '*Ce monsieur doit avoir beaucoup prié pour moi,*' became a Christian on the spot, and afterwards a devoted priest and monk. We do not mean the faintest satire, yet we almost think that the devotion of a well-known figure among ourselves to this book and its writers is as remarkable as the conversion of Father Ratisbonne.

This great success was followed by as great a crash of

calamity and disaster in Mrs. Craven's life. We are not told how Mr. Craven lost his money. It would seem to have been chiefly from the eager share he took in schemes for the improvement of Naples, when that long-troubled country finally became part of the kingdom of Italy, and everybody believed that its new and unaccustomed freedom would bring sudden enlightenment, public spirit, and universal amelioration, results which are never to be had all at once. However that may be, the money was lost, and had to be followed by the palace at Chiatomone, the villa at Castagneto, and all that was most beautiful and precious in the accessories of life. Eventually Mr. and Mrs. Craven settled in an apartment in Paris, in the old Faubourg, which she by no means loved, but where a dwelling-place was found, with the freedom of a view over the garden of a convent, which reconciled Mrs. Craven for many things. The Montalemberts lived in the same quarter, with many other old friends. It was a perfectly appropriate retirement for the fallen fortunes of a pair whom no reverse of fate could make uninteresting to the world, or separate from their own caste and kind.

As the course of life goes on, however, Mrs. Bishop confines herself more and more to the graver side of her friend's life. She misses, or perhaps does not care to acknowledge, the great charm which there is in the union of a wholesome interest in the world and all its ways, such as was characteristic of Mrs. Craven, with the prevailing religious habit of her mind — two things which she managed to combine so much better than most people to the great advantage of both phases—and which was so admirably remarked upon by Carlyle, in words which Mrs. Craven herself quotes : ' There's about ye a mixture of ' worldliness and earnestness which pleases me very much.' It is not, perhaps, to be expected that this combination should find equal favour with one most anxious to point out the unworldliness of the character which she wishes to portray. There was never anything ungenerous, any failure of sympathy with all noble aspirations, in the worldliness of Mrs. Craven. Here are some of her reflections at a trying moment, when the woman, who has had so many of the successes of society, and prized them, awakens suddenly to the consciousness that a term has come to her natural course of triumph :—

' The time that has elapsed has been a memorable time for me. During three weeks I was ill. My illness was aggravated by solitude, and during that solitude I was attacked with a violence I never felt

before, by every impression, real or imaginary, which could most disturb me, and threw me into a state of depression as miserable as it was humiliating.

‘During my illness and solitude I had all of a sudden a clear vision of the final departure of that reflected youth which I had retained, perhaps, longer than others do. It was a sharp pain, for an instant, as if I had suddenly passed from youth to age. I thought of my charming and happy Princess, and all her lively and happy feelings, and that atmosphere of kindness that she carries with her, her confident aspirations, her courage, whether to enjoy or to wish, to suffer or to hope. And besides all that she has been, and the many interests which have filled her life, she has the sense of youth—the sense of triumph, which is doubtless what the Bible calls the pride of life. I remember how vividly I felt it; and my self-love, always, alas! so great, whispered besides that ‘not only was I young, but that I was dowered with some of the gifts which give radiance to youth.

‘And now all that is over and past and already far distant, and instead of having gradually become aware of my decline, it suddenly breaks on me that but yesterday I was young and to-morrow I shall be old.’

Her literary career is perhaps not much to be reckoned with, but it was an important feature of her later life, as it is in the lives of many people whose productions are much less known to this world than even hers. Mrs. Craven knew better than to insist upon her literary achievements, but still she was not without her ambition, and the aim she set before herself, though modestly expressed, was no small aim—if she or any one else could have carried it out.

‘As to my writing,’ she says, ‘as you wish, on general social topics, you are mistaken in thinking I have the natural talent to do it or power to do it to any purpose. I must go on my way attempting to purify French fiction, to redeem that word *Love* from the profanation which has made it almost unpronounceable in French, and to revive or produce some little sentiment of poetry in my dear but most *prosaïque* Faubourg St. Germain, where (next to the other one) poetry is the most forbidden of words, and is in itself looked upon as a most dangerous ingredient in life, whereas it seems to me so obvious that the present danger of even the best French society lies in exactly the opposite direction. If, on the other hand, I could also induce some of the writers of modern French fiction to believe that strong feelings and even passion can exist in that region of purity and goodness outside of which they live and write, the whole of the little good of which I am capable would be accomplished.’

We think Mrs. Craven was mistaken in speaking of this as a little good—as much mistaken as we believe she was in supposing that she would ever accomplish it. It exceeds the power of the imagination to conceive how a series of

stories founded on the first principle of giving a religious turn to every incident—of founding a woman's power, for instance, to resist the temptations of a forbidden love solely upon the fact of a sudden confession to an unknown priest, and his admonitions thereupon—should be instrumental in purifying French fiction. The incident is effective and melodramatic, but it is not even new, having been employed before in works of the old school. It is contrary to all the canons of a more refined art, and is extremely unlikely to modify the ideas of M. Paul Bourget, or even of M. Georges Ohnet. This is a mistake which many good people make, but it is scarcely what we should have expected from Mrs. Craven, who ought to have known so much better. However, the immense success of the '*Récit d'une Sœur*' no doubt increased her sense of the power of religious feeling even over a world lying in wickedness. But, after all, a religious-minded woman ought to have been able to recover her balance, one would think, without reference to a priest in a matter so clear as her conjugal duties. His introduction vulgarises and reduces the victory to a lower level. The lesson is taken from the secular romancist rather than given to him.

This was not at all the inspiration of the '*Récit d'une Sœur*.' There is no introduction of any conventional confessional or priestly influence in that true and simple tale. Alexandrine comes to the fold of the Church by slow action of her own thoughts, her own love, the profound piety which breathes about her, and which was evidently quite new to her fervid young spirit. All is nature and spontaneous simple action, the noiseless influences of heaven, no doubt, the equally noiseless progress of inclination and sympathy. Here the actual is infinitely more poetical than the fictitious, and far more real and convincing. Her books, however, remained of sufficient importance in France to secure her an annuity from her publisher for the end of her life, even after their first popularity was over; which shows there is always an audience for good—should they even occasionally prove *goody*—works of fiction, and was an excellent and laudable result in its way, though not so great as that purification of French fiction for which Mrs. Craven says she hoped.

It is an excellent conclusion, no doubt, to become more and more absorbed in religion as life tends towards the end; but it is a pity that anything should be done to break the unique charm of this full and much-mingled

existence. We prefer to find that the liveliest talk in the evening, the most animated discussions, a little controversy, a little enthusiasm for secular matters, even more than a little politics, take nothing away from the devoutness which makes the domestic chapel and the morning Mass so great a happiness to the aged pilgrim. To know that the young people had been dancing overnight and the old ones mingling a little salt of gossip in their talk, and Count Albert, Eugénie's son, eager over his plans for his workmen's clubs, makes us like all the better to think of that withdrawal into the heavenly sphere above, and the lovely and delightful world of the past full of so many dear and tender shadows, more real and near than the actual members of the society round her, which takes place when the brilliant old lady, once Pauline de la Ferronays, retires within the sanctuary of her own lonely chamber. It is this that gives her life its greatest interest. The reader, however, will scarcely be able to refrain from a smile when he reads this description of the household circle at Lumigny, which is tamer a great deal, it seems to us, in the gravity of Northern France and the seriousness of the times, than those pictures of the Ferronays' household at Naples and Castellamare, in which everything was young and careless and enterprising and gay.

'What would you say if you were here, where three families are collected, women, girls, men, and children, twenty-two altogether, and not one among them ever dreaming of a ride on horseback? In fact, there is not in the place a single animal upon whose back the feat could be accomplished. This seems very strange even to me; English people could not stand it. *En revanche*, no English circle would sit round a table in the evening, the men drawing and the women working while I read to them aloud the finished chapters of my book. All this shows how utterly different our two nations are; no wonder that they find it so impossible to understand each other.'

The picture is wonderful indeed; such a family party in a French country-house deeply wrapt in melancholy wastes of distance, with no neighbours near enough to join the group easily, and no other visitors coming and going, probably not even a billiard-table, and nothing 'to do'—as an Englishman would sigh either out or in—is a terrible experience. We remember one of the feudal castles mentioned in this book where Mrs. Craven was a frequent visitor, in the depths of December, plenty of ice outside but not a pair of skates in the house—plenty inside too, the bath provided for the visitor crackling in the cold turret of the dressing-

room attached to a great bedchamber forty feet long—vast corridors and antechambers chill as Labrador, no visitor but the Curé who came to say his Mass once a week, and M. le Percepteur, who was a scion of a noble family much come down in the world. Mrs. Craven seems to suppose, however, that the absence of all idea of riding ‘on horse-back’ is made up by the ideal picture, much better than England, of the party round the table, complacently listening to ‘Fleurange.’ We doubt whether that would be a general opinion here.

Mrs. Craven’s views about politics are always sane and sensible, and full of excellent judgement. Notwithstanding all prepossessions she never abandoned the cause of Italy nor the fine delusion that the Catholic faith and political freedom ought to go together. And it cost her a great struggle, when the question of *Roma capitale* arose among the newly emancipated Italians, to harmonise her political sympathies with her obedience to the Church. This is from Naples in the first excitement of the new life:—

‘Imagine how I enjoy sitting at table every day between my brother, who thinks as all Frenchmen do on these affairs, and Count Arrivabene, a young Garibaldian, *à peine défroqué et débarbouillé* from his prison at Gaeta, from which he was set free by an exchange of prisoners. . . . I feel sometimes as if I were on burning coals, and I feel a wild wish to escape, particularly when they bring forward that endless Roman question. Yet I will not conceal from you, as generally I do from others, that perceiving the moral force of these plebiscites which one after the other lead all the Italian cities towards junction in one great kingdom, I cannot shut out the hope that from Rome may at last come the *gran rifiuto* of her lost provinces, which would so greatly increase the spiritual power of the Papacy.’

We do not know whether this was more than the last flash of that visionary and enthusiastic Catholicism of 1830, which believed that new heavens and a new earth were to come from the union of the Church and Freedom; but it is touching to read of the devout imagination now when so many strange things and eventful years have come and gone.

Mrs. Craven was equally sensible, which perhaps is still more wonderful, upon the question of Home Rule. Very few indeed are the French politicians who are impartial on this subject. It is a commonplace among them to compare Ireland with Poland as countries equally oppressed by an alien race and creed; and this opinion exists, or used to exist, as much among the most highly educated class of liberal

thinkers, taking the greater part of their political beliefs from England, as among the most ignorant of bigoted Catholics. We remember that Montalembert was not to be convinced on this subject, any more than the narrowest of country priests, notwithstanding even the strange fact, of which he and still more his family were a little ashamed, that his keen youthful perceptions had found out O'Connell to be a humbug at a very early period. (But what a genial humbug and a big one, instead of the small race of his shrieking successors!) It is curious, too, that in acknowledging this we all remain insensible to one great, if also small, influence continually at work in France, and the power of which it is difficult to overestimate. It shows even in the work before us. The English friends of a devout Catholic are very largely Irish—which is not a bull, though it may appear so. The English nurse or governess is so to a quite extraordinary extent. We have heard the most strenuous accents of Cork issuing from young French lips which had been trained in our Anglo-Saxon tongue by such means; the prepossession thus given is as subtle as universal, and it accounts for a great deal of pseudo-national feeling. With a similar partiality the English household gets its French *bonne* from Switzerland, and therefore misses any reflex action from the genuine French mind; though the honest Swiss are not likely to spread hostility at all events, whatever little imperfection in the way of accent they may bring with them. Mrs. Craven, however, knew enough of the question to have formed a right opinion about Home Rule, and she expresses it with great frankness, especially in respect to the Irish clergy, whose position she was evidently quite unable to reconcile with any Catholic or religious law.

‘I have read over attentively the pastorals of Dr. McCabe, and also the resolutions of the clergy of Cloyne. It is a language too different from that in which the Catholic people is addressed by its clergy all over the world to be conceivable, for us, unless we are to understand that in Ireland it is the people who lead the clergy, and not the clergy who guide the people. Enough has been said of the virtues and wrongs of the Irish. It is now time, it seems to me, for their pastors to tell of their faults and of their crimes. England has for many years been in a temper to listen to their grievances and to remedy them if justly, temperately, and clearly stated. Surely there must be Irishmen capable of doing this. Good heavens! if Poland was in the same situation, if they possessed religious and civil liberty, notwithstanding their bad and cruel landlords, we should, as they would, feel very thankful indeed; and we ourselves here, undergoing, as we are, religious persecution (which, after all, is the worst of all grievances,

though the Irish clergy forget to remark it), how differently we are advised by the highest ecclesiastical authority. . . . Of course, it is visible enough that the present Irish agitation is simply revolutionary, but that is why it is so astounding that the clergy so hesitatingly denounce it. Those whom at present there is an attempt to wrong outrageously, and who are in fact the victims of to-day, are the landlords. It is by them, therefore, that the clergy ought to stand. . . .

'All the persecutions of the Church in France, in Germany, and Italy seemed to me nothing in comparison with the disgrace which Ireland was inflicting on the Church. . . . I see in a paper of last night that the Irish bishops are strenuously opposing the proposal of many in England to bring about a renewal of relations between the Holy See and the English Government.' It is my belief that they hate the English to such a degree that they had rather they did not become Catholics, or behave well to the Church, or indeed to themselves, because all these would be reasons for hating them less; and they worship their hatred, and cling to it more than to their faith.

'Those queer Catholics the Irish!' Mrs. Craven exclaims on another occasion. 'What is true for all the world is not true for Ireland according to their view, and the wrong done by an Irishman is not at all in their eyes like the same wrong done by any other man in the world. . . . You and Mrs. La Touche cannot pretend to be among the Irish of the right sort, though I have not yet quite understood where one began and where one ceased to be an Irish man or woman. I am told, for instance, that Lord O'Hagan and Lord Emly are no longer to be considered as Irishmen—and so on of all those I like.'

She thought, however, that Home Rule would be attained, although it would be fatal all round. 'The Bill will pass 'unopposed by the Lords, and the time of its failure in 'Ireland will then begin.' This, we may suppose, was the opinion of Holland House, from which she dates this fortunately erroneous prophecy. It is a little tantalising to find a good many letters from Holland House, with all its traditions of brilliant talk, and intellectual interest, with extremely little in them. To be sure, the great day of that remarkable lions' den and literary autocracy was over; still it must have had, we should imagine, echoes round it of the greatness of the past. Here is one sketch among the very few that are worth quoting:—

'Mr. Gladstone, next to whom I sat at dinner at Lord Granville's the other day, was most pleasant, talkative, brilliant, eager, full of poetry and earnestness, and yet to my mind how visionary on some points and how impractical! We talked of everything, and it certainly was most interesting. One thing he said with an energy which added to the feeling he expressed, that the growth of infidelity was the one evil to be resisted before all others, and that whoever served the cause of Faith and Christianity was doing the greatest of

all deeds to be done. "In comparison with that nothing whatever signifies much in this world." I said it was a good thing for England that her prime minister should utter such words.'

But these scraps of the world grow less and less as the book draws to an end. The letters to Sir M. Grant Duff are almost the only exceptions to the strictly religious correspondence, and her friendship with him is a piquant touch in the fading life. That so grave a personage should have used a sort of calendar compiled by a pious enthusiast, with all the dates and memorial days of the '*Récit*,' should have kept up some half-century after the end of that youthful romance and tragedy the gentle recollection of Alex and Eugénie and their tender sayings, sending little sprigs of jasmine to the sole survivor on certain anniversaries, is one of the most curious things in literature, touching in its reality and very pleasantly demonstrative of the 'soft place' which is always to be found in a good heart—if it were not for the faintest lurking sense of humour in these kind sentimentalities from so unlikely a quarter. They bring us back pleasantly to the book which is Mrs. Craven's chief title to be remembered in literature, though it is not literature properly so called, nor, as she and her admirers often repeat, a book at all in the ordinary sense of the word. Here are some little indications from her own hand of the way in which that book moved other souls to whom it was a revelation. Towards the end of her life Mrs. Craven made a last visit to Boury, then in a second set of hands, the present proprietors having learnt to take pride in the associations of the place:—

'Still more astonishing and gratifying is the fact of the many visitors who come, some from very great distances, to pray in the little churchyard. A man had been there the day before who had come all the way from Lille to spend an hour there—and he has written to me since a letter, which has touched me deeply, to explain to me in what kind of a way he had been helped by those whose story he had read, and why he thanked me so much for having written it. He speaks with a kind of passionate affection of them all. He is an *employé* on the railroad. A girl, too, a very nice young Alsatian, with whom the *Récit* had made me acquainted, went off the other day to Boury to place a wreath on my mother's grave, because, she said, she was the one she turned to with the greatest love whilst reading the book, and she felt she must go and thank me.'

Here, however, is another amusing side of the question:—

'I had a letter the other day which would have amused you from a young man—very young, I suppose—who called himself *un obscur*

étudiant, and dated from the very centre of the pays latin. He had been reading for the first time the "*Récit d'une Sœur*," and had to say about it a great deal that was touching and flattering for me to hear. But what he was annoyed at was that such a beautiful book should be so very little known, and should never have been spoken of. At first this remark made me laugh a little: then I reflected that if this young reader is only twenty-two or twenty-four, it is very natural that he should never have heard of it, and I feel thankful that one of quite another generation should read it with so much pleasure.'

Mrs. Craven lived to be eighty-three, and then—may we not say without irreverence that there are people who have no luck in this world?—after all her brilliant talk, her love of social intercourse, the many things she had to say which 'choked' her sometimes in her occasional solitudes, was stricken down by that most terrible of maladies paralysis, and lay for ten months, a long lifetime in such circumstances, bound in chains more hard than iron, speechless, as unable to communicate with those about her as if she had been dead. The conclusion is so tragic, that the heart aches painfully in sympathy with the sufferer bound to 'that nightmare, life in death.' In the later months of her long agony she seems to have given forth a murmur, inarticulate, which one of her tender nurses calls her *cantilena*, and from the varying tones of which some guesses at her meaning, so far, at least, as feeling went, could be divined: there could not be a more piteous picture of human weakness. Upon this last act it is too heartrending to dwell. On April 3, 1891, the ill-luck and the frequent trials came to an end, and a few days after she rejoined the many whom she had loved and lost at Boury, where a few years before her always loving and faithful husband had also been laid. This world could scarcely have given more to a woman than was given to her—youth, love, happiness, reputation, sorrow, trouble, and anguish, and in the end an oblivion at which she was able to smile.

ART. IV.—1. *Somerset: Highways, Byways, and Waterways.* Written and Illustrated by C. R. B. BARRETT. London: 1894.

2. *Historical and Topographical Collections relating to the Early History of Parts of South Somerset.* By JOHN BATTEN, F.S.A. 8vo. Yeovil: 1894.

SOMERSET, we are told by Camden, is a large and plentiful country, rich in soil and pastures and mineral produce, taking its name, as some have thought, from its bright and balmy air. Like Titania's realm, it is pleasant at every season: 'the summer still doth tend upon my state.' It may have been that the Welsh bards confused its blue hills with Arthur's Paradise among the orchards of Fairyland and the 'bowery hollows crowned with summer sea.' Those who dwelt in the wet moors and bleak uplands probably thought that their country should be called the Winterland. But, as a matter of fact, all the stories of the 'Summer region' were based upon a false etymology. The shire took its name from the West-Saxon settlement at Somerton, just as the title of Wiltshire is derived from the town on the banks of the Wily.

At Somerton was the royal town set on a lofty hill, from which the invading army might survey the whole range of conquest. As one stands above the town on the Langport Road, the view extends across the whole width of the county from the ridge of Mendip to the neighbourhood of Exmoor. It is with Somerton that we shall begin our consideration of the sketching-tour described in Mr. Barrett's work. We should premise that the handsome volume now before us does not deal with the whole county, but is confined almost entirely to its central and western portions. The author's object seems to have been to describe the chief places of interest between Wells and Dunster, with the help of etchings and woodcuts. 'I purpose,' he says, 'to wander with my reader through village and town, and to linger by some historic spot, making use of my pencil by the way.' Several of these illustrations are of very good quality. They appear to us to follow the lines of advice laid down fifty years ago by Mr. Eagles, still remembered as 'the Sketcher' in his West-country home. He was all for general aspects, without a refined minuteness. He loved 'an unlaboured freshness' as bringing one nearest to nature; 'for a true sketch is not a finished picture, but the vivid impression of a scene.'

Under the heading of Somerton we find a good etching of the market cross, which is of seventeenth-century work, though built on a more ancient basement. Its arcade runs round a central pillar and rises with a pyramidal roof. In the foreground is the Town Hall, backed by old bow-windowed houses, and we see a fine octagonal church-tower 'peeping up above the roofs.' The church lies high, and is naturally dedicated to St. Michael. It was the Western custom to choose the same Guardian of the Mount whether the church were built on some wind-swept hill, on a sharp-pointed tor, or an island of sand and shingle, left stranded when the waters retired. The tower forms a southern quasi-transept, the lower portion is early English, the upper a good specimen of the Perpendicular work for which the county is celebrated. There is a similar example at South Petherton, where the tower is set at the centre of the cross; a smaller octagon tower exists at Bishop's Hull, near Taunton, and half-a-dozen other specimens may be found in different parts of the county. The roof of Somerton Church is magnificent, its panels being thickly covered with figures and twining foliage; but our author seems to prefer the Martock roof of black oak, with its panels so enriched as to form one continuous mass of ornament. With this last example we ought to compare its rival, the grey unstained roof at Shepton Mallet, divided into three hundred and fifty curved compartments, of which no two are alike. A Somerton anecdote is told by 'Murray' about some of Monmouth's followers. After the battle of Sedgemoor a good many of the prisoners were confined in the church; 'they amused themselves with playing at ball, and when the roof was repaired a large number of balls were found, of which specimens are preserved at the Taunton Museum.' We can test the story by referring to certain extracts from the parish accounts, lately published by the Rev. D. L. Hayward, and by these it appears that there was a practice of playing fives against the church wall long before Monmouth's time. It cost a large sum every year to keep the windows in repair; but it is certainly remarkable that in the year of the rebellion the expenses rose to more than double the ordinary amount. An old man at Pitney told Mr. Hayward that he remembered how the lads played at ball against the church tower even during the performance of Divine service. We may say a word about the tile-paved well behind the Alms-house. The meaning of its name seems to be forgotten, although it was recorded by Collinson; but his history

is somewhat scarce and more than a hundred years old. There is a spring, he says, of very fine water, with five distinct streams, 'from which circumstance it has 'obtained the name of the Ringers' Well.' There used to be an old castle in this town, long since pulled down; out of its materials a prison was built, with a wall 'embattled 'about, castle-wise,' and when the prison was destroyed in its turn, some of the fragments were used in building the Bears Inn, where the historian saw a crenellated wall and 'the vestiges of a semicircular tower;' but it seems that these relics are now mistaken for a part of the more ancient fortress. The 'Bears' is no longer an inn, but its old neighbours, the White Hart and the Red Lion, still exhibit their fantastic signs.

Mr. Barrett's plan is to group together the more archaic parts of his subject, and the story of Somerton matches easily with the romance of a pilgrimage 'from Camelot to 'Avalon;' but it must be confessed that the high earth-works at Cadbury have little to remind us of the green meads and 'crystal dykes' of Camelot, and that the world no longer believes in the sham discovery of Guinevere's crumbling tresses and the bones of the king 'that was and 'is to come.' There are several interesting antiquities to be seen *en route*, such as a paved stretch of the Roman Fosseway, and a slab-road through a peat-moss, which is known as the Abbot's Path. The date of this frame-way is unknown. It seems to have been constructed of roughly squared logs of birch and alder, with sides and cross-pieces, or 'stringers,' as in some of the American corduroy roads. Most interesting of all is the marsh-village discovered by Mr. Bulleid in the vicinity of Glastonbury, and described by Professor Boyd Dawkins before the British Association in 1894. It is not quite like the Swiss lake villages, which were generally built some way from the shore; it rather resembles the 'Marniere' of Lombardy, which have been defined as marsh-villages built on piles in shallow pools of no great extent. The houses of the Glastonbury settlement were protected by a palisade standing in the mere. The peat has risen in some places about five feet above the ancient level; but in making the calculation it should be remembered that not one sixth part of the area has been excavated. It should also be remembered that both in the Irish 'crannoges,' or artificial islands, and on the sites of the palustrine villages near Modena, there was a further accumulation of mould, formed of organic remains mixed with the peat; this,

we may add, is the deposit called 'Terramare' by M. Figuiet and his Italian correspondents. The marsh-villages are considered by very high authorities to have originated in the Age of Bronze. Lake-dwellings of a much earlier kind have been found, as in the case of the huts in Drumkellin Marsh, where it was evident that the inhabitants had been ignorant of the use of metal. The Swiss lake-villages, on the other hand, form a magazine of antiquities belonging to the Early Iron Age, and in the instance before the Marsh-men seem to have used their old home long after the use of iron was known. An iron sickle, riveted to a wooden handle, has been found in the Glastonbury excavations; and many of the other objects belong to the 'Late Celtic' Age. Most of these articles are deposited in the local museum, and the best of them have been described by Mr. Arthur Evans and the Rev. G. Smith, who has assisted Mr. Bulleid in his work. They comprise a bowl, brooches, and ornaments of bronze, rings of jet and amber, and black pottery turned on the wheel. No weapons or coins have as yet been seen; there are the remains of a loom, nearly complete, with combs for carding flax or wool, and other implements used in weaving and spinning, and many of them carved with great ingenuity from the bones of domestic animals. Not far from this place a boat was discovered in the peat; in many respects it resembled an Indian 'dug-out canoc;' and Mr. Barrett notes that it was made on exactly the same lines as the boats which the eel-fishers use about Athelney. In this connexion we may mention a discovery recorded in the 'Magna Britannia' under the year 1666, when some of the 'moors' between Yeovil and Bridgwater were parched up with the drought, and the burnt surface seemed to some observers to show the outlines of buried trees. 'In some of 'them,' we are told, 'they found oaks as black as ebony,' which made others eager to search for more, 'and many 'hundreds have by that means been taken up in other parts 'of the county.'

Mr. Barrett begins his work with a view of Cadbury Castle, which from time to time has been identified with King Arthur's home in Camelot. In the middle ages it seems to have been known as Camellec, a name apparently derived from the neighbouring river Camel. There are also the villages of West Camel and Queen's Camel, from which (as we suppose) came the Camel family, connected with the monument to Camel, the Abbot's Purse-bearer, in St. John's Church at Glastonbury, and possibly with the old legend of

'Nancy Camel's Cave' in the neighbourhood of Shepton Mallet. The sight of the Castle, for so these bare camps are called in the West, with the concentric rings of its huge intrenchments, will make the visitor think of Leland's fine description: 'How vast is the depth of the fosses, how wonderful the work of the ramparts, how precipitous the slopes, how it all shows out as a miracle of Nature and Art!' Cadbury is a natural fort, lying in front of an escarpment of hills. We may gather the details from an account written by the Rev. J. A. Bennett, late Rector of South Cadbury, who acted as Honorary Secretary to the local Archæological Society. Standing on his rock of Camelot, where he delivered an address not long before his death, he pointed out to his audience how it stood apart, like an island off a harbour's mouth. Glastonbury Tor looms up like another island some miles away: the edge of the Oolite hills is like a steep shore-line, 'with curving bays and jutting headlands,' as one may see from Glastonbury, or from any of the heights on the Blackdown range. The sides of the camp were protected by four concentric lines of rampart, cut as steep as the ground would allow, with the help of a little rude mason-work. Below these defences, but chiefly on the southern side, we notice lines of seed-beds, arranged like terrace-gardens, and divided by the grassy banks which are known as 'wales' in the West country, and in other parts as 'balks,' or 'linches.' It may be remembered that in Mr. Seeborn's book on the 'English Village Community' a distinction is drawn between 'linches' naturally formed by the action of the plough on a hillside, and terraces for ploughing 'artificially cut on the steep chalk downs.' He quotes Pennant for a description of certain hill-terraces, 'a little raised in the middle like a formed walk,' set in flights one above the other, and terminating exactly in a line at each end like those in the case before us.

The discoveries made upon the spot show that this camp, like Castle Neroche on the Blackdowns, to which it bears a strong resemblance, was a tribal refuge before the coming of the Romans, and probably before the introduction of iron weapons had superseded the use of bronze. Both places, however, show signs of having been used for habitation during the Roman period. The collection of objects from Cadbury includes flint implements, a bronze bracelet, and a number of broken 'querns,' or hand-mills. Mr. Bennett found a piece of Samian ware and one well-made tile. But Roman coins are still commonly found, though not so

thickly spread as in Leland's time. According to Collinson, the whole area of the hill-top, containing about twenty acres, was enriched with 'noble relics' of the Empire, such as pavements, and hypocausts, and immense quantities of coins, 'chiefly of Antoninus and Faustina.' We find that in his time opinions were much divided about the Arthurian legends which have since made such a vigorous growth. Some talked of the king's palace and kitchen and well; and the imaginative Stukeley had a story of a road across the fields, 'bearing very rank corn,' which was known as 'King Arthur's Hunting-causeway.' Here we see the warrior king turning into a shadowy creature like the wild huntsman of the German tales. 'Folks do say that at full moon King Arthur and his knights ride round the hill, and their horses are shod with silver, and a silver shoe has been found in the track where they ride.' Leland's original story seems somewhat tame after these modern improvements; he could only say that, within the memory of men then living, a silver horseshoe had been found in the camp. 'The people can tell nothing there, but that they have heard say that Arthur much resorted to Camalat.' It is nowadays a mere commonplace to say that the hero follows the chase with his knights, and thunders along the causeway after his hounds. A labourer, not long ago, told Mr. Bennett that the old bridle-path leading towards Glastonbury was King Arthur's Lane, and that sometimes on rough winter nights he heard the king and his pack of hounds go by. The rustics have other legends of a more interesting kind. They are convinced that the hill is hollow and teeming with fairy gold, though the latter belief may be only a reminiscence of the fine coins of Antoninus. The idea that the interior caverns were inhabited as a palace of Pixies reminds us strongly of the Irish belief that the 'divine tribe of Gods' took refuge under the green barrows when St. Patrick's voice was heard. Mr. Bennett told a story about a broken quern which he had found near a hut site on the hill. A labourer said, 'Now, Sir, I see what I could never make out afore; what it was the fairies wanted with carrying corn up here out of Foreside.' 'Why,' said Mr. Bennett, 'do the fairies bring corn up here?' 'Yes, Sir, we all know that; but I never could make out for why; but now I see, for here is their grindstone.' Mr. Poole says something of these fairies in his 'Customs and Superstitions of Somerset,' and in particular tells one story 'which was had from a person of known honour, who

‘had it from the man himself.’ We ought to premise that the rustics in these parts were at one time much given to superstition. Some excuse, perhaps, may be found in the trials for witchcraft which led to the judicial murder of Jane Brooks at Chard in the year 1658, and of Elizabeth Style at Wincanton a few years afterwards. We have heard of the finding of witches’ ladders, of a hag at Bridgewater who took the form of a white rabbit, and of a whistling ghost at Minehead that brought in storms from the sea. Some of the Pixy stories come from the villages on the Blackdown Hills. Those who have travelled to Blagdon, as Mr. Poole’s legend goes, have frequently seen the fairies there, appearing like men and women, of a stature generally near the smaller size of men; ‘their habits used to be of red, blue, and green, according to the old country garb, with high-crowned hats.’ A farmer at Combe St. Nicholas was said to have met on the hillside a great company of people, like the folk assembled at a fair. ‘There were all sorts of commodities, as at our ordinary fairs, pewterers, shoemakers, pedlars, with all kind of trinkets, fruit stalls and drinking booths.’ But when he walked into this ‘goblin market,’ they all became invisible, ‘only he seemed to be crowded, and thrust, as when one passes through a throng of people.’ ‘There were some,’ added the person of honour, ‘who assured me they had many times seen this fair-keeping in the summer, as they came from Taunton*market.’

At Glastonbury we return to the region of history, though we shall have to look aside now and again to watch the growth of some strange superstition. The story of the Abbey Church, and the present state of its ruins, demand our chief attention, and on these points we find ourselves almost overburdened with authority. Professor Willis and Mr. James Parker collected almost all that could be learned about the fabric. The history of the foundation was told by Mr. Freeman, with an enthusiasm and wealth of learning not to be approached by any other writer of his day. The details of the endowment and the fluctuations in the corporate estate have been filled in by Bishop Hobhouse and the Rev. T. S. Holmes in their work for the Somerset Record Society.

The existing ruins show the general plan of the church, the chapel, and the galilee. In the days of the Britons there had been a little chapel of wood and wattle-work, which the natives regarded as a place of special sanctity.

It was connected from very early times with the legend of St. Joseph of Arimathea, and was probably a place of resort for pilgrims from Wales and Ireland. This primæval church lived on, the historian tells us, through English, Danish, and Norman conquests. It was enriched by King Ine of Wessex, and he was also the founder of another church, raised in stone, and rebuilt later 'in a statelier guise by 'Dunstan himself.' The stone building was afterwards replaced by a Norman church during the abbacy of Henry of Blois, who also added very largely to the domestic buildings of the monastery. On May 25, 1184, a fire consumed the churches and almost all the other buildings, except one small room, a chapel, and the bell-tower of Henry of Blois. The king came at once to the rescue, and in the course of about two years the new chapel of St. Mary was rebuilt on the western site. 'Then the wooden church of the Briton,' to borrow Mr. Freeman's words, 'gave way to the loveliest 'building that Glastonbury has to show, the gem of late 'Romanesque on a small scale, the western church, the 'western Lady Chapel, corruptly known since the fifteenth 'century as the Chapel of St. Joseph.' Among the illustrations of Mr. Barrett's work we find a sketch of the ruined interior, revealing a marvellous wealth of decoration, and another view from the outside which takes in one of the square corner-turrets and shows its junction with the Early English porch or galilee. The relics of the Great Church, representing the vanished work of Ine and Dunstan, are scanty at the best, and seem likely to suffer further decay. Mr. Barrett pleads hard for the removal of the bushes and ivy by which the walls are being gradually destroyed. The greater part of the south wall is standing, with two tower-piers, and the transept chapel, usually called 'St. Mary's.' The whole church, however, is the merest ruin; 'gone is 'the nave with its twenty columns, gone the central tower 'with its reversed side-arches, save that the wreck of the 'choir arch stands up, a marvel in size.'

The building of the Great Church began shortly after the fire, but the work was soon suspended. It was designed on so vast a scale that no continuous progress was possible, and it cannot indeed be said to have been complete in itself until its dedication in the year 1303. The galilee by which the two fabrics were externally united may have been finished about seventy years earlier. It contained four bays, the east end being filled up with great flights of steps. The primary object was to make a porch for the

church; but certain alterations were at one time made in the chapel which caused the porch to appear like a choir, and enabled it on occasion to be used as such. Mr. Barrett, however, has the stronger authorities on his side in pronouncing that it was meant for a church-porch.

At some time in the fifteenth century, when the devotion to St. Joseph was at its height, the monks found great difficulty in providing tombs for all who desired to rest near his holy shrine. They adopted one very daring expedient, which might have laid their fabric in ruins. A crypt was 'scooped out' beneath the floor of the chapel and as far as the steps beyond, the walls being faced with stones 'hewn 'in the Norman manner.' It has been suggested that this was done to give a false air of antiquity to the work, but it is quite as probable that the material was obtained from an ancient building then in course of demolition. It may be worth observing that there is a well under the chapel, described in the notice which accompanies Mr. Barrett's sketch as being surmounted by 'an elaborate Norman arch.' It is said that this may have been an external spring, existing when the chapel was built, and brought within the walls in the course of some later addition. The history of Glastonbury has been so minutely told that it seems unlikely that the well would have been left undescribed by the older chroniclers. We desire to express no opinion on the point, but we may say that Mr. J. Parker, when he described the place, was very sceptical as to the suggested explanation.

The state of the Great Church early in the last century may be learned from Gale and Stukeley. The transepts, the walls of the choir, and the side-aisles with eight windows apiece, were all in existence, though they were already suffering from the ravages of 'a Presbyterian tenant.' At the time of Stukeley's visit the work of destruction was in full blast. 'Every week a pillar or buttress, a window-jamb or an angle of hewn stone, is sold to the best bidder. 'Whilst I was there they were excoriating St. Joseph's Chapel for that purpose, and the squared stones were laid 'up by lots in the Abbot's Kitchen; the rest goes to paving 'yards and stalls for cattle, or to the highway.' We learn from the guide-book that about a hundred years ago the ground about the church was converted to pasturage, and that 'cartloads of capitals, corbels, and pinnacles were 'carried away to make a new road to Wells.'

The Abbot's Kitchen is a square building with a vaulted

roof and double lantern in stone. In each corner was an arched fireplace with a chimney carried through the roof, like those of the Oxford Laboratory, for which certain features were borrowed from the Glastonbury design. Mr. Barrett found the fragments of a screen, which seems to have been used for dividing the room into equal compartments. The oven was extremely small, from which it may be inferred that the abbot had a separate bakehouse; and we learn, in fact, from the records of the Flemish weavers, that their guild was permitted to use an empty brewery and bakehouse which had formerly belonged to the monastery. There is a similar kitchen at Durham, still remaining in good preservation; and another may be seen at Fontévrault, where it was long shown to visitors as an ancient chapter-house. The later example at Stanton Harcourt is without chimneys, the smoke escaping through a pierced structure above, fitted with 'luffer-boards' that could be opened and shut like Venetian blinds.

Among other detached buildings we should mention the tithe-barn, said to be 'the best piece of work, for a barn,' that ever was seen. The building is cruciform, it has decorated panels, and figures of the Evangelists at the four corners. Mr. Barrett thought it not so interesting as the celebrated barn at Barton Farm, near Bradford-on-Avon in Wiltshire. This, we are told, is a huge building of the fourteenth century, with two arched entrances like transepts. It is the peculiar decoration of the gables that makes the Glastonbury building so attractive. At Pilton there is another of about the same date, described by Mr. Bennett as 'a very fine specimen of the very fine barns 'belonging to Glastonbury.' The gables are in this case ornamented with medallions containing the symbols of the Evangelists. Mr. Barrett has also described the Bishop's Barn at Wells, which is now no longer in use. He considers that it was built in the earlier half of the fifteenth century, and notes that it is chiefly remarkable for its length and the extraordinary number of buttresses.

In the High Street stands a curious old house known as the 'Tribunal,' with two scutcheons over the door that may be of the time of Henry VII. It is said to have been built by Richard Bere, the last abbot but one, as a court-house for disputes among the tenants; and the popular fancy has invented a series of subterranean dungeons and cells. A chapel once dedicated to St. James is said to have been converted into cottages, and we must refer in this connexion

to Mr. Barrett's account of Stavordale Priory, where the nave of the old church is used as a barn, the chancel being fitted up as a dwelling-house. St. Benedict's church at Glastonbury was another of Abbot Bere's buildings; it has the remains of a good reredos, and 'a clerestory without 'an arcade.' We find an interesting circumstance noted by 'Murray: ' the ale-jugs cut upon the battlements show that it was the work of Abbot Bere, and his initials and mitre appear besides on the porch. This porch is said to contain the relics of 'a holy-water stoup.' St. John's Church is considered to possess one of the finest towers in the county, ranking next after Wrington and St. Cuthbert's at Wells. Wrington tower is 140 feet high: it is panelled with very lofty belfry windows and crowned with sixteen pinnacles of equal height; and Mr. Freeman declared that 'it was the finest square western tower, not designed for a 'spire or lantern, in all England, and therefore possibly in the 'whole world.'

At St. Cuthbert's the belfry stage is filled in the same way by two lofty windows; there are pinnacled turrets of the same kind; but we miss the prominent spiral turret of the Yeovil class and the staircase-turret, double buttresses, and horizontal divisions, which distinguish the church towers of 'the Taunton type.'

The story of an old inn is always interesting. We have sketches here of the well-known 'Luttrell Arms' at Dunster, showing a fine stone porch with a scutcheon on its gable, and 'on either side of the outer arched doorway 'unmistakeable crossbow loops.' The building in the wing has an open roof and a beautiful *façade* of carved oak. At Yeovil we are shown an old chantry-house, now used as the 'Castle Inn; ' and a half-timbered house, writes Mr. Barrett, 'which is now the "George Inn," ' deserves to be most religiously preserved. Another very remarkable building is the 'George' at Norton St. Philip, which is also 'half-'timbered,' and is noticeable besides for its 'stone-capped 'turret stair' and the remains of a galleried yard. It looks like an ancient manor-house, but there is reason to think that it was built as an inn by the Hinton monks for the convenience of the clothiers at 'Norton Dog Fair.' An anecdote about the Duke of Monmouth was told in connexion with the 'George' when the Archæological Society visited the place in 1875. The Duke, it was said, was here on June 27, 1685, and a man fired at him as he stood at the

window in hopes of getting the price set on his head ; on which, according to the ballad-mongers, the Duke

‘ Most gently turned him round,
And said, “ My man, you’ve missed your mark,
And lost your thousand pound.” ’

One of the Abbey gateways in Glastonbury is now converted into the ‘ Red Lion.’ The ‘ George Hotel ’ in High Street was built by Abbot Selwood in the reign of Edward IV., and it was probably intended from the first as a ‘ hostel ’ for pilgrims. An older house used for the same purpose became the abbot’s private guest-house, and was afterwards the ‘ White Lion Inn.’ Mr. J. H. Parker regarded the ‘ George Hotel ’ as the best piece of domestic work in a town which is in itself ‘ a perfect store ’ of this class of antiquities. ‘ The front is one splendid mass of panelling, pierced for ‘ windows where necessary.’ It is partly occupied by a four-centred gateway, with a bay window to the left, ‘ rising ‘ to the whole height of the house.’

We ought, perhaps, to pay some attention to the legends by which the monks sought to do honour to the old British Church. A fraud, it has been suggested, ‘ almost becomes ‘ pious ’ when based on local patriotism and intended as a support for history. We notice an argument of this kind in Mrs. Boger’s pleasant work on the Myths of Somerset. Glastonbury is treated as the most sacred spot in Britain, while it is admittedly unnecessary that its traditions should be strictly true. The story of the ‘ Grail ’ is taken as a meeting-place of truth and fable, ‘ a cross road between ‘ literature and myth.’ The relic, it was thought, was carried to Glastonbury by St. Joseph of Arimathea, and when he had reached the ‘ hill like Mount Tabor ’ he planted the Holy Thorn that blossomed at Christmas, and his staff set in the ground became the great walnut tree which always broke into leaf at ‘ Barnaby Bright.’ So firm was the belief in the early flowering thorn that when the calendar was altered crowds assembled to see if the tree would accept the loss of the eleven days and blossom according to Act of Parliament. Mrs. Boger was told that the New Style must be wrong, because it was on Old Christmas Day that the cattle knelt before the Glastonbury Thorn in Dillington Park. We learn from the ‘ History of Wellington ’ by Mr. A. L. Humphreys that there is a sprig of the Holy Thorn at West Buckland which is supposed to burst into bloom on Old Christmas Eve, and that a crowd assembles every year

to witness the phenomenon and to see the cattle kneel in the cowsheds at midnight. 'It is a very early thorn,' Mr. Humphreys adds, 'and it is frequently to be seen covered with blossom before Old Christmas Day.' Mr. Freeman treated the monkish traditions with some severity. 'If ever anything,' he says, 'bore on the face of it the stamp of utter fiction, it is what professes to be the early history of 'Glastonbury.' St. David is brought from Wales, bearing that 'little altar of sapphire' which men believed to have fallen from heaven. St. Patrick, they pretended, had dwelt in Avalon, and had died there in the place where they set up his shrine. St. Columba, the mighty Apostle of the North, had found a refuge in this holy island. St. Bridget, it was said, had dwelt hard by, upon the ridge at Beckery, and had left her wallet and rosary to be treasured for ages afterwards 'by reason of the sweetness of her memory.' 'It is going too far,' writes our historian, 'when the tale brings in such an amazing gathering of saints from all times and places to shed their lustre on a single spot.'

The county is famous for its holy springs and healing wells, some of which are still visited by great numbers of rustic patients. The story of the Bath waters is beyond the scope of this review and the books to which it relates; but we may mention one or two other medicinal springs which are or were renowned for their use in cases of sore eyes and slight affections of the skin. Some of these are described in Mr. Barrett's book, and a notice of others may be found in a paper by the Rev. F. W. Weaver on a painting of St. Barbara, the patroness of the 'Bab-well' at Cucklington. Mr. Barrett gives us an interesting sketch of the 'spring of the Chalice' at Glastonbury, famous in the last century for an extraordinary pilgrimage of more than ten thousand persons in one month, drawn to the place by the report of a dream and its strange fulfilment. Among other celebrated springs is the well of St. Anne-in-the-Wood at Brislington, a name which probably explains the curious title of 'Queen Anne's wishing-well' at Cadbury. Near Bruton we hear of a Lady-well and a 'Pat-well' dedicated to St. Patrick. St. Aldhelm's memory is preserved in the same way at Doultong. We should note the abbreviation of the saints' names, which may have been the diminutive of affection, so often observed where the population retains a Celtic element. This may have something to do with the title of a Kits-well dedicated to St. Christopher, and a 'Ped-well' for St. Peter's spring at Ashcott. St. Ursula's name abides at Hersewell,

near Trull, and St. Rumbald was certainly the patron of Rumwell by Taunton. 'Skipperham' is the country name for St. Cyprian's well at Ashill, which ebbs and flows every day. The water is chalybeate and is used for animals as well as for human patients: and the place is visited by a great number of people, especially on the first three Sundays in May, when the spring is believed to be more than usually agitated.

The village of Meare, so often mentioned in the records of Glastonbury, is divided from the town by a wide tract of marsh; it formerly occupied an island in a large pool, or lake, which stretched away from the very foot of the Tor. The Fish-house has been taken for a cottage of the time of Edward II. or his next successor. Mr. J. Parker, however, showed that it was probably the residence of the officer in charge of the fisheries, and was built by Abbot Sodbury, who made great improvements upon the estates, between the years 1323 and 1334. Until recently the Fish-house had a roof of open timber-work in excellent preservation; but Mr. Barrett has to record its destruction by fire not long before the date of his visit. We observe that his book contains several sketches of Norman and early English details from the remarkable church of Stoke-sub-Hamdon; and here again we have to record a disaster, the fabric having been destroyed by fire since the book was published. The old manor-house at Meare and the chancel of the parish church are both attributed to Abbot Sodbury. John of Glastonbury said that the abbot constructed magnificent chapels and halls, and that the church at Meare, by which we understand the chancel, was dedicated by him, 'and 'the court there surrounded with a stone wall,' with the addition of a variety of fishponds. The manor-house has one uncommon feature, the hall being on the upper floor with rooms below it; some have supposed that it was only a fine 'solar,' or upper chamber; but perhaps the best solution is to suppose that it was used for both purposes. Mr. Barrett sketches the great fireplace with its pentagonal hood, and a fine pair of corbel brackets, 'one on either side, 'to carry lamps or candles.' In a similar instance at Tickenham Court, a manor-house of the fifteenth century, there are brackets apparently constructed with the same object. It has also been supposed that two ornamental supports on either side of the hall at East Martock were intended for the same use; but Mr. Barrett considers that they are too small and narrow for such a purpose. In the mullions of the

windows at Meare are the old hooks and holes pierced through the stone, used for setting the wooden shutters that replaced the glazed frames when the owner was away.

On leaving Glastonbury the visitor will naturally proceed to study Wells Cathedral and the wonderful examples of old domestic architecture that surround 'the White Lady' of the West.' His best approach is by the Shepton Mallet road, so as to see the view from Dulcot Hill of the Cathedral, and 'the unique group' of the Chapter-house, Cloisters, and Palace. The architecture of the Cathedral is too large a subject to be dealt with here. The sketches before us are almost entirely confined to the Palace, the Deanery, and the Vicar's Close; the gates of the Precinct are shown in a general view of the foreign-looking market-place; and there is a good etching of Bishop Beckington's 'chain-gate and bridge.' The Palace is most beautiful in itself, as all will agree who have been there in summer and seen the embattled walls reflected in the shining moat, the lawns encircling the chapel and the vast ruin of the hall, and the columned 'crypt,' now the dining-room, that was built as a storehouse by Bishop Jocelyn in the days of Henry III. The Palace is also of great historical importance, as being the best example of an inhabited thirteenth-century house remaining in England, 'and perhaps in Europe.' The earliest part is 'Jocelyn's Block;' the next in date was the hall built by Bishop Burnell towards the close of the century. Its roof was supported by two rows of pillars, being more than sixty feet wide; and we are reminded by Mr. E. Buckle, in his elaborate account of the building, that no carpenter of that period would have thought it possible to arch such a span. There is one mediæval roof, which, as we now see it, covers as great a breadth; but Westminster Hall, when roofed in the fourteenth century, was itself 'divided into nave and aisles.' The chapel, a fine building too often restored, was completed about the same time as the hall. In the year 1340 Bishop Ralph enclosed the palace with a moat and fortified it with walls and towers. One of the six bastions formed a prison for criminal clerks, with a guardroom above, and was afterwards known as 'the cow-house.' Lord Arthur Hervey, when receiving the antiquaries of the county, made an apt quotation from Chyle's History, describing Bishop Ralph's walls, redoubts, and half-moons: 'these he joined by a stately gate and gatehouse, castle-wise, making it not only serviceable against rogues, or any sudden assault, but likewise very

‘magnificent and graceful to behold.’ The hall now in use and the domestic offices are, in the main, the work of Beckington, ‘the builder-bishop,’ who was consecrated in 1443. Mr. Barrett’s sketch shows us the north side of ‘Beckington’s Buildings,’ looking out upon the moat; but he reminds us that the oriel and square turret were added by Bishop Clerk in the sixteenth century.

The Deanery, splendid in its turrets and buttresses, is for the most part the work of Dean Gunthorpe, who adorned the picturesque garden-front with the rose of York and his own family sign of ‘the gun.’ Mr. J. H. Parker considered the Deanery to be one of the noblest examples of fifteenth-century building, a nearly perfect specimen of what a great gentleman’s house should have been. It is ‘slightly fortified,’ with a strong gatehouse. The state-rooms are on the first floor, facing the north; ‘here the bay-windows at each end of the dais still exist, windows vaulted with beautiful fan-tracery.’ They are not on the same level, nor exactly opposite to each other: and Mr. Barrett says that he noticed a similar instance in the much later Court-house at Chard. The hall shows signs of being built in a period of transition; the banquet-place is almost a modern dining-room; and an arch squeezed in at one end seems to have been the support of a music-gallery.

Yeovil is our next important centre, though a visitor may spend a few days at Frome for the sake of its environs. The church of St. John the Baptist still retains a few fragments of Norman work. The fabric as a whole has been rebuilt with as little change as possible in the form and general lines of the older structure; its gorgeous decorations, carried out in a mediæval spirit, are intended to show ‘the richness of the interior of our ancient churches.’ The town has little else to show except a few old gables in Cheap Street; but it is barely a mile to the beautiful ravine of Vallis, and here may be seen a ruined manor-house with its finely roofed hall converted into a wheelwright’s shop. The village of Beckington possesses many features of interest. A crenellated mansion, known as Beckington Castle, contains a celebrated collection of majolica. Bishop Beckington was born here in 1390, and there have been several other distinguished inhabitants. St. Gregory’s Church contains effigies and brasses of unusual interest. There is a brass for Sir John St. Maur and his wife, and another for John Compton with a singular merchant’s mark. In the north aisle is the monument set up by the strong-minded Countess

of Dorset 'to the memory of that excellent poet and 'historian, Samuel Daniel.' At Lullington is a 'church of 'transitional Norman with a chantry-chapel of the time of 'Edward the Second added in the form of a transept;' the tower is Perpendicular, but according to Mr. Freeman it has some of the lowness and massiveness of the earlier building; there is a Norman doorway with twisted columns, on which are carved the figures of animals. At Witham Friary we have some of the architectural work of St. Hugh of Lincoln. The church belonged to the first Carthusian house established in England. There must have been, according to the rules of the order, a Major Church for the monks as well as a Minor Church or 'Frery' for the inferior brethren; but the larger structure has disappeared, and the existing fabric owed its preservation to the fact that it was used after the year 1458 for parochial purposes. It is rare to find a parish church with a stone-vaulted roof; but the occurrence of this feature at Witham may be attributed to the presence of St. Hugh. 'He brought the idea from his Burgundian 'home, and so it came about that the church was marked 'by this grand foreign characteristic.' There have been many discussions as to the existence of an earlier timber-roof; but nothing has been proved which weakens the historian's statement about the changes introduced by St. Hugh.

About six miles to the south lies the picturesque town of Bruton, 'in a valley among a cluster of hills.' The place is celebrated for its ancient school and hospital, and for the 'Prior's house' still standing in the High Street. We shall only notice the church, with the addition of a few words about an old building belonging to the Abbey. The church is admitted to be one of the finest examples of the Perpendicular style, and the tower, with its rich belfry-stage and great windows of perforated stone, is said to be 'pre-'eminently noble even in this county of noble towers.' Mr. Barrett points out that the most curious feature in the building is the north porch, with two rooms above it reached by a turret-stair, an arrangement by which the porch is, in effect, converted into 'a fair-sized tower.' The ruined building that once belonged to the abbey was originally the manorial dovecote, a kind of property which was of great value when the arable fields stretched for miles without hedges, and only one man had the right to keep pigeons. The Bruton example was a four-gabled building of two stories, the ground-floor being the dove-keeper's residence.

Mr. Barrett tells us of similar buildings at Stoke-sub-Hamdon and Norton St. Philip, but his most remarkable example comes from West Bower, near Bridgwater, where a farmhouse has been patched up out of the remains of a splendid mansion, once the residence of the Dukes of Somerset. The dovecote at West Bower is a large circular building, made of 'cob' with a thatched roof; and there are about nine hundred recesses for the nests, 'formed in the mud wall, which is more than three feet in thickness.' The vicarage garden at Dunster possesses another ancient pigeon-house, perhaps formerly belonging to the Priory, as the visitor suggests. The building has the original door; the stone niches are still to be seen in the walls; and there is a central ladder, which moved about on a pivot and enabled the keeper to visit the nests.

Mr. Batten offers his history of ten parishes in South Somerset as a help towards a new edition of Collinson. He is well known, however, as a primary authority upon the antiquities of his county who has been especially successful in genealogy and in tracing the descent of the ancient land-baronies. In treating of Yeovil we have the further advantage of using the Presidential Address delivered by him at a meeting of the local Society. We are not now concerned with purely municipal antiquities; but we may observe that he has been able to trace the title of the corporate property and the beginnings of a local self-government to a period before the Norman Conquest, and to indicate a surprising series of events by which what is now the Borough of Yeovil became a Free-tenement, which was as much under the dominion of the rector as if it had originally been a part of his 'Rectory-manor.' The Parish Church is described as a lofty and uniform building of the early Perpendicular style: 'there is no trace of any older work, except the decorated arch at the entrance, and the crypt itself;' the nave has a 'cradle-roof' with a series of 'trussed-ribbed rafters,' a fine example of a type not uncommon in the county. Each bay of the aisles contains a five-light window of great size and height, which has led to the church being called 'the Lantern of the West.' 'It is one grand and harmonious whole,' said Mr. Freeman, 'as truly the work of real artistic genius as Cologne, or Winchester, or St. Ouen's.' One may judge of the historical wealth of the district by what the historian once said of his 'best archæological day.' We take his words as they appear in Mr. Worth's valuable County Guide: 'Montacute, Stoke-Hamdon, Martock,

'Kingsbury, Muchelney, and Huish, form a perhaps unparalleled succession of attractive objects, both ecclesiastical and domestic.' On the next day he was exploring Somerton, and hurrying through Long Sutton, and back to Huish for one more look at its exquisite tower. We cannot undertake to deal here with the history of any such round. We are content to mention two or three of the best houses in the Yeovil neighbourhood, or within easy distance from the town, before passing on to the Abbot's House at Muchelney and the ruined splendours of Barrington Court.

Mr. Batten describes the farmhouse at Preston-Plucknet, which in the time of Henry VI. was the mansion of John Stourton, and afterwards of his daughter Cicely Hill. Another daughter carried Brympton into the Sydenham family. The adjoining barn is of an earlier date. It is of such a magnificent structure and has such richly carved 'finials' to the gables that the house has been generally supposed to have been a monastic grange and the barn a storehouse for tithe corn. Mr. Batten disposes of the idea that it belonged to the Abbots of Bermondsey, as lords of the neighbouring manor. The house, at any rate, is a good specimen of sixteenth-century work, its best remaining features being the buttressed front and the lantern-like octagonal chimney with panels of pierced stone.

Brympton, according to Mr. Batten, 'carries away the prize from all the mansions for which Somersetshire is famed.' We should feel disposed to enter a protest here on behalf of Clevedon Court, though it does not come within the purview of the works before us; but many of our readers will remember the great hall of the time of Edward II., the minstrel's gallery, the fine fourteenth-century porch, and the 'Hanging Chapel' rediscovered some years ago, when the 'Lady's Bower' was laid bare by a fire. We must remember, however, that Mr. Batten has a lifelong knowledge 'of sunny Brympton.' The house presents a west front 'of great splendour,' described by Mr. Freeman as a fine example of Perpendicular architecture. The Hall, says Mr. Batten, is much altered from its original state, and is now little better than 'a second edition,' hardly in keeping with the portions undoubtedly belonging to the Tudor period. The south front reminds the visitor of the times of Charles I.; it is certainly very unlike the type of architecture prevailing under Queen Anne, although it is usually classed as belonging to that period. Horace Wal-

pole says in his 'Anecdotes of Painting' that the front was built from plans actually designed by Inigo Jones; and, if this is so, we must suppose that the work was commenced by John Sydenham, who died in 1642.

Walpole was also the author of certain feeble criticisms on Montacute House, one of the noblest works of John of Padua, to whom the world owes Burleigh and Longleat. As Mr. Barrett points out, he certainly praised the 'disposition of apartments,' but described most of the outside ornaments as 'barbarous and ungraceful,' the whole design being an example of the 'bastard style' which intervened between the Strawberry Hill Gothic and the 'Grecian.' We are reminded, however, with some justice, that the name of the great architect might almost have been forgotten if Walpole had not deigned to attack his professional reputation. Montacute House was erected between 1580 and 1601, for Sir Edward Phelips, Speaker of the House of Commons and Master of the Rolls, and the removal of his family to the new mansion led incidentally to the slow destruction of their home at Barrington Court. The house is built of 'Ham stone' from the quarries on the neighbouring hill, celebrated not only for the debates about its 'Midford Sands,' or 'Inferior Oolite,' but for a British camp and a multitude of Roman remains, including the small amphitheatre known as 'the Frying-pan.' The most succinct account of the place will be found in 'Murray.' The east front, on the garden side, is pierced by no less than forty-one Tudor windows, some of the intervening spaces being filled with the statues of the Nine Worthies described by Tom Coryat in his 'Crudities.' The eccentric traveller makes constant references to the magnificent house at Montacute, 'within a mile of Odcombe, my sweet native soil.' 'The west front,' says Mr. Barrett, 'has been embellished by a beautiful stone screen, brought from the manor-house of the Horseys at Clifton Maybank, and still bearing their arms.' It has also been supposed that the oriel at Brympton was brought from Clifton, but Mr. Batten shows that this is a mistake. The Great Gallery at Montacute was probably the chief apartment until its interior decorations were destroyed in the Civil War. The library is now considered to be the best room; 'its chief charm lies in the splendid collection of ancient heraldic glass.' Some of the blazons appear to have been painted while the house was building, and others are of a much older date. They are all minutely described in a

paper read at the Yeovil Meeting by Mr. Cadwallader Bates. He called special attention to the fact that the series comprises the arms of many friends and neighbours not related in blood to the family, reminding his audience how Sir Walter Scott decorated the hall at Abbotsford with the coats of the principal Border families, 'in accordance with the ancient practice.' Another example may be found at Lytes Cary, where the Stourton and Wadham badges were set upon the Decorated parapet, although their owners were at that time in no way related to the family of Lyte.

The Hall at Montacute contains a large bas-relief of the burlesque procession known as the 'Skimmington,' which was 'an antique show' devised in ridicule of a man beaten by his wife. By a perverse rule of country logic it was the next neighbour who was punished, as if it were his duty to keep the peace and to ride abroad to denounce the offending virago. Mr. Barrett has collected several passages in which the custom is described. We can add a reference to a somewhat analogous usage in France; for in a very rare volume of burlesque pleadings, published at Bordeaux in 1616, we may read of a '*chevauchement d'asne*' ordained for a man who had allowed his wife to give him a thrashing.

Lytes Cary is some way from Montacute, but is within the radius of an excursion from Yeovil. It is a place, as Mr. Freeman said, that 'must undoubtedly be seen.' Lytes Cary House is in the parish of Charlton Mackrell, not far from Somerton. The name seems to be connected with the river Cary, and with William le Lyt, serjeant-at-law at the time of Edward I. His tombstone is still in the parish churchyard, and a copy of the slab, set up by Thomas Lyte the genealogist, is to be seen in the private chapel. This chapel adjoins the manor-house, and was probably built in connexion with an earlier mansion. It dates from the time of Edward III., and is a very perfect specimen of that period so far as its fabric is concerned. The interior fittings have been ruined, the seats and screen torn down, the piscina broken, and the coats of arms defaced. It is reported, however, that the armorial glass has lately been found intact, and is now in the possession of Mr. H. C. Maxwell-Lyte, C.B. As to the fifteenth-century manor-house we have a minute description by Mr. Freeman, and passages in the '*Domestic Architecture*,' where Mr. Parker treats it as 'one of the most perfect of its period.' The reader may also consult Mr. Maxwell-Lyte's paper upon the Lyte family, lately read before the local Society, and likely, we are

informed, to appear in a more permanent shape, as well as a singularly interesting pamphlet on 'Lytes Cary and its 'Literary Associations,' by Mr. William George, of Bristol.

We begin with the advice given by Mr. Freeman now more than forty years ago: 'You must not omit the grand 'Perpendicular house at Lytes Cary, with its Decorated 'chapel retained from an earlier mansion, its noble hall, 'with poor windows and a fine open roof, the porch and 'oriels, state-rooms with rich ceilings, and panelling of a 'later date.'

The roof is specially remarkable for its cornice of quatrefoil tracery, running between the principal rafters; 'each 'main rafter terminates in a half-winged figure bearing the 'shield of Lyte.' Mr. Barrett compares it with the roof at Whitestaunton, where in a more elaborate style 'in lieu of 'curved and cusped wind-braces the spaces are panelled, 'each panel being pierced with a quatrefoil surmounting two 'trefoil-headed lancets.' There is one feature at Lytes Cary which specially attracted the historian's attention. Screened entrances are by no means uncommon in Somerset, but the door-screen at Lytes Cary is remarkable above all the rest for its rich decoration with linen pattern and the Tudor rose. In an account of the old moated manor-house near Stoke St. Gregory, Mr. Barrett takes occasion to describe the linen-panelled doors: the pattern throughout the district is of a very good type, and out of a hundred different examples he finds that no less than eight came from the country near Langport and Athelney.

The great bay window at Lytes Cary bears the date 1533, with the shield of John Lyte impaling the arms of Horsey. The two crests appear in modified forms upon the finials of the gables. There is no doubt about the swan for Lyte; but the other shape is so dubious that some take it for a dragon and others for 'the sitting horse.' This John Lyte and Edith his wife had no less than 835 direct descendants when Thomas, their grandson, drew up the pedigree, illustrated with portraits in pen and ink. We may add that the same Thomas tricked out a family tree for King James, showing his descent from Brutus the Trojan, and received the royal portrait set in diamonds as a reward. It is said that the jewel found its way into the Hamilton Palace collection, and was sold a few years ago for a very considerable sum.

We hear little more of John Lyte, except that he had an interview with Abbot Whiting, described by Mr. Gasquet in

his work upon the English monasteries. His son Henry was the author of the 'Light of Britain,' a brief classical rhapsody which he presented to Queen Elizabeth on her attending the Thanksgiving at St. Paul's. Short as it is, it contains hardly so much about the Phoenix of the World as about the Lytes and their sweet 'Carian swans.' Henry Lyte was best known as a botanist. His 'New Herbal' of 1578 is taken from the Dutch of Rembert Dodoens, through the medium of the French version by Clusius; but it is clear, from the remarks of Gerard and his editor, that Mr. Lyte had a practical knowledge of the subject. We may, perhaps, be allowed to quote from the introduction to Cutwode's 'Caltha,' with a few corrections in the spelling:—

'Lyte hath by skilful proof revealed to our sight
 The virtue of each plant, his hurtful harm or good,
 Wherein the busy bee approves her pure delight,
 Selecting thence essential sweet pleasing food,
 For us as for herself: as none but Lyte and she
 In Nature's sacred school so learned seem to be.'

At Muchelney may be seen a glebe-house, built in the fifteenth century and complete with a fine hall and a parlour and upper room beyond. Some have attributed parts of the building to an even earlier date. The ancient door remains, with its curious handle and lock, and a knocker of very singular design of which Mr. Barrett has given us a sketch. Near the church are the remains of the cloisters, and of the abbot's house, which is nearly perfect. Mr. Parker took it as a fine example of 'a nobleman's house of that period,' one of the chambers even containing the oaken settle and wainscot of the time of Henry VIII. The fireplace is carved in bands with ivy and vine branches, and an elaborate pattern of quatrefoils. But these relics, as Mr. Barrett shows, must be of a comparatively late date, and they may have been only just completed when Yve, the last abbot, was compelled 'to say farewell to his house and his noble church.'

For a picture of the early state of Bridgwater Mr. Barrett relies chiefly upon the lively description by Leland, which is still interesting in its way, though most of the antiquities have disappeared. In dealing with the old traveller's journal we are compelled to alter his eccentric spelling; but in other respects his story is plain enough. Entering into Bridgwater he passed St. Saviour's Chapel, standing on the river-bank, and then crossed a bridge by

the south gate. There were four gates, though the town had never been walled, the backs of the stone houses being set together, and serving as a fortification. The castle, he said, was at one time 'a right fair and strong piece of work,' but when he was there it was falling into ruins. The only relic now remaining is the Water-gate, which Mr. Barrett has sketched, with a cellar now blocked up and one or two remnants of the wall. In the time of the Civil War the castle and the surrounding defences were armed with more than forty cannon, and the town, when occupied by Wyndham, was regarded as an impregnable fortress. Fairfax sat down before it on July 15, 1645; but a few days afterwards it was determined to take the place by storm. The 'fort-royal' and part of the suburbs were taken on the 21st, and the next day saw the main attack. Mr. Jarman's 'History of Bridgwater' contains the details of the sharp assault which led to the surrender of the fortress on the following day. The storming began with the field-guns and mortars taken at Naseby, the latter 'playing on the town' with fire-balls and hot iron, and the musketeers aiding on all sides with 'a shower of red-hot hoggets.' The parish church of Bridgwater is remarkable for its perfect spire; the carved side-screens in black oak are attributed to the fourteenth century; and until the church was restored there was 'a most extraordinary series of hagioscopes,' by which a person standing in the porch had a view of the High Altar 'through three different walls.' The altar-piece is a 'Descent from the Cross,' taken from a privateer, and presented by the Hon. Anne Poulett, while member for the borough. It may be mentioned that he took his singular name from his godmother, Queen Anne. The painter of this picture is unknown; but Mr. Barrett was told that it was a favourite with Sir Joshua Reynolds, who came more than once to study the colouring and composition. The chief glory of Bridgwater is the carefully preserved Tudor house in which Admiral Blake was born. He is renowned in the West as much for his dogged defence of Taunton, and for the capture of Dunster Castle in 1646, as for his exploits as 'General at sea;' he hunted Prince Rupert, says an old historian, and forced him to yield all his ships; he sorely beat the French, and defeated the Dutch 'in a woeful manner,' though Van Tromp had been too much for him in the Downs. He was buried with great state in Henry VII.'s Chapel; but in 1661 his body was removed by the king's orders, and was buried 'in the promiscuous pit'

by St. Margaret's Church, Westminster, near the back-door of one of the Prebendaries' houses.

There are few remains of ancient castles in the county. Tradition tells of a fortress at Montacute, and the site of a Norman keep has recently been excavated at Castle Cary. At Farleigh, on the borders of Wiltshire, we may see the ruins of a mansion of the Hungerfords, which according to Leland was turned into a castle after Agincourt, the expense being defrayed by 'the ransom of Charles of Orleans, 'whom Sir Walter Hungerford had taken prisoner.' At Nunney near Frome is another fortified house which hardly comes within the technical definition of a castle. It belonged to Sir John Delamere as a 'manse' before he obtained license in 1373 to add five towers and embattle the walls. It afterwards consisted of an oblong building of four stories, with a pair of towers at each end; and it appears by a sketch made in the Civil War; to which Mr. Barrett refers, that these towers had conical roofs in the French style, the main roof of the building being remarkably high-pitched. A copy of this sketch will be found in the essay on Nunney Castle read by Mr. Emmanuel Green, F.S.A., at Frome, and afterwards published as a pamphlet. The drawing is explained by a memorandum written by a Royalist officer in 1644. His note was briefly to the effect that the castle was defended by a moat with gatehouse and drawbridge, and a high wall outside the moat, and that the structure was 'four-square, a long square, very narrow,' with rounded towers at either end.

The chief fortresses were at Taunton and Dunster, the one site having been a place of arms in the days of King Ine, and the other a stronghold against invasion long before William de Moion took possession of the famous Tor. To its castle, as representing through all changes, the original stockade, the town of Taunton may be said to owe its beginning, though many have thought that the Romans had made some kind of settlement in the marshy region of the Tone. The castle, in any case, has a great history during the ages that passed between its first foundation and the dismantling of its works after the Restoration of Charles II. It appears from the 'Saxon Chronicle' that even in King Ine's lifetime his fort was captured and burned; but this would not affect the strength of the great earthworks or 'the deep and 'formidable ditches.' The Norman walls and keep were built early in the twelfth century by William Gifford, Bishop of Winchester, to whose see the Manor of Taunton Deane

belonged. We add a few historical details from Mr. Barrett's summary. In 1490 the castle was repaired by Bishop Langton, whose arms appear over the existing gateway. Six years later it was stormed by the Cornish insurgents, and a few months afterwards was in the possession of Perkin Warbeck. There, as Lord Bacon tells us, he stood like a squinting man, with one eye on the crown and the other looking for some means of escape; and after getting his forces ready for immediate battle, the poor impostor made his way to a monastery in the New Forest. The Outer Bailey has been destroyed, with the exception of part of the archway now leading into the Castle Green. Here stands the old grammar school, now used for municipal purposes; it is a late-Perpendicular building, with a good open roof, built in 1522 by Bishop Fox of Winchester. The tower and arch of the Inner Bailey is the subject of an interesting illustration. This gatehouse was built about the end of the thirteenth century, and was repaired and ornamented in the reign of Henry VII.; it has portcullis grooves, like those at Clevedon Court, and holes for the chains of a drawbridge; but the bridge was replaced by a permanent structure when the moat was filled up in 1758. The best account of the architecture is contained in an essay by Mr. G. T. Clark, F.S.A., who also supplied a very full account of Dunster Castle to the *Archæological Journal*. On each side of the gatehouse is a curtain wall, ending on the left side in a drumtower, from which another wall leads to the keep. The hall in front of the gate is modern, as respects the interior; but it evidently occupies the site of the twelfth-century building. The keep is a rectangular tower, once fifty feet high, with walls about thirteen feet thick. It is singular that it should have been built on the lowest part of the enclosure; but we must remember that the first stockade was only a few feet above the water, set on 'a hummock of gravel' in the fen, and depending for its safety on a network of streams. The whole area formed a sort of quadrant, 'the river and brook being each a radius, and a curved ditch the arc.' The chief interest about the castle lies in the continuity of its history; and Mr. Clark points out that its earthworks were constructed at least two centuries before any other fortress named in the *Chronicle*, and that though mutilated 'they still remain beyond question original.'

Dunster Castle, after all its alterations, is admitted to be fairly representative of the Norman stronghold. It holds

the same unrivalled position, towering magnificently above the town and the coast, a landmark for all the wide tract 'of which it was sometimes the terror, but more often the 'protection.' The keep was dismantled in 1646, its site being afterwards converted into a bowling-green. With the exception of a few bases and substructures, the oldest part of the existing buildings is the gateway of the time of Henry III. The adjoining gatehouse, built in three stages, dates from about the year 1420; it seems to have been used instead of the older gateway, which has only lately been restored to its original use. We learn from Mr. Maxwell Lyte's history of 'Dunster and its Lords' that a great part of the existing house was built between the years 1589 and 1620; 'other alterations have been made at different times, 'especially in 1869, when the Elizabethan house was greatly 'enlarged.' Dunster Castle was held by Colonel Wyndham during the Civil War till he was forced to yield it up after a tedious siege of five months. An extract from a newsletter of that time will show the importance attached to its possession. It was announced in '*Mercurius Aulicus*' for June 17, 1643, that Dunster Castle, belonging to Mr. Luttrell, 'a place by reason of the strength and situation 'conceived to be almost impregnable,' was yielded up to Lord Hertford for his Majesty's use, 'as soon as he had 'settled his affairs in Bridgwater.'

Mr. Barrett does not undertake to describe the villages of the wild moorlands or the towns along the Severn coast. Our readers will refer for these to the history of Porlock by the Rev. Walter Hook, and Mr. Warden Page's delightful '*Exploration of Exmoor*.' We have, indeed, a brief account of Minehead Church, where the turret of the rood-stair is carried up to a great height and lit with a window like a large oriel. The reason, no doubt, as Mr. Barrett suggests, lies in the old use of the turret as a beacon for ships at sea. A wooden arch in the south aisle is noticed as a rarity seldom seen outside the eastern counties; but Mr. Luttrell once showed in an address at Minehead that oak was frequently used instead of stone throughout the district, the older masonry having been of inferior quality, excepting the work at Cleeve Abbey, and perhaps at Porlock Church. Our author's views of the Dunster gateway and the roof of the refectory at Old Cleeve are among his best illustrations.

- ART. V. — 1. *Politische Correspondenz Friedrichs des Grossen*. Berlin: 1879-94. Bd. I.-XXI. (In course of publication.)
2. *Die Kriege Friedrichs des Grossen*. Theil I. Bd. I.-III. Berlin: 1890-93. (In course of publication.)
3. *König Friedrich der Grosse*. Von REINHOLD KOSER. Bd. I. Stuttgart: 1893. (In course of publication.)

IT was a defeat hardly less crushing than Kolin or Kunersdorf that Hugh Elliot, most brilliant of British diplomatists, inflicted on Frederick the Great one evening at Potsdam during a pause in the royal whist. 'Tell me 'about this Haidar Ali,' the king had maliciously said, 'who is giving you so much trouble in India.' 'Sire,' replied the envoy, in loud and measured tones, 'Haidar 'Ali was once the greatest warrior of his time, and he 'pillaged all his neighbours. But now, Sire, he is merely 'an old king in his dotage.' The Naib of Mysore's latest biographer calls him singularly straightforward in politics and faithful to his engagements. If so, there was the usual injustice of epigram in the parallel between the honest Asiatic and a prince who laid down, and followed, the doctrine that in public affairs rascality is sometimes the best policy, and that the 'premier domestique' of the State must never hesitate to 'cheat cheats.'

The discussion of Frederician problems is now facilitated by the existence of such an encyclopædia of knowledge as is available for no other historic notability, Napoleon excepted. In the front of the modern materials stands the king's political and military correspondence, official and private—'scriptus et in tergo necdum finitus Orestes'—the twenty volumes of which hitherto published cover about half his reign. Without underrating the labours of Preuss, Ranke, and, above all, of Carlyle, it may be said that Frederick 'intime,' before this source of information became available, was almost like Troy or Tiryns before Schliemann. Complementary are new collections of State papers from archives, an endless catena of reports and dissertations on points of detail, besides an array of original histories in various languages, a mere bibliography of all which would fill a considerable book.

For the king's military career there is a work by the Berlin General Staff, which has reached the battle of Chotusitz in the second Silesian campaign. The scholars of Moltke have

inherited something of their master's clearness and brevity of style, and their publications are provided with ample tables of contents, side-notes, dates, indexes, and the other mechanical adjuncts to history, on which, though beneath the dignity of the German Dryasdust, men like Gibbon and Carlyle condescended to bestow such infinite pains. Strictures on the strategy and tactics of the great-great-great-great-uncle of the 'War Lord' might be a cause of unpleasant surprises to their authors. Their venturesome task has, however, been creditably accomplished by the Berlin Staff, whose comparative freedom of attitude contrasts favourably with the crawling servility of some of the civilian reptiles who have concerned themselves with Frederick 'the only.' Koser's book, as well as a previous work by him on Frederick's early life, is good literature as well as sound history, the narrative and the reflections being kept apart, and not muddled up, 'shot rubbish fashion,' in a chaotic heap. On certain half-explored phases of the king's life Koser is almost dumb. As if muzzled 'par ordre du mufti,' the more modern annalists of the house of Brandenburg either boycott Bathsheba and Jane Shore, or bowdlerise such personages into Platonic propriety. A breach of this rule, still more a hint on topics like those raised by Carlyle's 'demon 'letter-writer,' might seriously bar professional advancement or the acquisition of a Court title. And it might give umbrage to the public prosecutor, a functionary of whom Koser has had a certain experience. A few years ago some strictures from his pen on the public acts of one of the earlier Hohenzollerns, written, not in the trenchant manner of Macaulay or Lanfrey, but in a measured, scientific tone, were incriminated before a court of justice as libelling the reigning dynasty of Prussia. 'Il y a des 'juges à Berlin,' or, at least, at Cassel, and their verdict was 'non liquet.' Still, a German professor, when dealing with certain aspects of the national history, does well to keep, as the Watcher in the 'Agamemnon' puts it, a large ox on his tongue. He may also encounter a padlock of another species. The literary use of public German documents of the date of the Crusades or the Reformation, or even the Thirty Years' War, is unrestricted. Not so the records of very recent events, such as the occurrences of only a century and a half ago. For instance, under the restrictions imposed by this obvious principle, official wisdom has placed the portions of Frederick's 'Political Will' of A.D. 1752, entitled 'Rêveries Politiques.' Quite lately a distinguished

author who had been studying the antecedents of the Seven Years' War in the Berlin archives was required to surrender his copy of the 'Dreams' in question to the departmental censor, by whom three-fourths of the manuscript were ruthlessly cut out.

Characters and careers of the first magnitude are no subjects for debate in the new abbreviated 'epoch' fashion. Like Napoleon, Frederick is only intelligible on condition of being 'writ large'—that is, in full length and with finished portraiture. We shall here chiefly illustrate a single side of his activity, recording, by help of the new lights, some of the opening incidents of his reign, as well as certain circumstances of the European and British policy of the period hitherto imperfectly understood.* The great king's life did not include such marvellous stage effects as the battle of the Pyramids, the march to Moscow, or the Hundred Days. But no sooner had he mounted the throne than he troubled the diplomatic repose of the Continent by a theatrical stroke, which descended suddenly on the Bishop of Liège, a potentate of the empire who was charged with encouraging acts of rebellion in the outlying Prussian dependency of Herstal on the Meuse. A force of grenadiers and dragoons having been stealthily placed on the frontier, a manifesto was launched at the astonished prelate, to whom two days were given for consideration of Frederick's categorical demands that he should desist from his intrigues. The news of the bishop's instant submission was brought to the castle of Moyland, near the Rhine, where, during the preparation of this hardy performance, Frederick had been residing, seemingly abandoned to intellectual pleasures in the company of his visitor Voltaire, who was reading to his royal host his new tragedy of 'Mahomet,' while Algarotti, the 'Swan of Padua,' demonstrated that the art of Raphael was inferior to the eclecticism of Domenichino, and Maupertuis proved by his northern measurements that the earth's polar regions were flat. In the principal European Courts the affair caused much disquietude. From Berlin the head of the ministry of foreign affairs, Podewils, reported that the imperious language of the missive to the Belgian bishop had produced an evil impression on the local diplomatic body. 'This is 'strong,' one of their number had said; 'it is the style of 'Louis XIV.'

The 'little Marquis of Brandenburg's' first exploit proved to be the 'prologue to the omen coming on.' Within a month the Emperor Charles VI. was in his grave, and the

new Prussian ruler prepared to repudiate his father Frederick William's guarantee of the Pragmatic Sanction, the domestic record by which the emperor fancied he could ensure the descent of his possessions to his daughter Maria Theresa, to the exclusion of any eventual pretenders claiming on the ground of their descent from earlier imperial lines. Similar recognitions of the rights of the young archduchess had been signed by the principal European Powers, several of whom now allowed it to be understood that they regarded the said acts as waste paper, which might be torn up without scruple. Frederick was not much given to barren ethical speculation, but he set forth certain practical reasons for repudiating his father's promise to maintain Maria Theresa's rights. His argument was, that his predecessor's recognition of the Pragmatic Sanction was no 'nude pact,' but a *quid pro quo*, and that the consideration for which it was given had afterwards been fraudulently withheld. Two hundred years before this time the Elector of Brandenburg and the Count Palatine of the Lower Rhine were in dispute regarding the possession of the duchies of Berg, Jülich, and Cleves, situated in the latitude of Düsseldorf and Cologne. A long conflict, which merged into the Thirty Years' War, terminated in a compromise, by which Berg and Jülich were assigned to the Palatine house, with reversion to Brandenburg in case that house should become extinct. Cleves (the home of the Lady Anne, the consort divorced by Henry VIII. for her resemblance to a 'Flanders mare') was ceded to the elector in absolute ownership. After the lapse of two centuries the eventuality for which provision had been made seemed to be in sight, the death of the then palatine without heirs of his body being expected to supervene. Thereupon the Emperor Charles VI., adopting the lines of a previous unratified convention by which he had hoped to secure Prussia's support of the Pragmatic Sanction, tied himself by treaty to secure to Frederick William the execution of the compromise, receiving, in return, that monarch's promise to support Maria Theresa's claims on the palatine's decease. Not long afterwards his imperial majesty, turning his back upon himself, signed an equally solemn treaty with France, whereby Berg and Jülich were secured to a new collateral claimant of the Palatine branch, to whom possession, as against Prussia, was specially guaranteed. That this stroke of Hapsburg diplomacy released Frederick William from his undertaking to support the Pragmatic Sanction is self-evident: the more so as an article of the treaty between



Charles VI. and himself recited that any infraction of its provisions would relieve both parties of their engagements. Frederick William was, therefore, entitled to say to Austria: 'No Berg and Jülich, no empress-queen.'

The acquisition of the two duchies was an idea which had haunted Frederick previous to his accession. After his father's death it was pushed into the background by a scheme for the recovery of certain *apulsæ imperii* situated in the frontier Austrian province of Silesia. Two centuries before, the principality of Jägerndorf and the duchies of Liegnitz, Brieg, and Wohlau had fallen by various incidents of purchase and inheritance to the family of the electors of Brandenburg, by whom they were held, as appanages or in other ways, as Bohemian or Hapsburg fiefs. These Silesian territories were thus under the emperor's feudal control, and the Hohenzollern owners were at different times, on grounds religious or political, dispossessed by formal imperial decision. Whether the acts of deprivation were, as Frederick's Prussian apologists say, mere robbery, or whether, as Austrian partisans argue, the emperors were herein simply exercising their rights as the fountains of Germanic law, no sane person will now attempt to decide. The knowledge requisite for the formation of a serious judgement on this intricate subject is possessed by no modern; it could only be attainable, if at all, by prolonged study of cobwebs of antique Wetzlar jurisprudence, of which every reasonable being must, in Gibbonian phrase, 'desire 'to remain ignorant.' The point is happily more or less irrelevant. Finding the outstanding Brandenburg claims of which there was chronic reiteration at Vienna to be irksome, the Emperor Leopold decided to buy them up. Accordingly, by the Treaty of Berlin of 1686, he ceded to the Great Elector, so called, the circle of Schwiebus on the Oder, in lieu of the confiscated districts. But the solatium which the Hapsburg thus gave he adroitly took away. By the offer of a pecuniary bribe, or loan, to the Elector's son, afterwards King Frederick I., who was in want of money, he induced that prince to sign a surreptitious parallel treaty which bound him, when he came to the throne, to restore Schwiebus to the imperial house.

To this undertaking, valid or not, the prince on his accession held firm; but he considered himself to have been the victim of black Austrian treachery, a feeling which descended through his son to Frederick the Great.

That the ancient acts of ban and forfeiture just described,

and the illusory gift of Schwiebus, should rankle in Prussian bosoms, was not unnatural. But though these proceedings might rightly inspire resentment, or even thoughts of reprisal, they could not justify the burglarious invasion, in a time of perfect peace, of the province in which the disputed duchies lay. A modern Hohenzollern Mawworm has not been ashamed to write that the Christian morality was the loadstar of the ruler who treated revealed religion as a despicable delusion. In him was 'rooted the consciousness of the moral rights of the house of Hohenzollern against the house of Hapsburg;' the divine gad-fly impelled him to plunder Austria, the more so as the lost duchies were male fiefs, which the empress-queen could not inherit! From cant of this sort those German historians whom the events of 1870 have not rendered blind to the meaning of 1740 almost invariably refrain. As a rule, they allow considerable force to the arguments by which the Vienna jurists of the time met the Berlin apologists of the sudden Prussian irruption into Austrian territory. To partiality to Frederick non-Prussian Germans are, indeed, often less disposed than English authors, some of whom do not go beyond Charles Knight's mild censure of the conquest of Silesia—'It was not a very chivalrous movement.' On the historic Hohenzollern claims, as constituting a 'sittliches Moment,' or ethical motive, justifying his irruption into Austrian territory, the King of Prussia himself laid little stress. The first preliminary version of his 'Memoirs' (recently published), written shortly after the invasion, alludes without emphasis to the 'rights' of his house to the Silesian principalities, giving, as more serious inducements for his attack on the empress-queen, his wish personally to 'acquire reputation,' and his desire to 'furnish his troops with the means of gaining glory.' In the authorised version of the 'Memoirs,' published thirty years after the composition of the preliminary draft, and much amended and edited, both on stylistic and political grounds—in this the military-motive is prudently suppressed.

Writing to the 'Swan of Padua' before he embarked on the opening enterprise of the 'New Course,' Frederick observes that all had long been arranged in his head, the only thing left to settle being the manner of the execution of his design. We know how carefully he had considered its apparent dangers, and also its side issues. First he studied the European diplomatic situation. France and England were, he remarked, the two leading continental

Powers; the rest were their satellites, and did not count for much. A former French minister for foreign affairs lately exhorted his countrymen to endeavour to form a coalition of Central Europe against 'le péril anglais.' A century and a half ago it was an axiom of political belief at Versailles that British statesmanship aimed at the usurpation of naval supremacy over the seas and oceans of both hemispheres, so that the insular fleet, undisturbed by rivals, might monopolise the maritime commerce of the globe; while at the Court of St. James's it was held for gospel that the foreign policy of France was an uninterrupted plot against the liberties of Europe and the security and independence of our island. A grand confederacy against the house of Bourbon, to be led by the young King of Prussia and joined by the emperor, had been planned by Horace Walpole the elder, a paper combination warmly advocated by his brother, the unwarlike minister, Sir Robert. Beyond the Channel, the cardinal who after a fashion governed France, whose pacific passion inspired Pope with the line—'Peace is my dear delight, not Fleury's more'—was never so deeply lapped in dreams of quiet as to forget his grand duty of isolating us from the Continent by holding in check Austria, lately escaped from his control, as well as the Dutch Republic, by means of the ascendancy of France in the minor German States on the Baltic, on the Bosphorus, and in Madrid.

Through this antagonism Frederick saw a road to the accomplishment of his designs of aggrandisement. An age that cannot keep secrets has little use for the methods of the Prussian Jupiter Scapin, otherwise his political correspondence would be useful to our sucking fetials as a primer of professional chicanery. Not even the Napoleon papers, edited under the Second Empire with such fraudulent reserves, can match this revelation of the secrets of a ruler's mental workshop. The intellectual heir of the Sforzas and Borgias might unfold himself with elaboration to Talleyrand or Savary when a solemn treaty was to be broken, or a royal prince kidnapped and murdered, or proclamation made that an ancient European dynasty had ceased to reign. But his orders to inferiors were usually couched in a certain high-level style of Olympian command. To the confidential avowals of mean motives, to the injunctions for the practice of bribery, falsehood, intrigue, and even forgery, from which the King of Prussia did not shrink, the Corsican tyrant did not care to set his name. Very characteristic of what we may call Frederick's 'first manner' are the private directions to the envoys sent to

announce his accession at Versailles and Hanover. Letters written from his own drafts detail with scientific precision the species of flattery and imposture which his agents are to use, the humbug suitable for the French being carefully separated from the humbug suitable for the Hanoverians. The distinctions observed are worth study. First comes, set forth in each case with a different instrumentation, what a Wagnerian would call the 'Leitmotif' of jealousy. Colonel Camas, the envoy to Paris, is ordered to excite suspicions there by giving out that Truchsess, the envoy to Hanover, enjoys Frederick's particular confidence and is deep in his secrets. Colonel Truchsess in Hanover is told to rouse jealousy by hinting that there is something fishy about the mission of Colonel Camas, who is one of the king's intimates, and has certainly not gone to Paris 'to thread pearls.' Then comes the 'Leitmotif' of the augmentation of the Prussian army. Camas in Paris is to take that as a text from which to speak of his master as an ambitious, explosive Phaeton who is likely to set the world on fire. On the other hand, Truchsess in Hanover, if the augmentation should be mentioned, has to minimise its importance, and explain that all his young sovereign wants is to leave his neighbours alone and live at home in quiet.

Frederick's correspondence of this date contains hardly a trace of his Silesian design. But there is a constant harping on his desire to secure support of his claims on the duchies of Berg and Jülich, and on certain districts of Mecklenburg and East Friesland. The days were gone when people said, as they did in his father's reign, 'The King of Prussia is a funk, 'and will never give the order "March!"' Knowing that an alliance with the master of 93,000 good troops, reputed to be the best drilled in Europe, and a well-filled treasury, was a marketable article, the young Brandenburger was prepared, on the Bismarckian principle of *do ut des*, to sell himself for a suitable price. Having a preference for France, it was his object to get Fleury to make a first bid. The trick being that Frederick's envoy was to make the cardinal nervous with the notion that London and Hanover were eager for the Prussian connexion, it was plain that the more seriously Colonel Camas took the arguments which he was to present, the more emphatic they would sound. That gentleman was therefore instructed to 'insinuate' to the cardinal that Hanover was making the most brilliant offers imaginable at Berlin, and was pressing for a renewal of the old alliance between the two Courts, but that the king had

hitherto resisted the tempter on the ground of his preference for France. That this story, which was repeated to Camas later on, was a lie is demonstrated by a letter to Truchsess at Hanover, written on the very same day as the orders to Camas. We there read that what the envoy had actually reported was the prevalence in Hanover and England of 'favourable sentiments,' the royal grumble thereat being, 'Vague assurances are of no use to me.' Of brilliant offers we find no hint; that from first to last none were forthcoming is finally proved by the king's complaint to Truchsess, made nearly three months later, that from the Courts in question he had only received 'general protestations of 'friendship without plan or arrangement.'

These are concrete instances of Frederick's application of his leading principle, that honesty is not always the best policy. A letter to the minister Podewils lays down his ethical code in the abstract. He writes: 'It is a very 'dangerous thing to maintain the rôle of honest man 'among knaves. . . . If you and I can gain by honesty, 'honest we will be; but if cheat we must, let us be knaves.' Perhaps he thought that by such deliverances of sound doctrine the minister would be educated up to the responsibilities of his post. But though Podewils was addressed as 'Mon cher Charlatan,' and otherwise complimented on his assumed cunning, he remained an unwilling scholar, and never quite attained the Frederician first standard in diplomacy. A 'charlatan,' too, was the French marshal and intriguer, Marshal Belleisle, as well as the British envoy, Lord Hyndford, whose colleague at Vienna, Sir T. Robinson, besides being a 'scoundrel,' was characterised by a certain French term to which M. Zola is partial; while the Austrian Field-Marshal Neipperg and other notabilities receive an endearing 'predicate' (as the Germans say), etymologically connected by Gibbon with one of the Balkan countries, and though suitable, no doubt, for the royal mouth in conversation with the 'Swan of Padua' or the author of 'Candide,' not fit for modern tongues polite. These amenities of the king's early written style are hardly so full of serious venom as the more polite terms in which he speaks of his uncle, George II., who is sneeringly called by his popular English designation, 'the Captiving,' and ridiculed as 'a Hanoverian party.' His hatred of his relative was inherited from his father, old Frederick William, who, at the sittings of his Tobacco Parliament, would apply foul language to King George. Fritz, who knew everything else under the sun, did not

understand a word of English. The 'Political Correspondence' contains orders to Podewils to arrange for the systematic translation into French, for the royal benefit, of all the London anti-Guelph lampoons, and also of the 'Craftsman' series. Frederick's animosity against England was as bitter as that of an average German 'National-Liberal' politician of to-day. 'God forgive me,' he said, 'but I have an aversion to the entire race.'

His anglophobia developed under circumstances which deserve more notice than they have received from our English historians. Sir R. Walpole and his colleagues in office have been censured for what has been called the tergiversation of their foreign policy. The pursuit of a consistent plan was, in fact, difficult to compass by the ministers of a two-headed Janus—of a sovereign who had two distinct continental programmes, one for his kingdom of Great Britain and Ireland, another for his electorate of Hanover. This difference was strongly brought out when Frederick made his inroad into Silesia. It was the interest of the King of England to support the budding Brandenburg monarchy as a bulwark against France, and, moreover, to hinder Prussia and Austria from wearing themselves out in internecine war for the benefit of that Power. Acting on this view, as Frederick's determination to keep Silesia appeared inflexible, our Foreign Office directed the British ambassador at Vienna to urge the empress-queen to conciliate the invader. Sir Thomas Robinson's efforts in this sense were so pertinaciously sustained during the first months of the war as to irritate Maria Theresa, who wrote that the other diplomatic representatives in her capital were indignant at his behaviour. To Frederick our Government exhibited, at first, no signs of hostility at all. Not till it was manifest that he was leaguening himself with Bavaria and France did Walpole come forward with the official announcement, made to Parliament a few days before the battle of Mollwitz, that England must stand by Austria, and maintain the Pragmatic Sanction. Lord Chatham's description of England as 'a province to a despicable electorate' was as highly coloured as his subsequent declaration that Hanover ought to be as dear to Englishmen as Hampshire. There was more truth in the complaint of the Opposition speaker that 'Hanover rode on England's shoulders.' The king's electoral advisers, who had some sparks of German feeling, were bent on the formation of a peace league under Guelph headship; but George II. himself was burning, like Frederick, to remove

his neighbour's landmarks, and, much as he may have desired to humiliate Prussia, would have winked at the seizure of Silesia as the price of immunity for similar enterprises of his own. Their personal feelings helped to keep the uncle and the nephew politically apart. To the Saxon envoy in London George said: 'This prince has no truth or faith—his wings must be clipped, he is too dangerous for both of us; he will soon have 200,000 men under arms, no one will be safe; he hates your master and me, and it would not surprise me if next spring he were to put 40,000 men on my frontier' (a very shrewd guess). Not stopping at abuse, the king, or, to be exact, the elector, proposed to Austria a plan of campaign against Frederick, in which he offered to participate with a mixed body of troops, behind whom, he alleged, there would be a background of Cossacks. British diplomacy was thus forced into a duplex attitude. On the one hand, the secretaries of state for foreign affairs took measures for realising the projected coalition; while, on the other hand, Sir T. Robinson was ordered to work for a separate accommodation between Frederick and Maria Theresa. The soul of the anti-Prussian movement was Sir T. Villiers, who, it is stated, was specially sent for the purpose to Dresden, where, after some discussion, a treaty was drafted, by which England, Austria, Saxony, Poland, Russia, and Holland pledged themselves to attack Frederick within a certain time. The secret was revealed to the king by his friend, the Russian statesman, Marshal Münnich, who, however, spoke of the plan for dividing the bear's skin before the bear was caught as originating, not in London, but with the Saxon Court. The marshal's warning reached Berlin a month before the battle of Mollwitz, and drew from Podewils, whose nerves were not yet hardened to sensational news, the remark: 'The box of Pandora is opened, and we are in the middle of the most fearful crisis which ever overtook the house of Brandenburg.'

The master was nearly as much disturbed as the minister by the veering diplomacy of England, and ordered Podewils to inform the French envoy, Valory, that he was ready to conclude a secret treaty with France. To overtures in that quarter Podewils was strongly adverse, and he recommended an attempt to approach the King of England, whose complicity in the 'detestablen Pläne' had, he argued, been exaggerated. An ostensible despatch to Frederick's minister in London, dated a month before his victory of Mollwitz, deprecates the behaviour of the sea Powers, as

well as of Russia, and other wolves, to the innocent Prussian lamb: 'Surely England will not aid a project which would set Europe on fire at the four corners, and cause streams of Christian blood to flow.' To Podewils his confidential reflection on the egg, as he expressed it, 'laid by Saxon envy and infamy, and hatched by Russian malice,' was: 'I have done my best for the repose of the world; it is my opponents who are making the disturbance. But, whatever happens, I shall, at least, have the satisfaction of destroying the house of Austria and burying Saxony.' To baffle the 'detestable Project,' forged, as he said, against him by the Courts of Vienna and Dresden, various diplomatic and military moves were entertained by the king and minister. One notion was that 'the Captivity' should be offered baits suggested by the Guelph territorial fancies, to which allusion was made above. Not much came of this lure; but George the Elector having remarked with anxiety that a Prussian corps, under the Prince of Anhalt-Dessau, had been posted in a convenient place between Hanover and Saxony, and George the King having made the discovery that France was about to take the field against Austria, the altered situation was recognised by the two-headed potentate. The change was visible enough when the Hanoverian minister in Berlin remarked to Podewils that Prussia was making great acquisitions of territory, and he added, with significance, 'Hanover would like to have her mouthful too.' The sequence of all these moves is hard to fix. Whether preceding or following the electorate, the kingdom now made a diplomatic '*salto mortale*' which took away the breath of the artists busy at Dresden with the 'detestable project.' A meeting of the intending partitioners was held in the rooms of the Jesuit Father Guarini, to witness the signature of a by-treaty which had been negotiated between the Austrian envoys and the Saxon minister Count Bruhl, the provisions of which included the partial dismemberment of Frederick's dominions. The main plot having then come under discussion, and unanimity seeming to prevail regarding its execution, Sir T. Villiers rose with a short announcement. Moved, he said, by the threatening attitude of France, George II., his master, had agreed, at his nephew's urgent prayers, to undertake the part of mediator between the invader of Silesia and the empress-queen. This statement, though somewhat wrapped in what Burke called 'balmy diplomatic diachylon,' threw the 'grand concert' hopelessly out of tune. It was followed

by the passage of Saxony-Poland into the Prussian camp on the arrival of the news of the Austrian defeat at Mollwitz, fought on the day of the collapse of the 'detestable project.' Count Bruhl said to Frederick's representative: 'If the King of Prussia will only say there is one duchy, and here are two which will satisfy me, then we shall be able to come to an understanding.'

The time between December 16, 1740, called by Frederick his passage of the Rubicon, and June 11, 1742, the date of the signature of the Preliminaries of Breslau, which secured to him the possession of Silesia, was one of the most brilliant periods of his life. Like Dryden's Zimri, he was 'all mankind's epitome,' and during this campaign his versatility and industry were at their maximum. Very different was the situation of 1740 from that of 1870. The machinery of the late Franco-Prussian war, military and civil, was guided by a dozen persons. The venerable King William superintended, Moltke made the plans, the minister of war mobilised, the general staff worked out the details, the princes of Prussia and Saxony commanded the main armies, the manoeuvres of another description were left to an old diplomatic hand, and so forth. During the Silesian war, all these functions, and many others, were assumed by a single person. Frederick was his own commander-in-chief, his own quartermaster and adjutant-general, his own head of the commissariat. He was his own financier, he personally directed and conducted all the negotiations, and told all the lies. He traced the camps, made out the orders of march, received all the daily reports, interrogated captured spies, drilled his men, working out the whole new rules of advance and attack which led to a revolution in the science of war. The commencements of the modern military system were visible enough on the battlefield of Chotusitz, where the 'Myrmidons of Mars'—so the king called his light cavalry—proved themselves the superiors of the Austrian pandours and tolpaches, against whom at Mollwitz they could not hold their own, even breaking into the squares of the enemy's foot. In the midst of his professional labours, he contrived to maintain an extensive political and private correspondence, formal and friendly, grave and humorous, with royal persons, ministers and friends, finding time besides for the composition of poems by no means devoid of merit, and for practice on the flute, on which instrument he played with a mastery seldom attained by an amateur. A recent Frederician enthusiast, who has devoted a book to his idol's personal

appearance, remarks with characteristic German honesty that the king's side-face resembled a fox. If his profile was vulpine (it is curiously like that of Pitt), so were his Silesian proceedings. His passage with his army into Austrian territory before his demands on the empress-queen were presented at Vienna was a stroke worthy of Braccio or Castruccio Castracani. The Rubicon crossed, the Austrians were defeated at Mollwitz, though not quite by Frederick; for, at the instigation of Marshal Schwerin, when the issue of the battle seemed doubtful, he secured his safety by flight. The king's inglorious scuttle from the field—'relictâ non bene 'parmulâ'—was not imitated at Dettingen by the despised 'Captivg,' who, with the 'butcher Cumberland,' charged like a man at the head of the household troops and the Irish Brigade. Even the degraded Louis XV., though repeatedly urged by Marshal Saxe to quit the field of Fontenoy, flatly refused to leave the side of the Swiss Guard and the 'Maison 'du Roi.'

A protracted conflict was not in Frederick's programme. He went to war for glory and five duchies, not in order that Saxony and Bavaria might grow to formidable strength, and the empire be carved into fantastic fragments ruled by 'reguli,' or little kings, in accordance with the programme of Marshal Belleisle. After Mollwitz, he plunged deep into negotiations with the British diplomatists, Lord Hyndford and Sir T. Robinson, as representatives of Maria Theresa; but suddenly, when his intentions were suspected, bound himself by treaty with the King of France to support the chief claimant of the empress-queen's dominions, the Elector of Bavaria, both France and Bavaria being as quickly thrown over by the secret convention of Klein-Schnellendorf, which, again, he violated in a trice, further to resume the double game of diplomacy and war, until by a fresh somersault he turned his back on his allies by making his peace with Austria at Breslau, without their knowledge, through the agency of Lord Hyndford.

The events of the seven winter and spring months between the convention of Klein-Schnellendorf and the battle of Chotusitz defy description in a single narrative chronologically arranged. Even in Diatessaron form, it would be hard to exhibit without confusion Frederick's performances on the various strings of his bow. From October to May he was marching and countermarching, haggling with his French and Saxon allies, treating with the Court of Vienna, treating with our minister Lord Hyndford—all

in one breath. His fluctuations drew from the Englishman these remarks: 'No bonds are strong enough to bind this king against his interests; his sole aim is to secure advantages without system or plan.' It was an object with him to keep the Court of Saxony in the toils, an end most likely to be obtained through the agency of Count Bruhl, whom Frederick denounced as a lying knave who had 'more china, watches, boots, and breeches than any other man of the age.' Lest the net should be spread in vain before the bird, Bruhl was informed that the king proposed to ask the empress to confer on him the rank of prince, so that his dignity might be more adequate to his merits. But Frederick's main preoccupation was the discovery of the answer to his favourite question—How can I give my various allies the slip? The idea of a separate negotiation with Maria Theresa was distasteful to Podewils, who thought that it would be indecent for his master to desert his friends. The minister's respectability grounds were developed in a memorandum, which had the merit of anticipating the most approved nineteenth-century performances in territorial annexation. Let the empress-queen, wrote the anticipator of Napoleon and Bismarck, 'retain Austria proper with Hungary and the Tyrols. Let Bavaria despoil the Bishops of Passau, Würzburg, and Freising, of their dominions, and annex the ancient free cities of Augsburg, Ratisbon, and Ulm, the reward of Saxony to be all that portion of the Austrian provinces of Moravia and Upper Silesia which my master does not require for himself.' Of such schemes Podewils did not hold a monopoly. His Viennese rival, Bartenstein, wise 130 years before his time, suggested that Alsace and Lorraine should be wrested from France, and bestowed on the claimant, who would then renounce his hereditary Bavarian possessions. This idea, when afterwards resuscitated by Lord Stair, provoked Frederick's ridicule. It was, he said, 'like trying to bring the moon to the earth with your teeth: You must first win several big battles, then capture a lot of fortresses, and dictate your terms under the walls of Paris'—an accurate *précis* of the events of 1870.

Early in February 1742 the game of negotiation was resumed by Frederick. There suddenly appeared at the Prussian headquarters the king's old acquaintance Baron Pfütschner, formerly tutor to Maria Theresa's husband, the Grandduke Francis, who, on some secret understanding of which the thread cannot now be traced, came to Olmütz,

and was at once ushered into the royal presence by the adjutant on duty. Frederick gave the Austrian emissary a cordial reception, and harangued him, almost without interruption, for an hour and a half. 'My old mistake,' was the king's subsequent self-censure, 'for I ought to have let Pfütschner talk and kept my gushes to myself.' 'As for me,' said Frederick to the Austrian, 'the empress-queen might satisfy me with Glatz; but then there are my allies. She must take a bite of the sour apple—must offer Bohemia to Bavaria; Saxony, which I have in my pocket, must have some of Moravia and Upper Silesia—a wretched country that last! If the queen settles on these terms, I will make an alliance with her, and gladly help her to keep Austria, Hungary, and the Tyrol. But your grand duke must not write to me, nor must you come here again; that would make too much noise. For our go-between, we can take Canon Giannini of the Olmütz Cathedral, a trustworthy man—talk to him on the matter—and be sure not to leave the town by the Vienna gate, which would look suspicious.' Pfütschner's mere summary of this conversation covers several pages of print; from first to last, the king's remarks and offers were plainly pervaded by his intention to throw France overboard without scruple.

Canon Giannini, having received the necessary instructions from Pressburg, appeared, after some delay, at Znaym, in Moravia, where Frederick now had his headquarters. This time extra precautions were taken lest the ecclesiastic's presence should attract notice, and he was directed to go to the king's private secretary, Eichel. Thereupon the canon produced a memorandum from the archduke offering Frederick Lower Silesia, with Neisse and Glatz, on condition that he would give the queen enough help for the maintenance of her hereditary lands. The reply to this was vague. Frederick hedged, and said that all would turn on the satisfaction to be offered to his allies, whom, however, he would only back to a certain extent. When Giannini left, one of the royal staff, General Schmettau, told him that, if the queen would only patch it up with his master, the rest would be a trifle. Schmettau added that he himself was working in that sense, and another general remarked that it was the belief of the army that Prussia and Austria would soon be fighting in alliance against France. After three weeks Giannini brought back an answer on the subject of the concession to Bavaria and Saxony, which was somewhat evasive. Thereupon the reverend gentleman was informed

by Eichel that Frederick had decided to send for Lord Hyndford to Olmütz, and that he would cause the negotiations with the queen to be terminated within six weeks. Meanwhile he would not attack her troops; but she must not take it ill if he drew the Prince of Anhalt's detachment up to his main body.

These direct negotiations with Vienna had their background in a separate series of diplomatic moves between the king and Lord Hyndford. During the months of January and February 1742 the British envoy was constantly at Frederick, urging him by letter to entertain the Austrian proposals for peace, and expressing his belief that Maria Theresa would give way as to the main bone of contention, and cede Glatz. But then, said Hyndford, she would expect a guarantee of effective armed Prussian support against her other enemies, and not a mere platonic neutrality of the Klein-Schnellendorf pattern. When Frederick's military outlook was favourable, he always talked big; a few days of a gloomy horizon sufficed to make him pliable. At Znaym, the advanced point of his Moravian expedition, he thought he was on the march 'to Philippi,' and nothing less would then do than the transfer of all Bohemia, when conquered, to the Bavarian pretender, recently elected to the throne of the empire, who, again, for a consideration of a million thalers, was to mortgage to Prussia the circle of Königgrätz in that kingdom coveted by Frederick as a glacis to his grand desideratum, the fortress of Glatz, over which the Austrian flag was still flying, and as a barricade against an Austrian attack on Silesia from the Bohemian side.

Elaborate proposals on this subject having been drafted, Schmettau was ordered to transmit them to the emperor, when suddenly Frederick changed his mind, and ordered them to be withheld. Tidings had come of the advance of the Austrian forces under Khevenhüller and Prince Karl against the French army in Bohemia, whereupon, scenting failure for the Moravian foray, the king dismounted from the high horse, and turned as a suppliant to Hyndford, and even to Hyndford's master, the detested 'Captiving.' Walpole having been driven out of office was succeeded by Lord Carteret, whose accession to power had been accompanied by an explosion of English feeling in favour of Maria Theresa. Under pressure of his new military situation, Frederick now ordered his representative in London to make up heavily to Carteret, and, besides, to go to the Earl of Chesterfield, who was not then in office, and tell him how much the king liked his writings. To

Hyndford, so lately snubbed, a letter was written in an altered mood, asking him to come to Breslau, as handy for the king's personal discussions with that diplomatist. And, asked Frederick, what does your Excellency think of the ideas of your new Government? Replying that he would come as wished, Hyndford explained that his new chiefs were anxious to be well with Prussia, but were determined to avoid the mistakes of lukewarm policy with which Sir R. Walpole had been reproached. They meant to uphold Austria, with, of course, Frederick's help, and so, *nota bene*, did Holland and Sardinia. From these facts, his Majesty would easily discern where he could form the alliances likely to be most advantageous for him in his present situation.

A long memorandum to Podewils of this date analyses the king's views, exhausting, under fourteen heads, the *pros* and *cons* respecting his continued adhesion to his French allies. No. 1 poses in characteristic Frederician style the fundamental question—Does it pay to cheat? The argument for honesty is this: 'It is evil to break 'one's word without good ground; up to now I have had 'no reason to complain of France, or of my allies. If one 'does not carry out a plan once formed, and is always 'changing sides, one risks getting the character of a fickle 'and changeable person.' This excursus in ethics was followed by nine practical reasons for flinging the French over, which found no favour with the rigid Podewils, who maintained his old objections to his master's device of a separate peace, and replied point-blank that, if Frederick failed to keep his engagements, and allowed doubts to arise as to his honesty and reliability, his glory and reputation would seriously suffer, 'which would have awkward 'future consequences.' The argument for honesty did not prevail. Frederick's answer to his own No. 1 was that it *would* pay to cheat his allies, and he forthwith sent to Podewils full powers for the conclusion of a separate Austrian peace through Lord Hyndford. That diplomatist, who, as Canon Giannini had been informed, had, as we have just seen, been invited to Olmütz, did not arrive for a month. He seems to have had no instructions from London, and perhaps knew that Maria Theresa was expecting Frederick to play her another trick. The royal correspondence with Podewils is full of speculations as to Hyndford's movements, and the terms which he will offer on the part of Austria. 'We must 'observe,' writes Frederick, 'if the lord appears very anxious 'and pressing; in that case we can demand more. And,

he explained, 'I want peace at once; it is almost impossible 'to provision the army in Moravia; the outlook on the side 'of England and Holland is not good for us; the French 'are doubtful.' After this come the usual fluctuations; one day the king talks of remaining in Moravia after all, another day he means to march into Bohemia. Again the wheel of his expectations takes another slight turn; far from requiring peace at once, he does not want it at all, will only accept it if his ultimatum is accepted—yes or no. 'As to Hyndford,' adds the king, 'his letter' (just quoted) 'looks as if he were 'going to ride the high horse; if so, we do the same.

At length his lordship arrived, when Podewils produced Frederick's instructions, which, said Hyndford, 'the Austrian 'queen would never accept.' •'A great pity,' replied Podewils, 'my master will never go lower; here are his own 'words on my memorandum: "*Il n'y a rien à rabattre de ces 'conditions, c'est le quot non;*" and observe that when 'Marshal Belleisle appears on the scene next month our 'terms will be raised.' Hyndford rejoined that Frederick's demand for '*une satisfaction raisonnable*' for his allies would be treated in Vienna as a trap; after Maria Theresa's last year's experience, it was to be expected that she would want to feel sure that the treaty now under debate would not be broken too. At this stinging allusion to the Klein-Schnellendorf swindle the Prussian minister flared up, and the discussion ran to sand. Frederick's anxiety for a settlement was soon betrayed by an order which he gave Podewils to promise Hyndford a present of 10,000 thalers on the conclusion of a favourable peace. The envoy's remark was: 'That is far too 'much, and the king misunderstands me. My sole motives 'of action are honour and my interest in the common good 'and the king's true interests.' On Podewils observing that his acceptance would be quite correct—that is, conformable to diplomatic usage on the signature of a treaty—Hyndford replied: 'If we have the luck to attain our end, that will 'come all right.' One subject that caused infinite fencing between Frederick and Hyndford was the acquisition of Königgrätz, which, as we saw, the king had proposed to purchase from the Bavarian emperor. For the present that Bohemian district was Maria Theresa's property, and Frederick now ordered Podewils to say that he would accept Upper Silesia instead. No sooner had the minister spoken in that sense than the king, to his great disgust, veered round in a moment, and instructed him to insist on Königgrätz as a *sine qua non*. 'Try to flatter Hyndford,' he wrote, 'and keep

'him for us; that will be a back staircase in case of a fire, which may be of use to us some day, when there are no saints to invoke.' So sudden a change of front drew from Podewils some strong remarks: 'If I am to take back to-day that which I said yesterday by your Majesty's orders, the lord will neither trust me any more nor go on with the negotiation; he will think we are making fools of him and of the Court of Vienna.' On this Frederick struck his sails; the arguments of Podewils were, he wrote, so 'valabel' that he had 'resolvirt' to drop that point until the arrival of the queen's answer to his original proposals. Eichel was delighted, and told Podewils that their master was at bottom anxious for peace; 'but our dispositions are governed by the fluctuating barometer of each day's news, and a single ray of hope often makes black white and white black.' Frederick's mind oscillated with such rapidity between different points of view that Podewils was nearly at his wits' end. For instance, one day the minister was told to take it calmly; if the negotiations dragged on two months no harm would be done. The following day, he was warned that a settlement must be made forthwith, lest France should anticipate them at Vienna.

All this irresolution drove the British mediator to his wits' end, more especially when a military personage reappeared on the scene with a separate set of considerations, which made the king's plans and wishes appear an insoluble enigma. In the beginning of May Hyndford received from Vienna instructions calculated to promote the chances of an eventual solution. But he now drew in his reins, partly from thinking that delay would at this moment be his best game, partly on account of a personal indignity which had been put upon him by the authorities at Berlin. His domestic establishment there included one Mrs. Abbé, wife of the owner of a British eating-house, who was bankrupt. This lady's official rank in Hyndford's *ménage* was that of housekeeper, but, according to hints in the Prussian correspondence, she had found favour otherwise in her master's eyes. On the suit of Mr. Abbé's creditors, the king's private cabinet granted an order for the arrest of the charmer, who was thereupon dragged from the British Legation by soldiers, and thrown into prison. When Lord Hyndford heard of these proceedings, he at once notified to Podewils that he must suspend all diplomatic relations, the discussion of the treaty included, until full satisfaction had been given him for such an outrageous breach of his ex-territorial privileges. This ill-timed

incident was very unwelcome to Frederick, whose ideas had just run into an ultra-pacific channel. He wrote to Podewils : ' The good of the State requires us to make peace, therefore ' let us swallow snakes if that will help us to our object ; ' and again, ' Smooth down your savage Englishman, deceive ' the dodgy Saxons, lull the suspicious French to sleep, and ' bring our affairs to a conclusion.' On hearing Hyndford's complaint he at once gave instructions that the fullest satisfaction was to be given him, the military officer to apologise, and punishment to be inflicted on the creditors, who had concealed the fact that Frau Abbé was an inmate of a diplomatic household. Frederick's interest at this juncture required that he should propitiate Hyndford ; but instead of controlling his pen, he addressed the envoy a long letter full of stinging remarks on the Berlin incident.

' I know,' he wrote, ' the law of nations as well as anyone, but it is an indecent thing that the houses of foreign representatives should be asylums for bankrupts and loose characters (vide the parallel case of ancient Rome).' ' It strikes me, my Lord, that you have, in a somewhat unsuitable manner, brought the honour of a bankrupt female into connexion with the honour of the king, the name of a prostituted person into contact with the illustrious name of a sovereign. As you will see, this *exposé* gives the affair another colour.'

Lord Hyndford, being now smoothed down, proceeded to unfold the new Austrian views touching the peace, which were a heavy blow to Podewils. He also recurred to the subject of the tip which had been offered him, testily affecting to treat it as a bribe. He had been astounded at the king's suggestion of the 10,000 thalers—he was not to be bought like that. Any services rendered by him would be rewarded by his own master. To London he reported on the affair, saying he had shown them that he was ' no Prussian, but a peer of England.' His account of the Queen of Hungary's newest proposals had now reached Frederick, who wrote to Podewils :—

' I thought I should faint when I got your letter. Now I see plainly that we have nothing to hope from Hyndford's negotiation, and that the idea of a separate peace must be given up. . . I have sent to-day for Belleisle, and since the Austrians are blinded, we must expedite their destruction. . . In a word, my resolution is taken to carry on operations with all possible energy, in order to bring the Court of Vienna to the pitch of humiliation to which it must come. Adieu ! The affair is causing me much anxiety, but I see no way out.'

Immediately after this utterance Frederick ordered his minister in London to throw out a tub to the English whale.

That functionary was to explain that the idea that Austria was the proper continental counterpoise to France was a chimera; England ought to consider that the Power thus qualified was Prussia, which was the natural defender of the Protestant interests so persecuted and trampled under foot by Austria.

Still smarting under the Abbé incident, Frederick began to vilify Hyndford, who, he told Podewils, was negligent, proud, and the wrong man for his place. The minister dissented entirely from this, and answered that Hyndford had his faults, was rather wild, like most Scotchmen, indolent, and violently touchy, but that he was thoroughly respectable, discreet, and much devoted to the king's interests, as his previous behaviour had shown. 'Who could tell what pig-headed, arrogant fellow they might get in his place?' with more to the same effect. The faithful servant had other grounds for shaking his head at his master's proceedings, which he thought hopelessly wrong. Almost assuming the lecture tone, he told Frederick that if he would be calm and patient, 'leave doors open,' and not be always making fresh moves, people would soon come to them. Eichel wrote that their sovereign lord was in a very excited condition: 'Against the stream I can't swim, and I never saw the King's Majesty flare up as he has over the *fière* resolution of the 'Court of Vienna—*il ne respire que vengeance*.' The private secretary added that he disapproved the tone of a cringing communication from his master to Cardinal Fleury, which he enclosed, and he continued: '*Miscemus ima profundis—God keep us, ne pereamus in undis*.'

The Austrians under the Prince of Lorraine were now advancing upon Prague, flanked on their left by the French, on their right by the Prussians. By dint of a rapid thrust in the direction of the enemy's line of march, Frederick barred their road at Chotusitz, and, fighting at first a defensive battle, inflicted on them a somewhat severe defeat. Voltaire sent his royal correspondent a facetious protest against his victory. He wrote: 'N'êtes-vous pas honteux, Sire, d'avoir gagné la bataille de Chotsits, qui ne rime à rien, et qui écorche les oreilles?' Frederick's reply was, that if Voltaire would give the battle of May 17 its proper spelling he would see that it rhymed with Mollwitz. To Podewils his master remarked, after the victory, 'Well! they wanted it, and their wish is granted. What more can we wish? Say to Hyndford, Sir, you have forced the king to ruin the house of Austria, which you wished to save.'

Hardly had the smoke of Chotusitz dissipated when the old idea of a separate peace, which would leave his allies in the lurch, revived in the king's mind, and he got so far as to discuss with Podewils the line of his eventual frontier. A week later the French had the advantage in a cavalry affair with the Austrians at the village of Sahay, which, as Frederick said, they trumpeted to the world as if it had been another Pharsalia. He thought that this incident would depress Hyndford, and wrote to Podewils: 'Now our Englishman will be in a mess; *tu l'as voulu, George Dandin, tu l'as voulu.*' The envoy, who was out of humour, wrote to London that no confidence could be placed in a 'prince who had neither truth, honour, nor religion, who placed treaties on the same line with assurances of matrimonial fidelity, as things which only bind fools.' But while further warning his superiors of the dangers to be apprehended from this ambitious and grasping sovereign, with his 100,000 men, if allowed to get his way, he did not relax his diplomatic efforts, and urged Sir T. Robinson to put suitable pressure on the empress-queen. His language to Podewils enchanted both the minister and the king, who now expressed to Hyndford all 'the gratitude and respect due to his conscientious and honourable efforts.' On the other hand, Frederick ordered his minister in London to suggest that Lord Stair should replace Robinson at Vienna, as Sir Thomas was a mere Austrian. Maria Theresa, though she had just given birth to a daughter, was in a belligerent mood. 'England,' she wrote, 'has been driving us in the most improper manner.' Go back to the Klein-Schnellendorf terms she would, and more, but would not cede Königgrätz. 'No! sooner than that, she would perish, sword in hand, under the ruins of Vienna!' Still, she furnished Hyndford with fresh powers and instructions, which enabled him to set to work again with Podewils in Breslau.

Although our envoy would not show his entire hand, Podewils guessed that the real question was this: would Frederick insist on Königgrätz and Pardubitz? He wrote: 'Your Majesty can either conclude peace and enjoy your conquests in quiet, or refuse and drift out into the open sea, on whose numerous rocks shipwreck is only too easily suffered.' The negotiations progressed until the territorial questions were reached, when a violent collision ensued, Podewils blazing up with uncontrollable passion. Whereupon Hyndford produced a letter from Sir T. Robinson, who quoted Maria Theresa as saying 'If hell opened its mouth, and the King of England

'and his entire Parliament threatened her with ruin, she 'would still never cede Königgrätz.' Hyndford added: 'It 'is quite useless talking about this: not ten couriers to 'Vienna would do any good: to insist on it is to smash the 'whole negotiation, and the queen will not be sorry.' Podewils now cooled down, and told Hyndford that he would report in that sense to Frederick. But the king was once more in a yielding mood, news having been brought from the front that the French under Broglie, the eighteenth-century Bazaine, had abandoned the line of the Moldau, leaving the road to Prague open to the Austrian armies. Frederick ordered Podewils to come to terms with Hyndford: 'I absolutely require that within twenty-four hours after the 'arrival of the bearer of this, Captain Sydow, all shall be 'finished, i.e. the exchange of full powers, the treaty with 'Lord Hyndford as to the concessions to myself, and the 'signature of the preliminaries of peace.' He added, in an autograph postscript to his semi-official letter: 'The thing 'is to settle, if possible, in twelve hours: Silesia and Glatz 'sine qua non: of the rest screw out of them as much as 'you can. I shall sleep comfortably in the conviction that 'Sydow will bring me back the preliminaries signed.' Thus Podewils was ordered to accept the very terms which the day before had roused him to such anger. Getting a summons from the Prussians at the unearthly hour of 7 A.M., Hyndford smelt a rat, and proceeded to frame his measures. The pair went on tussling for nearly a whole day. Never in his life, said the Scotchman, had he made such a row, and he hoped he would never be in a similar situation again.

The main causes of the question of final collision were the evacuation of Bohemia by the Prussians, and a difficulty relative to the religious settlement in Silesia, on which Podewils gave way, but immediately afterwards retracted. 'No; he dare not do it.' Hereupon Hyndford somewhat watered down his terms, and at midnight, conformably to Frederick's programme, Captain Sydow was got off with the preliminaries. Meanwhile Frederick had raised a quibble on the point of the evacuation, which drove his minister to despair, and caused Hyndford to use energetic language. However, on this the king gave way, finally remarking to Podewils: 'One must know how to stop in time: to force your luck is to 'lose it, and to be always wanting more is the way to be never 'happy. Now polish off fat Valori and Montague, who are 'thirsting for Prussian blood to be spilled.' The transmission of the preliminaries to the Court of Vienna was delayed be-

cause, lest Hyndford should hear of the retreat of the French, and thereon be less yielding, Frederick had condescended to the trick of ordering the frontier post-offices to detain for some days all couriers or letters coming to Breslau from the seat of war. Misinterpreting his instructions, the postmaster at Neisse refused to give fresh horses to the messenger sent by Hyndford to Vienna with the treaty. The delay resulting from the king's dodge being misconstrued caused much anxiety in the Prussian camp, drawing from Frederick this order: 'Tell Hyndford that if the ratification does not come 'by the 23rd I shall recall my forces, and that I have not 'yet taken off my boots.' Eichel's remark on this discreditable interlude was: 'Don't let the king know, or he will 'certainly kick out the poor postmaster.'

The day named brought back the empress-queen's approval of the preliminaries, which eventually took definite shape in the treaty of Breslau. Frederick's behaviour to his allies during the negotiations, and immediately after its conclusion, was a masterpiece of duplicity, and he prolonged his deceit when deceit was no longer of any use. Let us look a little closely into this. As above recited, some days after the battle of Chotusitz—that is, before the end of May 1742—the discussions between Hyndford and Podewils were in full swing. Ten days later, Marshal Belleisle came to the camp of Kuttenberg to confer with Frederick, who gave him to understand that the ridiculous failures of the French and the disobedience of the Saxons made it essential for Prussia to conclude the war. But, far from hinting in any degree, however faint, at the business then proceeding at Breslau, he undertook after raising some objections, to help the French by spreading a report of a Prussian advance on Prague (a thoroughly Frederician device), as also to place himself in touch with them on the Moldau, even promising that, if necessity arose, he would cover Prague. Again, it was on June 10 that Podewils received the categorical order to conclude at once with Lord Hyndford. On June 13 Frederick heard that the preliminaries of Breslau had actually been signed. Nevertheless on June 14 Frederick was writing letters to his allies, the emperor and the King of Poland, calculated to give each the belief that the old situation was unchanged! Under date of June 13 (observe the day!) he writes to Marshal Belleisle, to Fleury, and to the emperor, lamenting the difficulties of the military position in Bohemia, and giving his personal opinion that the best thing would be to make a good peace. On the 16th he accepts a suggestion from Hyndford that his Saxon-

Polish allies should be informed of the treaty, but requires a delay such that the secret might be withheld from Dresden for another week. Accordingly, on June 17 and 18, when writing again to the King of Poland and the emperor, he still conceals the great event. A letter to Belleisle approaches the point, but is indefinite: the same day he gives the cardinal a hint of what has happened, though in a very cloudy manner. The first recipient of the fatal news in a positive form was Valori. On June 13, when the preliminaries were, to his knowledge, being signed, Frederick merely told the French minister at the camp of Kutenberg, in quite general terms, that he was 'working at his peace.' On June 18 that diplomatist was ushered into the royal tent, when the king made him 'swallow the cup,' for which however he half excused himself to Podewils, on the ground that the secret had been betrayed by the preparations for the retreat of the Prussian army. He went on: 'No punch could imitate Valory's contortions. His eyes described circles, his mouth wriggled, he shook in a strange manner.' Amongst Frederick's other victims the consternation was equally great. When the news of his defection reached Paris, the Cœil de Bœuf seemed as if struck by thunder, the cardinal burst into tears, and Belleisle's brother fell into a fainting-fit.

The droning of the hornets and parrots, as Frederick called the Parisians, was matched by the despair of the unhappy Bavarian emperor, and, above all, by the rage of the Saxons. 'Yes! yes!' said the King of Poland's minister to Podewils, 'I always knew you would carry off the tit-bits, and that we should only wipe our mouths.' As for Count Bruhl, leaving the contemplation of his watches, porcelain, and breeches, he observed: 'As long as there is a hair left of the house of Saxony, never will she forgive Prussia the affront and violence put upon her, but will sooner or later avenge herself.' This spirit, kept alive by a succession of further wrongs, continued to animate the Court of Dresden until, in our own time, under the influence of the new pan-Germanic feeling, it was forgotten both by the Saxon dynasty and their subjects.

The preparation of the definite treaty was retarded by Frederick's flat refusal either to assume the responsibility for certain mortgages on his new province, which were in Dutch hands, or to admit the Austrian reading of the term '*hautes montagnes*,' which excluded Jägerndorf from the ceded districts. Podewils might lecture, but the king swore that, rather than yield, he would stop the evacuation at once.

He wrote: 'I won't hear a word more of the Dutch, and forbid you to mention them. You can tell Hyndford that I will call my troops back, and not leave Bohemia before they give in on this point.' When Podewils still advised concession, his master reproached him with being 'the weak and complaisant advocate of the caprices of England and the impudence of Austria. Behave yourself like the minister of a king who won a battle a fortnight ago.' To Hyndford he sent offensive messages, which, however, Eichel plucked up courage to suppress. The question of the debt was dropped, but Frederick stuck to the demand for Jägerndorf, writing treatises on the local geography, and propounding interpretations of various clauses of the preliminaries which showed his talent for chicane. As to the 'hautes montagnes,' where and what were they? and was a certain river the Oppa itself, or a branch of another river with the same name?

In the heat of these discussions the king met Lord Hyndford at Breslau, and, addressing him roughly, threatened to break off then and there if the treaty was not signed 'this very day at 5 o'clock.' Soon, however, he calmed down, writing this remark: 'When the wind is no longer at one's back, one must strike sail.' Maps were called for, and the indefatigable Scotchman started off for the point in dispute, Jägerndorf, where, after mounting a church tower, he travelled over the whole ground, finally deciding that the Austrian interpretation was correct. His opinions appear to have been partly inspired by a pleasing physiographical memorandum on the subject, which quotes 'the leading Scribenten of the land Silesia,' that is to say, (1) the so-called Silesian Kernel-chronicle. (2) The Silesiography of Henelius. (3) The thoroughly and exactly investigated Oder stream.' Quoted, likewise, were works on the hydrography of the Blotnitz and the Malaplane, and the geography of Hotzenplotz, Lublinitz and Tropplowitz; and, it was asked, was the last-named the same as Oppawice? The British negotiator, who was guided through this lively literature by an Austrian specialist, was inexorable. Podewils could extort nothing more, though, as he said, he had tried everything: 'J'ai employé le verd et le sec.' Pressed by his ministers, and also by Lord Carteret, the king reluctantly yielded, accepting the treaty in the lump. Eichel complained that he could not get the master to confirm each article separately: Frederick's general endorsement was—'Very good; I approve all excepting what I have

'here and there noted.' On this the ratifications were exchanged, the Prussian troops were withdrawn, even from Jägerndorf, the haggling about the 'higher mountains' being continued by a frontier commission, until in December even that difficulty was levelled. Podewils, who had always behaved like a gentleman, now urged Frederick to be polite to Hyndford, whose rectitude and purity had, he said, been admirable all along, while his candour was without parallel. His suggestion that the envoy should receive a public gratification of 10,000 dollars was accepted, and Hyndford was permitted to quarter the Silesian eagle on his arms, with the motto 'Ex bene merito.' From his own sovereign he received the order of the Thistle, with which he was invested by Frederick himself in full pomp of court ceremonial in Charlottenburg. From Vienna the British envoy received no thanks. Wild with grief, Maria Theresa complained that he had overstretched his powers. Sir T. Robinson wrote: 'She forgets the queen, and when she meets a Silesian 'bursts into tears.'

After the battle of Mollwitz public homage had been paid to Frederick in Breslau, but he forbade all futile ceremonial. There was to be no firing of cannon—that wasted powder—but people might have the traditional coronation oxen, roasted or boiled, in the great square. The hall of ceremony might be hung with red cloth; as to a throne canopy, that was useless. He went to church in a carriage drawn by eight cream-coloured horses; but the preacher was warned to refrain altogether from complimentary allusions, which the king would not stand. Further, he declined to take his place in the choir, and occupied an ordinary bench below. Some time before the signature of the definite peace Frederick again attended service in the great church of Breslau, when he and his youthful brother sat on a long sofa near the high altar. A throne he again refused: he said, 'I am a man 'like another, and therefore will only have an ordinary 'bench.' Native sympathisers were numerous enough. Of that 'fine weakness,' patriotism, as Lessing sarcastically called the love of country, the Silesians had little. As they were mostly Protestants, and a species of Home Rule had been enjoyed by the province, their Prussianisation proceeded at a rapid pace. Still the change of citizenship and organisation, with the introduction of the Prussian 'blood-tax,' and the removal of all the local officials, entailed on them much suffering, and some said, 'The Brandenburg trousers 'are tighter than the Bohemian were.' Seventy years after

these events Silesia was the theatre of the opening scenes of the War of Liberation, and nowhere in Germany was the call to the people to rise against the cruel oppressions of Napoleon received with more loyalty and enthusiasm than in the province annexed by 'Old Fritz.'

After the peace Frederick expressed to Podewils the belief that Prussia was now so strong that the grand European protagonists, France and England, would not try to drive him out of his neutrality. He added: 'A happy quietism must be the basis of our policy for some years:' and in less elevated style: 'I will never attack another cat.' Holding as he did that the scales of war are in the hands of the Goddess Luck, and believing that he had 'made himself a name,' he was eager to exchange the hardships of the camp and battlefield, which had begun to undermine his health, for the intellectual repose of the Round Table of Charlottenburg. To his philosophic friend Jordan he wrote: 'I return with the comfortable feeling that I have done nothing to reproach myself with as regards my country.' To the same correspondent he used language which anticipates the longings for delivery from the bloody business of war placed by Schiller in the mouth of Max Piccolomini. 'Peace, blessed Peace, heals the wounds which war has made.' And again: 'Peace is the spring of the year which brings forth all things: war is like autumn, when the crops are cut and the fruits are garnered.' The Prussians might dwell on their sovereign's political and military genius: foreign nations were as much impressed by the evasions and somersaults of Klein-Schnellendorf and Breslau as by the victories of Mollwitz and Chotusitz. His uncle the 'Capting' suggested that Fritz should be placed under the ban of the empire and his kingdom given to his younger brother. That stern moralist the Russian minister Bestushev (politely called by Carlyle the 'corruptiblest brute of a chancellor ever known') spoke of him as 'a prince who respected nothing that men count holiest.'

Frederick had no abstract prejudice either against truth or untruth; but then, as we have seen him argue, a character for bad faith did not always pay. This consideration moved him to write a pamphlet in answer to the numerous attacks made upon him after the peace of Breslau for his perfidy in deserting his allies. Podewils having opposed the publication of this work, it was withheld from the press, and has only recently been printed. The royal pamphleteer throws the blame of the situation on the French and Saxons, accusing them of

breach of their engagements. Against the French he heaps separate charges of gross treachery, which were reproduced, with aggravations, in the first version of the king's *Memoirs*. According to an historian who has made the first Silesian war his speciality, this impeachment of the French was unfounded, the facts having been rather the converse of Frederick's statement: the evidence running to prove that he had decided on peace with Austria before the supposed intrigues, if really on the hatch, could have come to his knowledge. On the other hand, Professor Droysen, who, like Ranke, was infected by excessive worship of ambassadors and despatches, and too ready to take diplomatic chatter for gospel, quotes chapter and verse that seem somewhat to tell the other way. Frederick, no doubt, was entitled to apply to the cardinal Voltaire's remark on the prophet—'Habacuc *'est capable de tout;*' but fear of French defection probably moved him less than the mutterings which he heard of a coming Russian intervention in favour of his enemies, a menace the more alarming as the war had cost him 20,000 men, and his exchequer was nearly empty, while means for its replenishment, by loan or taxation, were wanting.

Frederick called international promises and guarantees 'filigree castles.' His own pledges were edifices of that description; for whereas in the spring of 1742 he was discussing his separate treaty with the empress-queen, on November 1, 1741, he had acceded to and guaranteed, in company with France, the treaty of partition and friendship between Saxony and Bavaria: while the treaty of November 4, 1741, between himself and the emperor specially bound him to enter into no negotiations with the enemy, i.e. Austria, without informing his ally. If the victimised emperor thought fit to preserve a dignified silence, it was otherwise, as we said, with the King of Poland. That monarch told the English minister that Prussia had first forced him to take part in the war, and then, utterly trampling all decency under foot, had concluded peace for him without so much as asking his consent by a single word. This protest was not silenced by Frederick's snarl—'The politicians and the military will approve my motives: stoics of dry temperament and crazed brains' had no right to judge him: 'a sovereign must not act like a private person.' Answering a correspondent who detected in the late events symptoms of providential interference on the Prussian side, Frederick derided one of the most curious and most persistent of Hohenzöllern superstitions. What, he said, was the spot of earth called Prussia that it should

enter into the vast concerns of an eternal scheme ; and what was he, petty ruler, with his little human doings and ambitions, that he should be singled out for the favour of a divine ruler of the boundless universe ?

Not long after these events, an official of the Silesian mint, resenting the disruption of his allegiance to the empress-queen, took ingenious revenge on Frederick. Promoted to higher rank at Berlin, he was charged with an issue of silver dollars which were to bear the customary words, 'Ein Reichsthaler.' When the new money came into circulation, it was seen that the legend on the coins had been slightly expanded, so as to give the reading, 'Ein Reich stahl er,' *anglicè*, 'He stole the crown.' Thief, or hero, the violent remover of Maria Theresa's landmarks found approval in distant countries. His fame eventually reached India, where, amongst the admirers of his exploits, was the potentate whose name, as we saw, mentioned by 'Old Fritz' himself at his whist-table, provoked the sarcastic parallel of Hugh Elliot. A letter from Haidar Ali invited Frederick to form a settlement on the Malabar coast, in the vicinity of Mysore, a proposal which tempted the king as little as a previous French offer of the island of Barataria—his sarcastic name for Tobago. Warned, perhaps, by the failure of the enterprise of the most aspiring of his ancestors, the 'Great Elector' of Brandenburg, who had acquired a temporary footing in Africa, he perceived that the situation and resources of Prussia were not such as to enable him to found an Indian 'sphere of influence' in rivalry of the conquests of the countrymen of Clive and Dupleix.

Frederick's hereditary dominions consisted of eight separate patches of territory, largely composed of moors, morasses, and sand-flats, scattered between Russia and the Rhine, which made their master, as Voltaire put it, a mere 'king of strips.' Two short campaigns and two victorious battles had changed all that. Confirmed by later wars, undertaken on pretended necessities of self-defence, and followed by the criminal partition of Poland, the conquest of Silesia opened to the later Hohenzollerns, after a short eclipse in the Napoleonic age, a road to the highest civil, military, and material greatness, and to the foundation, under Prussian ascendancy, of an empire of which neither Frederick nor the 'Great Elector' ever so much as dreamed.

ART. VI.—*The Sutherland Book.* By Sir WILLIAM FRASER, K.C.B., LL.D. Privately printed. 3 vols. Quarto. Edinburgh: 1892.

THE County of Sutherland is the tract anciently known as *Suder* or *Southerland*, the district sloping to sea and sun which lay to the south of Caithness. Set between two seas, and divided from Ross for more than half its breadth by the tidal estuary of the Oikel called the Dornoch Firth, it owes to these circumstances a climate far milder than is to be found in the Scottish Lothians or in the English Midlands. The scenery of the west coast is magnificent, and no one who has seen the purple sugarloaf of Suilbhein, or the quartzose ridges of Arkle and Foilnaven, will ever forget their beauty. From the brows of Arkle Sir Edwin Landseer once watched the sun of the longest day dip in the North Sea and rise again after an amazingly short interval. Romantic as it is, Sutherland is not, however, one of the most distinctively Highland, or rather Celtic, counties of Scotland, though the early occupation is testified to by the vestiges of vanished races and of a vanished creed. The unwritten literature of the people up to the middle of this century was abundant, but it is now becoming increasingly difficult to collect. Nor does the modern crofter take much interest in the flint arrowheads and kitchen middens of his ancestors, in the dolmen at Aspidale, the cromlech at Clashmore, the round mass of the so-called Pictish castle at Dundornadil, the vitrified fort on the hill of Creish, the fields of barrows, cairns, and *kists* near the rock of Megdale, or the pile dwellings submerged in Loch Stack. These are the leaves of the prehistoric Sutherland Book, and were identified in the popular creed with a degraded, unbaptised race, a survival of the unfittest, after Celts and Dalriadic Scots had taken possession of the glens.

From these mists the country was to emerge in the twelfth century ready to organise itself under the influences of the mitre and the sword, which in feudal days at once supported and threatened the supreme authority of the Crown. The coast, as possessing the readiest means of intercourse with the outer world, was selected by both earl and bishop, and from its fringe civilisation was supposed to spread inland. The true history of the earls of Sutherland is really the tale of how, by a process of agglomeration, by forays and marriages, charters and quarrels, lawsuits,

purchases, and *excambion*, the family managed to become owners or superiors (with a few exceptions) of the whole province. As we already possess the Red Books of many noble Scottish houses, and as sixteen years have elapsed since we were enabled to review in these pages the history, archives, and correspondence of the earls of Cromartie, it did seem imperative that the muniment-room at Dunrobin should also give up its treasures. It has done so at last, and thus enriched Scottish history with a worthy record of the *Mhoirfear*, the chiefs of the *Clhann Chhattaibh na buadh*, who so often led their retainers to 'victory.' Their Red Book also, by allowing us to watch the changes that came over the Highlands, makes us acquainted with the rise and progress of what was, and still is, one of the leading Whig families of Scotland. Sir William Fraser has compiled and edited these magnificent volumes with his wonted learning and research, and they are not unworthy of their stately predecessors. But it is to the munificence of the late Duke of Sutherland that the work owes its existence. It was undertaken by his orders, and the printing of the reserved number of a hundred copies was completed shortly before his death.

The charter chest of the earls of Sutherland has, along with its contents, been subjected to many vicissitudes. During the minority of the eleventh earl, we learn on Sir Robert Gordon's authority that the Earl of Caithness endeavoured to destroy the family writs. 'He purchased,' says Sir William Fraser, 'the right of guardianship over 'the young earl.' Such a sale appears a scandalous proceeding; and even if we admit, with Sir Robert Walpole, that 'every man has his price,' it is difficult to conceive a greater breach of trust than to hand over a minor to such a guardian. That Lord Caithness should have coveted the post is explicable, for the place of 'Tutor' was in those days highly esteemed, and the profession was felt to be an eligible one, since it combined the advantages of both arms and gown. The first use that this strange 'Tutor' of Sutherland made of his stewardship was 'to burn and destroy 'all the infettments and evidents pertyning to the house of 'Sutherland which he could find within the county, because 'they seemed to advance the honour and profite of that 'familie.'

There is a Spanish proverb which says that all those goods of a minor which do not go into the river fall into the fire; and it is fortunate that in this case the minor was old enough

and shrewd enough to judge his tutor's deeds and motives, so for greater security he conveyed away all the most important writs and patents, and put them in the safe keeping of his friend, the Laird of Carnegie. Later, and when the good Sir Robert Gordon became in his turn tutor of Sutherland, Carnegie's successor returned the writs to him for the use of his nephew and ward, the thirteenth earl. In reading the family annals as written by this well-intentioned guardian, posterity has the satisfaction of knowing that his history was compiled at first hand from these newly rescued documents. It is also agreeable to have to associate their restoration with his nephew, whose premier earlship could not have been proved without the writs in question; for this lad, once in tutelage, was no less a man than 'Ian Glas,' the Grey Earl, the adversary of Montrose, and, without doubt, the most statesmanlike of all the belted earls of Sutherland. Since their fortunate restoration the Sutherland papers have never been pilfered, except by the Highland rebels in 1746. The damage then done was most trifling, and it is from the contents of the charter chest that the second and third volumes of Sir William Fraser's splendid book have been extracted; while the first volume, interesting as it is, could not have been compiled unless the family papers had been used by him to correct popular errors, and to elucidate Sir Robert Gordon's History.

It would, however, be unfair to proceed further in our notice of Sir William Fraser's work without stopping here to give an account of the family history to which he always refers. Sir Robert Gordon wrote a book which was not only a monument to the family and its origins, but was really a Peerage and Baronage for Scotland—a book that, in spite of manifest errors, is of the greatest value.

Sir Robert Gordon of Gordonstone was the second surviving son of Alexander, eleventh earl, by the Lady Jean Gordon, who is best remembered by her brief union with the too notorious Earl of Bothwell. He brought a suit against her, and sought to have their marriage annulled, on the plea of consanguinity. She brought a counter-suit against her Lovelace husband, and thus allowed him to achieve the marriage with Queen Mary, which was to consummate the ruin of both the lovers. Sir Robert says of this much-tried lady, his mother, that she managed, after the divorce, to retain possession of the lands of Borthwick, Crichton, Vogrie, and others in Midlothian, which had been settled

upon her by Bothwell, and that she continued to enjoy them after her marriage with Lord Sutherland, which took place in 1578. On the family estates in Sutherland she certainly left her mark by the 'care and diligence with which she 'brought to an end many hard and difficult buisnesses.' Among these hard things were 'the sicklie disposition' of her earl, the deaths of two of her children, and the long minority of her son. It is curious, in some of the Countess Jean's practical undertakings, to see the effects of her earlier training in the Lothians. Familiar with the salt-pans of Musselburgh and Prestonpans, she desired some pans to be built to the north of Dunrobin, and thus introduced a new and valuable industry among her people, at the same time that, fresh from the coal-seams of Vogrie and the Midlothian basin, she caused borings to be made in the river of the Brora. This countess was a Roman Catholic, and she lies beside her husband in Dornoch Cathedral, in what was once consecrated ground. Her eldest daughter became the mother of Donald, the first Lord Reay, of the 'Donald 'Dhuival Macleay,' who is still remembered as the wizard lord, the Michael Scott of the region that stretches towards Cape Wrath. Her second son was the historian. From 1615 to 1630 Sir Robert Gordon worked at his History. He left it in manuscript, and in that form it remained till 1813. As might be expected, more than one copy was taken from it during the two centuries of the unprinted life of this unique book. It was inevitable that as soon as its existence was realised many families should wish to refer to it. Some turned to it with a proud confidence that it must establish their claims and help them to vanquish and overcome their rivals. Others, again, must have scanned the pages with trembling, lest they should therein find ignored, discredited, or even disproved, some pedigree dear to their pride or their imagination. The Stewarts, the Gordons, the dukes of Lennox, the Sinclairs, earls of Caithness, the Mackays of Assynt, and many other clans, might there be found; and the book was all the more painfully interesting because the roll of precedence in Scotland at the beginning of the seventeenth century was arbitrary. It did not then depend, as it now does, on seniority of creation, when authenticated by writs and patents. According to the Commission of 1606, the earl of Sutherland stood only sixth in rank, and was obliged to accept a place after Angus, Argyll, Erroll, and Marischal. This was obviously unfair, as the date of the Sutherland patent went back to 1235; and, thanks to the

rescued writs commemorated by Sir Robert Gordon, the family was able, by a petition to the Privy Council, to have its rights acknowledged and its precedence rectified.

But we must return to the manuscript of this useful history. The historian's own copy is now at Dunrobin, presented to the second Duke of Sutherland, in 1843, by a descendant of the author. Alongside of it stands a valuable duplicate, in the plain hand of the seventeenth century, certified to have been made for a fourth son of Sir Robert Gordon (Gordon of Cluny), and containing, along with minor matters of personal interest, that continuation of his father's work which is known to collectors and antiquarians as 'The Historie and Genealogie of the Earls of Sutherland, collected together by G.^r Gordon of Sallagh.' This copy was bought in by Lady Jane Wemyss, widow of George, fourteenth earl, and she made it a new-year's gift to her son. Another duplicate has long existed in the Advocates' Library at Edinburgh, and to its pages abundant reference was made when, in 1811, Archibald Constable, of Edinburgh, did, at the request of Elizabeth, Countess of Sutherland, and of her husband, Earl Gower, undertake to print, from the original, one hundred copies of the History. The cost of such an undertaking was enormous; but what annoyed the heiress most was that the work could not be quickly finished and sent to her. The printer, though largely helped by the late Mr. Charles Kirkpatrick Sharpe, found many difficulties. The book was first announced to be forthcoming in June, 1811; but Mr. Sharpe gave etchings, which had to be reproduced, and then the 'Cailleach Mhoir,' or 'Mohr Bhainn' of Sutherland herself, sent sketches of castles, lakes, and mountain ranges, all intended for the illustration and perfecting of the work. These caused fresh delays, and only in 1813 did the *magnum opus* see the light.

Sir William Fraser, no mean judge of what a genealogical writer ought to be, says of Sir Robert Gordon that 'he had many advantages for the compilation of such a work, and with his learning, personal qualifications, and family advantages, he could not fail to produce an enduring record of the very ancient house of which he was a member.'

What was this house, and whence derived? If not, like the Bruces, from Norman ancestors, or like the Dundases, from Cospatricks the Saxon, or like the Maules, from a fief in the Vexin, or like the Drummonds, *ex stirpe* of Hungarian kings, the house of Sutherland can claim

to have been planted about A.D. 68, when 'a certain' people called Morrayes, who were expelled from Germany, 'landed in Scotland, and were settled by the king (?) in the' region between the Spey and the Ness, 'of which all the ranges, with the blue peaks of Ben Rinnes, are now visible from the windows of Dunrobin. The name of the family, when it was first known among the *possidentes* of Scotland, was Moray, or de Moravia. Later, after the marriage of the heiress with Adam Gordon, the surname (about 1508-27) became Gordon, and as Gordon was handed down for centuries through the collateral branches of Gordonstone, Cluny, &c. Later, the distinctive patronymic of 'Sutherland' was adopted by the family which Freskin de Moravia planted in Sutherland.*

Hugo Freskin is certainly the first wholly authentic ruler, with patents obtained from King David I.; but Sir Robert Gordon, not satisfied with the world of facts, indulges his imagination when he describes the doughty deeds of the predecessors of Freskin. There is, to begin with, a certain Alan, who, when the Danes had pushed up the Dornoch Firth as far as Creich, gave them battle and defeated them, A.D. 1031. After the legendary Alan appears the equally legendary Walter, created Earl of Sutherland by Malcolm Canmore at a Parliament said to have been held in Forfar. For this dignity no patent exists; but Sir Robert goes on, with equal good faith, to praise an Earl Robert after whom he conjectures that the castle of Dunrobin was named. Dunrobin is undeniably the oldest secular building now inhabited and in use in Scotland, but the later criticism would not point to any identification of it with an Earl Robin. The thane and the castle are used to support each other's claims, but of olden times the name of the tower was sometimes spelt 'Dunraby,' and sometimes 'Drumraby,'* and not till 1401 does the sixth earl date from 'Dunrobyn,' and the eighth earl (1492) from 'Dunrobbyn.' The facts that the parish church of Golspie is under the vocable of St. Andrew, and that St. James was the patron of the castle well and of the family chapel in Dornoch Cathedral, throw no light on the controversy. Suffice it to say that for five centuries the castle has been known as Dunrobin; while as regards Earl Robin, he makes, like the *Etel* of the Hohenzollern pedigree, a good figure in a legend, but merely serves to support what Lord Hailes termed 'a foolish theory'

* *Dun*, a hill; *drum*, or *dhrcim*, a ridge.

—true history only commencing when writs under the seal of Scottish kings come to attest the reality of the 'honours' and the veracity of the tale.

Hugo de Moravia surely looms large enough to gratify any family pride. The earls, marquises, and dukes of Athole descend from his brother William, while his kinsman Gilbert was first archdeacon, and then bishop of Caithness. On him Hugo Freskyn bestowed grants of land, and he in his turn, with a pardonable nepotism, gave heritages to his brother Robert, whose aid he sought to secure at a time when the whole family, of laymen and of clerics, had to strain every nerve to protect the cultivation and sunny seaboard of Skibo, Evelix, Dornoch, Embo, Skelbo, Culmailie, Golspie, and Dunrobin, from the Nqrsemen.

If any one will examine the unwritten literature of the coasts of Sutherland, he will be struck at once by the Danish element that pervades it. There is the usual stock-in-trade—the wizard, the fair woman, the dragon and the dragon-slayer, the kelpie, the hidden jewel, and the 'good people' who live under mounds and weave rings in the grass. But there is sure to be a King of Lauchlinn (Denmark) either in the foreground or the background of the tale. Queens of Lauchlinn, too, weave potent spells, and sons of Danish kings come to plunder and to meet violent deaths in the deep fiords of the coast. This element is not surprising when we remember that about 872 the four most northern counties of Scotland were conquered by Danish Jarls. What the Arabs did to Spain and Southern France, the Norsemen did to Scotland: they came, and they stayed, and they held their ground so firmly for a hundred years that Sigurd, their Jarl, aspired to the hand of a daughter of a king of Scotland whose territorial possessions were most painfully curtailed by his presence. The bride was actually given to the Viking, and the offspring of the marriage was a son named Thorfinn. He was a *persona grata* to his royal grandfather, and was, says the Chronicle, 'assisted by the king in his government (?) of Sutherland.' This Thorfinn is probably the warlike 'King of Lauchlinn,' the irresponsible despot about whom Highland fishermen and crofters told tales on winter nights till the middle of this century.

Thorfinn was certainly bold enough to wage war with Malcolm's successor; but the rule of the Vikings was near its close. The Norsemen got pushed gradually northwards, from Fife to Moray, from Moray to Ross, from Ross to Sutherland, from Sutherland to Caithness, and finally to a

precarious earldom of the still vexed Orkney Islands. That last inch of their territory was fiercely disputed with them by a nation weary of their tyranny and of their violence, and this struggle to clear Scottish soil of a Danish investment and base of operations explains the desire of the kings of Scotland to plant in Sutherland men of the house of Moray, or de Moravia, chieftains and churchmen strong enough to keep the Danes at bay, or to drive them into the sea. Hugh Freskyn died about 1214. He was succeeded by his son William, first earl of Sutherland, whose patent cannot now be recovered, but who was clearly a vassal of the king, which Haroldsen, last Jarl, never was. The life of this William was spent at Dunrobin, and much of it was spent, as the sovereign meant that it should be, in wars with the Danes. The battle on Embo Sands, near Dornoch, which proved fatal to his kinsman, Robert de Moravia, is still commemorated by a cross. That stone was, no doubt, erected by Bishop Gilbert de Moravia, whose cathedral of Dornoch was then menaced by the heathen Danes. If Thorfinn and Haroldsen still figure in the tales of the people of Sutherland as 'Kings of Lauchlinn,' the building bishop has also given rise to popular legends—'Holy Gilbert,' and 'Gobban Saor, or Swarthy Gilbert the Smith,' are the names by which the great churchman of Sutherland is still distinguished. He is said to have slain the black dragon, whose fiery breath burnt all the forests, and is reported to have raised the tower of his cathedral by means of a miraculous hammer, and by artifices not known to Freemasons, but practised by the Thor of Scandinavian mythology. He filled the place among the Gaelic-speaking people of this seaboard which the Cuthite builders held in Irish folklore, and his Precentor's Field and his Chaunter's Croft remain familiar names to this day. It was his successor, Archdeacon Harrach, who obtained for the see the settlement of the lands and castle of Skibo. That estate became, so to speak, the Fulham Palace of the Northern diocese. The Church-lands were held by king's service, but the earls retained the right of naming the chaplain, who, at the altar of St. James's, was to say masses for the chieftains' souls. In this way life was organised in Sutherland. But a change was now impending which was to be felt all Scotland through, and in the whirls of that great war which arose from the rival claims of Bruce and Baliol many smaller fortunes were to be caught and submerged.

If the incursions of the Norsemen had impoverished the

North country and delayed the march of civilisation, what is to be said of the results of the strife which, though it developed patriots like Wallace and Bruce, had such incidents as the struggle in Buchan? It might even, with a fair share of truth, be argued that the national independence which Bruce won for a very small, very poor, and very unproductive kingdom did, by depriving it of English culture and English wealth, do much to render and to keep Scotland poor and barbarous. There is, fortunately, another aspect to this picture—viz. the way in which the Northern kingdom, when embittered against England and the English, assimilated a good deal of French culture and of Flemish commerce. Nor has Scotland, in the long run, had any lasting cause to rue her poverty, for centuries of plain living went to form the brave soldiers, the confessors, the energetic men of business, the patriotic statesmen, and, above all, the colonists, who were to preserve a love of country and of piety which they spread to the ends of the habitable earth.

In an inauspicious year happened the deaths of King Alexander and of his infant heiress, the 'Maid of Norway.' King Edward I. entered Scotland, and forthwith many nobles—for there were opportunists even in those days—presented themselves to do him homage. In the Public Record Office (London) there is a letter, dated from St. Andrews, in which the English king thanks the Earl of Sutherland 'for his fidelity.' That fidelity must have been writ in water if it be true, as Sir Robert Gordon asserts, that the Earl was found fighting at Bannockburn, and on the winning side. It is much more probable that it was his son and successor who took leave to change the family politics, and who fought with Bruce against the English invader and his *protégé*, John Baliol. Kenneth, the fourth earl, certainly took his share in the wars with the English, and fought at Halidon Hill in 1333.

Among the early chieftains whom Sir Robert delights to honour is the sixth earl, whose exploits even reached the ears of Froissart, and whose progress in the royal favour was such that the king gave him his sister Margaret, or Marjory, Bruce to wife. Pope Clement, having been informed of this alliance, sent from Avignon a 'fitting dispensation,' and his Holiness was pleased to observe that he hoped 'this union might prove 'an immediate remedy to the murders, forays, burnings, and 'depredations which ceased not to happen in Scotland.' The history of the Highlands goes to prove that the Pope's wish remained among 'the pious desires.' The halcyon

days never dawned ; but the wedding took place, and both bride and bridegroom were magnificently dowered. Princess Margaret got the fief of Lowrie, in Forfarshire, with other 'honours.' Sutherland was erected into a free regality, and the earl was gifted with Dunottar Castle, one of the most important strongholds, if not the most formidable one, on the east coast, but one which the Sutherlands before long disposed of in favour of the Keiths, earls-marischal of Scotland, about 1358. Princess Margaret resided at Dunrobin, where the walls of her garden still exist. She planted flowers and orchard-trees in its enclosure ; but she gave no rooftree to the great house, and no descendants of hers have carried down the blood royal to our own time.

The tenth earl was equally unlucky, except in this flattering detail—that his captivity drew out the sympathy of his beautiful sovereign lady ; for there exists a letter from Queen Mary (Holyrood, 1565), addressed to Elizabeth, in which she complains that 'Sutherland is a prisoner at Berwick.'

The career of the eleventh earl was distinguished by the frequency of those forays, burnings, and depredations which Pope Clement had deplored. This earl never was on good terms with his great neighbours of Ross and Caithness, but had the Earl of Huntly as a supporter. And here is a trait of manners worth observing. Since the time of the Pope's animadversions to 'deidlie feuds and trubills in 'which belike the number of 300 personsis were all slane 'togidder and at a tyme,' there had been added a new and longer way of molesting each other, viz. a 'summons' before the sheriff court at Inverness. Happy was he who had the great law officers of the Crown on his side ; but the law, as the author of 'Waverley' hints, did not often, or easily, any more than the Sabbath, get 'abune the passes,' or, as in this case, the ferries ; so to Inverness the Earl of Sutherland had to betake himself in search of justice. For an example of the matter to be sifted there take this highly successful 'spulzie,' or spoliation. In February, 1590, the Earl of Ross, having crossed both the Meikle and the Little Ferry,

'took from the lands of Strathbrora 12 mares, and a courser ; and again, in 1592, he took from other lands 12 mares and a "mowsellit" horse. The Earl estimates his loss thro' this theft at 100*l.* for each horse, and 100*l.* for each mare in foal yearly, and lost labour at 13*s.* 4*d.* each daily. But the greatest spoliation was when Ross was alledged (?) to have carried off 50 work horses, each worth 40*l.*, and 10*s.* each for lost labour ; 44 mares, each worth 40*l.*, and with other 20*l.* for loss in

foals; nine score great kye, with calf, each worth 20 marks, with 10*l.* more for loss in milk, stirk, butter, cheese, &c. Fifty draught oxen, and twenty young oxen, worth 20*l.* each, with their lost labour; 250 milk ewes, worth 40*s.* each, with 30*s.* more for loss of wool, lambs, butter and cheese, &c.; 200 wedders, worth 3*l.* each; 200 she-goats, worth 30*s.* each, with other 20*s.* each for loss of milk, kid, &c.; 24 brood swine, worth 4*l.* each, and each having 13 gryce, worth 30*s.* each. Besides this live stock there were carried away three score of double plaids, each worth 40 marks; 40 stone of wool, at 10 marks the stone; 24 swords, at 10*l.* the piece; twenty kettles, each worth 3*l.*; ten brewing cauldrons, each worth 40*l.*; and, finally, 1,000*l.*, in thirty, twenty, and ten shilling pieces and in $\frac{1}{2}$ mark pieces.'

Of such a patriarchal nature were the riches of a great chieftain, which his neighbour coveted and despoiled. For his depredations Ross was cited to appear and answer (1593); but differences so great and losses so varied were not to be settled in a hurry, so this 'spulzie' furnished what was called a 'ganging plea,' and it went for so long that Earl Alexander died before it was finished, and the case became a legacy, but not a fortune, for his son. This litigious earl had married, as we said in another place, Jean Gordon, a daughter of Lord Huntly, and sometime Countess of Bothwell. If her likeness be that of a devout, sensible, and rather sad-hearted woman, the portrait of her son is a beautiful thing, in Jameson's best manner—one in which the face shows thought and delicacy of perception, as well as of feeling. Her chieftain son travelled in his youth 'to gain experience,' and again in riper years to gain the health which he never found. From King James VI. he obtained a new royal charter, and one that was of great importance to the family, since it gave to the earl full judicial control over all his estates, and even over the lands of the episcopal see; the whole upon the payment of a pair of gilt spurs at midsummer, if required.

This earl, notwithstanding the already general adoption in Scotland of the principles of the Reformation, remained in the Catholic faith, and, like his mother, had a good deal to suffer from popular intolerance and from the odium which Popish plots did much to keep alive. Of his wife, Anna Elphinstone, little is known except that her brother had a place in the Treasury, and that she came out of a noble house in Midlothian which showed, and still shows, its towers almost within sight of Countess Jean's great castles of Borthwick and Crichton.

Just as the wars of Bruce and Baliol had convulsed Scotland and awakened a passionate love of freedom, so now

the movement of the Reformation came to divide families and to sunder ties. The strain and fury of religious intolerance and of avaricious self-interest were probably as strong and as cruel on the one side as on the other. Both parties were represented in the Highlands, and even in the family circle at Dunrobin. Countess Jean, when the reformed party grew powerful, was accused of giving shelter to priests, and had to endure 'warding and excommunication,' methods of spiritual tyranny which the Calvinists had learnt from their predecessors in the art of putting on men's shoulders burdens too heavy to be borne. In fact, the former wife of Bothwell might have fared badly had she not possessed in her son, the historian, an able advocate, and a protector all the more powerful that, personally, he belonged to the winning side. Sir Robert Gordon belonged to the class of Scotchmen who, like Robert Bruce, Principal Carstairs, Fletcher of Sutton, and President Dundas, saw all the value to Scotland of any popular movement which, despite its uglier traits, was, nevertheless, essential to national development and to the progress which, as it only springs from freedom, requires liberty as well as law. He had travelled a great deal, and contracted first a semi-foreign, and later a wholly foreign, marriage, but became a Protestant, and served on the Commission which dealt with Church lands throughout the kingdom, interposing, none the less dutifully, in his mother's behalf. His life was useful and valuable, and his qualities all that might have been expected from the air and features of the beautiful portrait which time has spared. He was a Master of Arts of Cambridge, and generally resided at Salisbury, where literary tastes and proclivities found stimulants lacking at Dunrobin, or even in Edinburgh. A gentleman of the Privy Chamber of James VI., he became a warm supporter of the Nova Scotia Colonisation Scheme of the Earl of Stirling,

'and in return for his contribution of 3,000 marks Scots he received a charter of 16,000 acres of land on the east side of a bay called Port de Mouton, erected into a free barony, called the Barony of Gordon, and with powers of regality. To people this barony Sir Robert agreed to send out a number of settlers from Sutherland, well equipped with weapons and implements, and supplied with cattle and provisions. In connexion with this national enterprise, Sir Robert had the distinction to be created, on May 28, 1625, the first knight-baronet of Nova Scotia. . . . In his capacity as an officer of state, Sir Robert's duty was to attend the king personally at State functions in Scotland, and, consequently, he attended the coronation of King Charles I. at Edinburgh in 1633, and carried the king's train from the Castle to

the Abbey of Holyrood, in which service he was assisted by the eldest sons of four earls. . . . Sir Robert's fifth son, Charles, was named after the king.'

For fifteen years this learned and trustworthy uncle was tutor of Sutherland, a post which entailed great personal fatigue, when we remember the constant broils and disturbances, which obliged the young Earl's guardian to ride from Scotland to London six times within fifteen months. In spite of troubles, Sir Robert paid off all the debts, repaired the churches of Dornoch and Golspie, and, lest death should overtake him before the years of his stewardship were ended, he wrote out for his ward a curiously pathetic letter of advice, which he termed his 'Fearwell.' But a kind fate spared the tutor until he had been able to mould Earl John's character into a robust and honourable manhood.

Sir Robert Gordon died at Gordonstone in 1656. Living, he had seen many strange things done in the name of religion, and in dying the righteous patriot might well have exclaimed, 'How I leave my country!' His brother Alexander had remained of the faith of the Countess Jean, and his nephew Alexander had fallen at Edgehill in 1642; while, on the other side, another nephew had marched under the Covenanting flag against the king in 1646.

The whole country was as much agitated as were the great families, and all these things were but as preludes to a far greater theme. The king was to be deserted by the Scotch Church and Parliament; but the royalist party was formidable, and the struggle of the Marquis of Montrose to reinstate the Stuart dynasty and the right divine of kings was in Sutherland to put on the proportions of genuine warfare and all the dignity of a genuine tragedy.

When we look at the portrait of the good Sir Robert, ward of Ian Glas, or Grey John, the thirteenth Earl of Sutherland, we feel at once what to expect from this strong man in his steel cuirass, and with a little black skull cap above his locks of grey. He is grave, capable, and cautious, and most distinctly a Roundhead. The youth of this lad had been spent in Dornoch, and the bills for his food, books, and golf clubs are still in existence. Among the entries that refer to his nonage is one of interest to the folklorists of Sutherland.

We have ourselves, and since 1850, twice seen in Sutherland a cock buried alive in order to obtain a satisfactory cure and recovery. It does not appear that in the case of the thirteenth earl this sacrifice (to *Æsculapius*?) was resorted to. Possibly

the orthodoxy of the Countess Jean and of her priests would have forbidden such a remedial effort, which, after the triumph of Free Church theology, still lingered in the minds of the crofters; but to heal this Ian one 'Niel Beton' was summoned and consulted. It must have been with excellent results, since Ian the boy lived to be Ian of the grey hairs; but the interest centres, not in the prescriptions, but in the pedigree and personality of this doctor. Niel entered Dunrobin, not as the first-comer, but as the descendant of the most famous wizard doctor of the Highlands—of *Ferchard Leche*, Farquhar Bethune, a Beton, the leech who, for services to a royal patient, had obtained a grant of land in Sutherland from King Robert II. in 1386. Strange legends have crystallised themselves round this wizard, who was a native of Islay. He is said to have become omniscient through tasting serpents' broth. An identical legend has been found among the Albanian mountaineers, and the tale as told in Sutherland and in Albania is an excellent example of the non-historical character of myths. The fantastic incidents are property common to the race, while a fancy independent of criticism appropriates them to such once popular heroes as Gilbert de Moravia, Donald, Lord Reay, and Farquhar Bethune. Of this man's descendants, one really did attend King James VI., and ministered to Earl Ian Glas in his green and salad days. The thirteenth earl was to outgrow his sickness, and he was in his twenty-fourth year when, in the church of the Greyfriars, he stood up (1638) among his brother peers to subscribe the solemn 'Confession of Faith, or National Covenant.' As premier earl, he was the first to step forward and to sign his name. At that epoch the interdependence of the State and of the Church was the firmest and dearest conviction of the patriotic mind; so the National Covenant between men and their Maker was held to be the truest expression of a people's manhood. No half measures could now be tolerated, and Ian, standing so proudly committed to the people's creed, had to press the Covenant on the Highlanders, and that at a time when Montrose was operating against the city of Aberdeen, and when a Scottish army was approaching the English border. If hostilities were yet delayed for a time, it was but for a time, and because King Charles had consented to call a General Assembly. Matters went from bad to worse, and the Earl, though busy in the completion of the new tower at Dunrobin and in the purchase of Strathnaver, had to repair constantly to Edinburgh to interfere, among other matters, in the

examination of Montrose. The enmity between Montrose and Argyll was positively Homeric, and, by the irony of fate, the close of their careers, their capture and execution as conquered heroes, were not very dissimilar.

Montrose was captured in Sutherland, betrayed by a neighbouring chief, after a battle lost just above the estuary of the Oikel, beside a lonely silvery tarn, and under the shadow of a wooded ridge which preserves to this day the name of the 'Rock of Lamentation.'

Sir William Fraser has given a very animated and picturesque sketch of this memorable battle and its tragical ending, which deserves to be quoted. But we have so recently published in these pages a full account of the same events in reviewing the 'Last Deeds of Montrose,' that it would be superfluous to repeat the narrative in this place.*

The support given by the Clan Chattaih, chieftain and men, to the Protestant and Whig cause did not cease with the close of this campaign. William III., through the Privy Council in Scotland, ordered the levy of 'two regiments of 'foot,' of which the colonels were to be Sir James Moncrieff and John, Lord Strathnaver, afterwards fifteenth earl. This was the peer whom George I., too glad to catch at a powerful sympathiser, actually wrote to invite to his coronation; and the same chieftain lived to receive from George II. a permission not to travel up to Westminster for a similar ceremony. The rebellion of 1715, and the less well-known but very serious rising in Glenshiel in 1719, were both felt in the most northern provinces of Scotland: Seaforth's men and Lovat's in constant agitation, with wilder *kerns* from the Islands, and much scheming and counter-scheming of chiefs, and retaliation always overhanging the actors on either side of this protracted civil war. But most deeply felt was the final struggle in 1745-6.

It is necessary to be conversant with the family history and family records of the great houses of Lovat, Cromartie, and Sutherland, to realise all the importance of a warfare which, to the north of the Cromartie Firth, remained alight for many months after 'bonnie Charlie' was 'awa,' and after 'Cumberland Willie' had practically reasserted in the Highlands the authority of a Hanoverian king.

† The sixteenth Earl of Sutherland had married a daughter of the Earl of Wemyss, whom he took from the shores of the Firth of Forth to his own castle by the sea. The establish-

* See Edinburgh Review, No. ccclxvii., for January, 1894.

ment which the young countess found there was considered to be suitable to the family importance. Sixteen servants were kept, and their bills of fare and account-books, as still preserved, give a correct impression of the mixture of plenty and discomfort and the varied larder incidental to life in the Highlands in the middle of the eighteenth century. It had been arranged with much care and forethought by the earl's mother, the Lady Strathnaver, who was born Katharine Morison of Prestongrange. She was the daughter of a family whose name is still attached to the picturesque fishing village of Morison's Haven, near Musselburgh, and she must have been a woman of a practical and parsimonious turn of mind. Great were the pains she took at Dunrobin in purchasing cattle and stores, and a story is still told about the iron ring which this Lady Strathnaver carried in her pocket. Rents were partly paid in kind, and when the 'kain,' eggs, and fowls were brought in, Lady Strathnaver would inspect them in person, passing every egg through the ring, and if its size was so contemptible as to allow it to fall through and get smashed, then the liege lady would be angry, and mercilessly exact another and a larger egg from the hapless owner.

Acute would have been this careful housekeeper's distress could she but have foreseen all the losses and expenses to be incurred by her son through the years 1745 and 1746. This earl, who fought at Culloden, confesses in one of his letters that he had not had one penny of his rents to spend that year: everything had gone in raising, arming, and victualling troops. Dunrobin, as we shall see, was not to be spared.

Nothing is more complicated than the part which Simon, Lord Lovat, played in the different rebellions; unless, indeed, it be the way in which, after temporising and finessing for so long, he contrived to lose a son at Culloden, and to put himself within the arm of the law. Lovat's correspondence over a period of nearly forty years forms a complete *trimmer's guide*; for he alternately declares that the enemies of the House of Hanover are his own foes, and lays traps to oblige the Seaforth people to bring in their arms, and almost at the same moment conspires against the king and the great northern earl, whom he so frequently prays 'God to reward and preserve.' To this sly old chieftain words were clearly lent to conceal his thoughts. Hogarth's picture of him is so characteristic that it seems almost a caricature of the man whose very possession of the

chieftainship many of the Frasers ascribed to a piece of deceit. Malignity, sensuality, shrewdness, and avarice may all be read on the seamed face; but its prevailing expression is that of a schemer, without a trace of either compunction or self-respect. No one of the rebel lords deserved so little commiseration. Of mature years, of a vast and varied experience of men and women, Lord Lovat might in 1746 well have been termed 'an old revolutionary hand;' and when orders were given for his capture, the Earl of Sutherland could not say of him, as he had said of Lord Balfour of Burleigh in 1719, that 'he was but a poor untutored lad.' The order ran as follows:—

'Inverness : 23 April, 1746.

'H.R.H. William, Duke of Cumberland, to the Earl of Sutherland.

'MY LORD SUTHERLAND,—I have received y^r letter, and desire you w^d place y^rself, with y^r men, at the head of L^d Lovat's and the Chisholm's country, and *trie if L^d Lovat is to be catched that way*: and likewise that in y^r passage *you would take proper notice* of such of the Mackenzies as have been in the rebellion.'

The royal command is curt and explicit, and as regards the euphemism of 'taking proper notice,' we shall see what it involved. Lord Lovat was captured and taken to Inverness, where, oddly enough, he was allowed to be on parole in that city. Needless to say that from the northern capital he escaped. His trial and ultimate execution are all matters of history; but matter of dispute in the glens, to this day, is the method of his betrayal and final capture. To the Saxon sportsman or tourist, now one man, and now another, will be pointed out as the descendant of 'him that gave up 'Lovat.' Whoever sold his chieftain would, as a clansman, feel bound to keep his own secret; but, outside of the clan, the ruin of Lovat gave great and far-spread satisfaction, if we may believe the once popular rhyme made on his fate:—

'Lovat's head in the pot:

Horns and all thegither—

And we 'll mak' brose of that,

To gie the swine their supper.'

Between the houses of Cromartie and Sutherland the warfare had never become a personal as well as a political grudge. Yet the Duke of Cumberland's order to 'take 'proper notice' of rebellious Mackenzies could hardly have fallen on wholly unwilling ears, and for this reason: while the Earl was in attendance on the Duke

'300 rebels came to Dunrobin that night. Some of them were in the place in less than half an hour, commanded by MacDonald of Clan-

ranald. They lay that night in y^r Lordship's castle and the tenants' houses thereabout. I had 40 of them, under command of two officers. My wife entertained them, but my brother and I went to the hills. Next morning the rebels went back to Dornoch, they being alarmed that Lord Loudoun was to attack them. They took away all y^r Lordship's riding horses; only my Lady Sutherland's Irish Galloway remains.'

The Countess, who was in the castle, had to provide entertainment for Highlanders who, not content with making a stable of her dining-room and stealing the silver snuffers, held a dirk to her fair bosom. Its edge just grazed her skin, 'a wound as if done by a small pin,' writes the factor, adding, 'and she is not the least the worse for it.' The house and farm were much the worse, and only the presence off the coast of 'Captain Faulkner's sloop of warr,' and of the 'Hound,' discouraged these masterful rebels. The same correspondent proceeds to warn the Earl that 'the Lords Cromartie and Barisdale had gone, last Monday, to ryse all Caithness.' While of Sutherland he says, 'this shyre, and y^r lordship's country, is ruined.' With such wrongs to revenge, there can be no doubt but that the outraged chieftain, householder, and husband saw the propriety of 'frightening the Low-country Mackenzies,' and in preparing lists of 'all Mackenzies who had been rebels, and 'who now have lands to lose.' The estates of the rebellious clans were what were aimed at, because the land grew men, to say nothing of horses and provender, and of woollen stuffs for a national dress, which was now to be forbidden or disused. The measures of repression employed were stern enough in some places; but at last the worst was over in the glens, and it only remained for the law to vindicate itself on the rebel lords. The Earl of Sutherland got the following command:—

'L^d Chancellor Hardwicke to William, Earl of Sutherland.

'MR LORD,—I am commanded by the House of Lords to acquaint y^r Lordship that they have appointed William, Earl of Kilmarnock, to be tryed on Monday, twenty eight of July, next, at 9 o' the clock of the morning, upon a bill of indictment for high treason found ag^t him; and George, Earl of Cromartie, to be tryed on the same day, at 2 o'clock of the forenoon; and Arthur, Lord Balmerino, to be tryed on the same day, at eleven o'clock in the forenoon, upon the bill of indictment for high treason found ag^t him.'

It was evident that these proceedings were not intended to be lengthy; they were all to be discussed in one and the same day, two hours being the space allotted for disposing

of a gallant chieftain's life and worldly gear, with just one midday hour unaccounted for, and probably reserved for the dinner of the judges and of the accused. The letter added: 'and that y^r Lordship's appearance and attendances at the same trials is required, upon pain of incurring the 'utmost displeasure of the House.'

To London accordingly the Earl wended his way. About the guilt of the Earl of Cromartie no one knew as much as he did, for when that nobleman ceased to head the troops in Sutherland, and when, by the orders of Prince Charles Edward, he passed into Caithness, his son, Lord McLeod, took the command. Owing to the depredations of these *kerns*, the very necessities of life had disappeared from the neighbourhood of Dunrobin. Deeply dyed, therefore, was the guilt of both father and son. Yet tradition avers that Lord Sutherland interceded for Cromartie's life, and asked for it as the reward of his own unexampled services to the Crown. Perhaps this tale was invented lately, when the houses of Sutherland and Cromartie had become one by marriage; considering the sack of New Tarbat at one time by the king's troops, and the disorderly occupation of Dunrobin at another date by the rebels, it is, to say the least of it, unlikely that the Earl interfered with the course of justice. No contemporary papers corroborate the report that he did so, and proofs rather point to the good offices of the Prince of Wales in behalf of a peer whose beautiful wife had just fallen at the king's feet to crave her husband's life, for the sake of her unborn babe 'and of her large *small* (young) 'family.' The reprieve for Cromartie was followed by a pardon. His son, disinherited and attainted, had to seek service in a foreign regiment, but Lady Cromartie's brother-in-law, the Lord President, Robert Dundas of Arniston, contrived to make things easier for the rebel earl and for his family, whose estates were eventually restored to them.

Before the eighteenth century closed the most important changes had taken place in the Highlands. The clans had been disarmed, heritable jurisdictions were abolished, roads had opened up the country, and the great lords could only be returned to the Parliament of the United Kingdom in limited numbers, and after an election among their peers. No longer was the old *slogan* to resound which used to rally the clan to the Little Bridge over the Golspie Burn: 'Mofheur Chatt de chearn na drochaite big gairm Chlann 'Chatigh nam buadh' (the great man of the Catts to the

head of the little bridge calls the Clan Cattaich of the victories). It followed, therefore, that the occupations of the chiefs were either gone or must suffer a complete change. Swords must positively be turned to ploughshares as the old order fell into disuse and decay.

In the good old fighting days of 'spulzies' and forays, the women of this noble house had naturally played but a secondary part. They had had their duties and their anxieties, and in the family councils probably a voice; but it was a voice, and nothing more. In a more civilised epoch we must expect to have to make room for the ladies; or, rather, to see the ladies make a place for themselves. Accordingly, the roll of the earls of Sutherland closes with a woman of no common intelligence and power of will.

The seventeenth earl and his countess died within a few days of each other, and were committed on the same day to a double grave in Holyrood. They left behind them an infant daughter.

'Elizabeth, Countess of Sutherland, was born at Leven Lodge, Bruntsfield, Edinburgh, May, 1765. She was only a year and a half old when she succeeded to the titles and estates of Sutherland. The failure of male heirs to the body of the seventeenth earl, and the succession of the Countess to the peerages and representation of the Sutherland family, with the subsequent creation of her husband as Duke of Sutherland, were held to fulfill the traditional prediction of the *Sagart Ruadh*, or red friar of Durness, regarding the house:—

"When after John comes George, and after him comes John,
And after William comes William, after *him* comes none."

In spite of this prophecy and of the precautions taken by tutors and curators, the rights of the infant Elizabeth were contested by the descendants of Sir Robert Gordon, though in truth no kinsfolk ought to have been as well acquainted with that family precedent which seemed to clinch the infant's rights, and to certify them of losing their *cause célèbre*, viz. the case of a former Countess Elizabeth, who in 15—, had married their own ancestor, Adam Gordon. The petitions of the different claimants were referred by the king to the House of Lords, and the news of its decision in favour of the little orphan gave rise to popular demonstrations of joy, not only in the Highlands, but in many parts of Scotland. Secured in her rights and in the dignity of the premier earldom of Scotland, the education of the heiress was the next important concern. Her English studies were directed by Dr. Robertson, the historian, and the eyes of Sir Walter Scott were delighted by the youthful appear-

ance of this heiress of Sutherland cantering alongside of the carriage of the old Lady Alva, the grandmother in whose charge she lived.

It was towards the close of 1782, and surely with no common emotion, that Countess Elizabeth passed the old gathering-place of the clan, and saw Dunrobin for the first time. When she sat down to dinner the iron portcullis was drawn across the gate, and this custom continued in force at the castle for half a century. In 1785 she married George Granville Leveson-Gower, Viscount Trentham, eldest son of Earl Gower, and afterwards created, in his own right, Duke of Sutherland. The letters of Countess Granville have shown us the English life of this couple. The notices are, on the whole, unfavourable to both husband and wife: the heiress is described as hard, the *mari de sa femme* as pompous. We beg leave to say that Countess Elizabeth deserved more consideration at the writer's hands. Hers was one of the remarkable personalities of the day. No doubt her husband's tastes and habits were very magnificent, especially if contrasted with the narrow housekeeping of Lady Alva; but few women have possessed a shrewder judgment, and few with no pretensions to sentiment have filled a great station with more dignity. By a curious freak of fate the neighbouring estates of Seaforth and of Cromartie had also passed into the hands of heiresses, women who were equally jealous of the head of the Clan Cattaich, but women very dissimilar in character and position. The Honourable Maria Murray of Elibank, granddaughter and heiress of the attainted earl, and known in the Highlands as Mrs. Hay Mackenzie of Cromartie, was a narrow-minded and provincial woman. The other great neighbour, Mary Frederica, widow of Sir Samuel Hood, and recognised in Ross-shire as Mrs. Stewart Mackenzie of Seaforth, was a majestic and delightful personage. Quite as able and willing as the Sutherland chieftainess to browbeat a factor or manipulate an election, she could only admit Countess Elizabeth's superiority when she thought of the Embassy in Paris.

Those months—the crisis of the Revolution and of the flight to Varennes—were indeed momentous ones for an English Ambassadors. Lord Ronald Gower says that the letters which Countess Elizabeth wrote during Lord Gower's official residence in Paris were few and short. Prudence would naturally render them so. But the fact is to be regretted, the more so as Lord Ronald's 'Reminiscences,'

and quotations from papers now in Stafford House, clash with the account of the flight to Varennes as given by one of the fugitives—by the Duchesse de Tourzel, governess to the royal children. Lord Ronald infers that clothes of the little Lord Trentham were for the Dauphin's use. In telling how the poor child was awakened, his governess adds :—

‘I had some time before had the precaution to have made for my Pauline (afterwards Duchesse Des Cars) a little linen frock and cap, so as to dress up Monseigneur the Dauphin as a little girl, if circumstances were to render such a transformation needful. We made use of them with success.’*

From this testimony we are inclined to think that the gifts of linen and of Lord Trentham's suits were not made by Lord and Lady Gower till after the hapless Dauphin and his still more miserable mother were prisoners in the Temple. Whenever the charitable gift did take place, it was never forgotten by the Dauphin's sister, for, in referring to it sixteen years later, ‘she almost cried.’

Among the other curious souvenirs of Elizabeth Sutherland's life was the day in Rome when the English Ambassador arranged that she should catch a sight of Prince Charles Edward. It could not be more than a sight, for the heiress of Sutherland could never have been a *persona grata* to the man who was vanquished at Culloden; and Charles Edward, like many members of his family, had a peculiar dislike to being seen or stared at by passers-by. The clever young Scottish chieftainess admitted that she took a good look at him. What she saw was a man, old, sad and forgotten, who ate at the table of his brother, the Cardinal; a man whose very wife was not faithful to him, and whom English Ministers hardly calumniated when they styled him a drunkard. Elizabeth was wont to describe his slow step as he left the palace of Cardinal de Bernis, his heavy gait, and his face, which bore witness to the habits which soddened and saddened the last years of a prince whose name had once raised hundreds of Highlanders to arms, and whose soldiery had slept in her grandfather's rooms at Dunrobin.

One of the points which Lady Granville enlarged upon when she discussed Lord Gower and his wife was their pre-occupation about business. They were always busy, she complains, with their Scotch agents. In truth, there was

* Mémoires de Madame la Duchesse de Tourzel, 1789-95. Publiés par le Duc Des Cars, vol. i. p. 305. Paris, 1883.

matter enough to preoccupy a great lady, for an economic revolution of a sweeping sort was being made by and for her in the county of Sutherland. In the days of the fighting earls the acres grew men. Once again, and in 1793, a regiment had to be raised in Sutherland, and the acres of the clan had to find soldiers for the Crown. The letters of the Countess reflect the state of the country and the alarm which prevailed after the execution of Louis XVI. The best and quietest way of showing loyalty and of preparing for the defence of the country from 'riotous, mischievous, rebellious, 'and levelling spirits,' was to raise 'fencible regiments.' This was not the first time that troops had been raised under the authority of Sutherland's chieftainess. When she was only twelve years old, and after the declaration of the independence of the United States, she was heard to say that she had no objection to raising a Sutherland regiment, and was only sorry she could not command it herself. That had been a regiment of one thousand giants, and the brave little girl reviewed them from the windows of her aunt's (Lady Glenorchy) house in Edinburgh. Now again (1793) a regiment was to be raised, and very peremptory are the Countess's letters, and liberal were her feasts to the companies which are now embodied in the 93rd Regiment. This levy was the last important one made in Sutherland, and, in spite of its size and importance, the fact remained that the population of the county was too redundant, that misery was endemic, and that the condition of the people was, and had long been, one of chronic distress. How was the evil to be remedied at a time when the potato had only recently been introduced, and when means of communication and transport were as few as they were ruinously costly? The scanty produce of a rocky region did not yield sufficient for the subsistence of the human beings dependent on it. This is a problem common to mountainous districts, and it is differently solved in different places. In the Maritime Alps it is met by the immigration of foreign residents, and by the purchase of commodities through the money they scatter. In Auvergne and many of the Swiss cantons, as in Piedmont, it is met by the emigration of the young people as servants, chimney-sweeps, coachmen, and labourers. In Sutherland it was thought that it could be cured by the devotion of the land to pasture on a great scale, and by the partial removal of the population. The people were removed, transplanted, evicted, and emigrated, and large tracts of land were turned into sheep-farms. The people were heartbroken at the unwelcome

changes. They loved their old places in the *straths*, and did not wish to live in villages of the coast or to catch fish. Celts are not by nature industrious; the new industries were repulsive to them, while undeniable hardships gave rise to a great deal of bad blood. Indignant comments, too, arose. But the great lady and her factors could say, with truth, that all over Scotland similar schemes had been broached, and sometimes carried out. What made her case remarkable was the vast size of her estate, one which she did not neglect to visit in its length and its breadth, inspecting, sketching, and commenting carefully on all that she saw. When tenants were destitute of provisions and their cattle of provender, and when this state of affairs was chronic, surely, she observed, a radical change was necessary. Of the population, she writes that 'it is an infinite multitude, roaming at large 'in the old way, despising all barriers and all regulations.' Some idea of the barriers to be formed for them may be got by recalling that in her lifetime she replaced most of the turf houses by stone, that she made 450 miles of road and built 134 bridges. From 1811 to 1833 not one sixpence of the rental of Sutherland was retained by its chieftainess. Her husband spent 60,000*l.* on the people, and she gave away 12,000*l.* in direct relief, which in many cases reached families of squatters who, paying rent to no one, had drifted on to her estate, and settled on it without her leave. None the less did her plans of transplantation bring about what she termed 'a kind of mutiny,' one which had to be suppressed, lest similar disturbances might affect neighbouring proprietors. Fierce passions were roused, and to this day the names of the agents instrumental in the Sutherland removals are mentioned with hatred in the most distant parts of the world. Sutherland emigrants still regret the glens where their forefathers lived, and probably starved.

The process of clearing for sheep-farms has been criticised; but in the face of the failure and caprices of the potato crop since 1847, it is difficult to imagine what might have been the fate of the people of Sutherland had its population existed in multitudinous numbers. Since the formation of sheep-farms the practice of letting land for purposes of sport has also arisen, and been carried to great perfection. By some politicians this is a state of things as heartily abused as ever were the sheep-farms and farmers of Countess Elizabeth and Mr. James Loch. Yet these sportsmen and the railway traffic of the Highland Railway open out the wildest parts of Sutherland, distribute money,

and provide distant markets for game, cattle, and fish. The truth is that the economic question in Sutherland has not yet found an answer. It is a Sphinx, and, seated between two seas, she sits and waits. Two points ought not to be lost sight of. The one is, that when the Crofters' Commission sat in Sutherland, the late Duke's rents, so far from having to be reduced as excessive, were in many cases ordered to be raised. The other is the systematic agitation for which the Gaelic press and Free Church are largely answerable, and which has broken the old ties between chieftain and clansman, landlord and tenant. The landlords, by their original blunder in refusing free sites to the congregations and clergy of the Disruption, put themselves in the wrong; though it is doubtful whether, if the Irish question did not exist, agitation in the Highlands would have been either as deep or as well organised as it now is. It is not easy to see what the next changes may bring forth. When property is vested in the hands of few, too few, owners, it is like an inverted pyramid, unsteady because of the narrowness of the base. All that remains to be wished is, that in the county, as in the kingdom, moderation and charity may prevail over agitation and covetousness; that Sutherland may not forget how, in the pregnant words of the Duke of Argyll, 'two great partners in the life of man, ' and in the greatness of nations, have been married before ' the altar of God—partners never to be separated without ' calamity and tears—the love of liberty and the love of ' law.'

ART. VII.—*Mémoires du Général Baron Thiébault.*

Three vols. 8vo. Paris: 1894.

THESE volumes are rather a good specimen of the mass of literature, composed of 'Souvenirs' and 'Memoirs,' of the revolutionary and Napoleonic era, which has been given to the world of late years. Their author, Paul Thiébault, was a soldier of mark, known as a good military writer in his day, who took an honourable if not a prominent part in many of the stirring scenes of the great drama of war which began at Valmy and closed at Waterloo, and who, having survived many of his companions in arms, passed quietly away under the monarchy of July. His 'Reminiscences'—these volumes are, perhaps, the first instalment—extend from 1776 to 1806, and abound in anecdotes and curious details respecting a period which stands out conspicuously grand in the history of the world, and of which the fascinating interest seems ever on the increase. They give us glimpses of the life of the French colony at Berlin in the later years of the eighteenth century, and of the court and camp of Frederick the Great; and they contain passages which throw fresh light on the characteristics of the Ancient Régime in France and of French society before its tremendous fall. Passing on to the great upheaval that followed, they illustrate scenes of 1789-95, if not very strikingly, with good sense and judgement; and they convey a vivid and clear impression of the true nature, and, so to speak, of the genius of the memorable conflict of 1792-94, the boast justly of revolutionary France, but the opprobrium, even more, of old monarchic Europe. The author took an active, sometimes a distinguished, part in several of the great succeeding campaigns from 1796 to 1805; his experiences of the splendid contest in Italy, of Championnet's shortlived invasion of Naples, of the siege of Genoa, of the crowning day of Austerlitz—history has here found a place for his name—though not of particular value, still deserve attention. In his account of these famous passages of war Thiébault shows a strong republican bias, and gives proof of well-marked likes and dislikes; he has no sympathy with the Napoleonic legend; and, while he is blind to Masséna's faults, he detests Berthier, and especially Soult. Yet he does justice to Napoleon's genius in civil as well as military affairs, though the empire, at least, was not to his taste; and, speaking generally, all that he tells us about the Consular

and the Imperial era agrees with the judgement of well-informed writers. We cannot help censuring whole chapters of the work, recurring over and over again, though they are no doubt true to the spirit of the time, and we are not slaves of over-nice prudery. But Thiébault has devoted hundreds of pages to narratives of his *bonnes fortunes*, told in the fashion of Crébillon and Paul de Kock; he gives names, places, and even prurient details: an 'Index Expurgatorius' of this stuff is required by decency.

Paul Thiébault was born in 1769, a scion of a family that had long held lands along the wooded slopes of the Vosges. The child's father was wont to boast of his *roturier* descent—a homage, perhaps, to the new ideas of the day, though he was probably allied to the noble house of Sucy. He often repeated the boast to Frederick the Great, whose *métier*, nevertheless, was distinctly 'Royaliste.' Through the interest of D'Alembert, M. Thiébault, a man of letters of some repute, obtained a place at the Prussian Court connected with the archives of the State; he was for some years rather a prominent figure in the small but brilliant French society of Berlin. He seems to have remembered the quarrel between Voltaire and Maupertuis; a great personage endeavoured to patch it up, but Voltaire made the characteristic remark: 'What two Frenchmen owe to each other! Remember that if two Frenchmen were to meet at the uttermost parts of the earth, one would certainly devour the other; it is a law of nature.'

With intervals of short visits to France, Paul was at Berlin until he had passed his first teens. Nothing in the habits or the education of the boy gave promise of a soldier of daring and resource. He was half deaf, and had an impediment in his speech, was too sickly to bear reading, and was so impressionable, excitable, and weakly sensitive that his parents trembled for his precarious health. At eighteen, the 'Nouvelle Héloïse' made him almost insane; yet we may recollect that Jean-Jacques's masterpiece turned some of the hardest heads of the time, and left a deep mark on the mind of Napoleon, as we see in the first writings of the youthful Corsican:—

'After the first pages I became delirious. I did not read, I devoured. Days were not enough, nights were spent, and from emotion to emotion, from paroxysm to paroxysm, I arrived at the last letter of Saint-Preux, not crying, but screaming, howling like a wild beast.'

These volumes contain rather pleasing sketches of the

good society of Berlin in those days. The French colony was favoured by Frederick the Great; and though Rossbach was not a remote event, the French and Prussians of the upper classes blended freely with each other without a sign of ill-will. The king treated M. Thiébault with marked kindness; Paul treasured the memory of the great sovereign with a reverence which continued through life; unconsciously, indeed, he has drawn a contrast between the warrior and legislator of monarchic Prussia and the crowned soldier and lord of revolutionary France, by no means to Napoleon's advantage. He thus describes how immensely superior the Prussian army and its officers seemed, not many years before Valmy and Jena; a kind of national levity and want of discipline have often caused even the most acute observers to fail to perceive the great qualities of a French army, just as the Spartans could not understand the Athenians in the field:—

‘The great manœuvres in May, at which Frederick displayed all the splendours of his military power, possess a reputation so remarkable that it might be superfluous to refer to them; they justified it in every respect. . . . I have never forgotten Valenciennes; we arrived at parade time, and I saw there, for the first time of my life, officers wearing broad-brimmed hats, mounted on pattens and carrying umbrellas because it was raining a little. I was amazed and scandalised as I compared this sight with that which the Prussian army, so stern in its bearing, so military in its smallest details, had made me accustomed to.’

Young Thiébault beheld the decline of the *Ancient Régime* at the age when impressions are most strongly marked; his reminiscences of these years are not without interest. The aspect of Paris represented the harsh differences of class, too apparent at the time—the wasteful grandeur of the rich and the wretchedness of the poor. Like Pasquier, the youth describes the splendours of Longchamps:—

‘Everything was there which an immense capital, a brilliant and sumptuous Court, large fortunes, and prodigality limited only by the impossibility of exceeding it, which the rivalry of the wealthy and the fashion of extravagant fools could think of and produce. What was only handsome appeared vulgar, what was simple was hooted at. Among a great crowd of remarkable carriages were to be seen about fifty, every season, of peculiar splendour, and some dozen of these seemed rather the chariots of goddesses than of plain mortals.’

What Carlyle calls *Dubarrydom* still lifted its head, though occasionally put down by orders from Versailles:—

‘The extravagances of some courtesans were carried to such a point

that the police were obliged to interfere, in order to prevent them eclipsing royalty and the great. So it happened that the Duthé—that charming woman who caused the Comte d'Artois to say “qu'après avoir mangé du gâteau de Savoie,* il fallait prendre du thé”—was arrested, powerful as were her lovers, in the avenue of Longchamps, and carried off to For-l'Évêque.'

The humbler classes were miserably housed and fed; it was from dens like these that Marat drew his recruits, and the furies, who shrieked around the guillotine, issued:—

'Poverty devoured the populace of the capital; it was gathered together into narrow streets and alleys, where the sun's rays never entered; a hundred thousand of these wretched beings lived in pestilential cellars along the quays of the Seine—cellars flooded by rain and the rising of the river perhaps ten times a year.'

This degraded populace turned out in multitudes to hold the carnival in uproarious mirth; beware, Tocqueville has remarked, of hilarity of this kind.

'The very poor daubed their faces, and covered themselves with rags which they tried to make comical. . . . They crowded in hundreds and thousands into the streets and squares.'

The Thiébaults took pride in being *roturiers*, yet in the confusion of orders prevailing at this time—a marked sign of the Revolution at hand—they mixed freely, in social life, with the *noblesse*. M. Thiébault was intimate with Montlègues and De Guines, and was often a guest of the aged Duc de Richelieu, a relic of the age of Louis XIV., and if a soldier, a pandar of Louis XV. This is a sketch of this piece of decrepitude and sin:—

'My father often saw the pails of milk used in the marshal's baths, which were sold again, as far as might be, in the neighbourhood. He saw him at his toilet; that is, as he was wont to smooth out the skin on his forehead, when his peruke was being put on, in order to hide wrinkles. . . . He was fed on pigeons as soon as they broke the shell.'

Paul's account of the bearing of Louis XVI. corresponds with that of nearly all eye-witnesses:—

'To my mind Louis XVI. was wanting in dignity. As he passed me by one day, when he was going out hunting, he pulled up to laugh with one of the *seigneurs* in the company; his laugh was so loud and coarse, that it was more like that of a roystering farmer than that of a monarch. His hunting dress, too, seemed to me mean.'

* The Comte d'Artois had just married a princess of the house of Savoy.

The clouds were darkening around Marie-Antoinette; the diamond necklace, cruel epigrams at Versailles, and levity and favouritism, had wrought havoc with the fair fame of one, we believe, guiltless of nine-tenths of what has been laid to her charge:—

‘I saw the queen returning from Mass; there was more nobleness in her manner and walk, and especially more dignity in her look; but a robe of white muslin, all of a piece and by no means clean, was not the kind of garb in which a Queen of France, at this period beyond others, should have appeared in public. . . . But what shocked me most—nay, was scandalous and revolting—was the language uttered about her by pages, *gardes du corps*, and young nobles in the State apartments.’

The whole Royal House, in fact, was condemned in opinion:—

‘Louis XVI. was blamed but pitied; Monsieur, if distrusted, was applauded; but the Comte d’Artois was severely censured for his libertine conduct, for his prodigality to his mistresses, for his luxury, for his mad extravagance, and notably for bagatelle, that rapid, attractive, but costly creation. His debauchery exasperated Paris and France.’

These reminiscences give us here and there glimpses of the diseased and corrupt state of society at the time. ‘The rivers went back to their sources; justice and everything was turned awry.’

These Memoirs fairly retrace the character of the times, before the great cataclysm swept over France, as this appeared to a youth of parts and intelligence. Society, as to the upper and middle classes, flitted over an abyss lit up by a false rainbow of hope; it was the day of dreamers despising dignities, of the decay of all that keeps a nation together, of the subversion of rank and distinctions of orders, of sickly sentiment and vice tricked out in brilliancy, of infidelity evolving monstrous faiths—Cagliostro and Mesmer supplanting God—above all, of the deceptive calm that precedes the tempest.

M. Thiébault had been made a Keeper of the Garde-Meuble, and one of the staff of the Royal Library of France, before the Revolution began its course. The family was so unconscious of what was at hand, that its members, old and young, were at a picnic at Vincennes on July 12, 1789, and spent the day in amusements of many kinds:—

‘We had with us about a dozen servants, as many coachmen, and all that was required to have an admirable luncheon and dinner on the grass. As we did not want any strange company, we went into the

most secluded part of the forest. We were in need of nothing ; indeed, good spirits made up for all deficiencies. Games of all sorts, leaping, running, racing, diversified our pleasures but did not exhaust them. Dancing followed, we had a regular ball, including an orchestra ; the day, in a word, was a delicious one, and without a cloud up to half-past eight in the evening.'

The night brought the news of the first rising of Paris :—

'The Revolution came on us, so to speak, at a country dance ; it was doubly alarming ; we were not made for these rapid passages from pleasure to death. Be that as it may, all expression of feeling was kept under. The company, agitated by cruel anxiety, thought only of themselves and their own ; everyone put his carriage to, got his people in, and set off.'

Paul, though the son of a servant of the Crown, was soon enrolled in the National Guard of Paris, apparently at his father's instance. He describes the sack of the Garde-Meuble and the fall of the Bastille ; but there is nothing new in his account of these events. The youth was in his twentieth year ; he had attended the reviews of Frederick the Great, and had learned something about moving armed men ; and he quickly showed the aptitude for war that has always been characteristic of the Gaul, but that, in his case, was to be hardly expected. He was placed in command of a little platoon charged to patrol the roads leading from Versailles to Neuilly ; a Royalist attack on the capital was feared, even after 'Paris had conquered her king.' He acquitted himself of this task with credit ; indeed, his chief difficulty was to make his men amenable to any kind of discipline. His battalion belonged to the Feuillant section ; the rank and file, *bourgeois* untrained to arms, rose in fury at an arrangement that a fixed number of the old Gardes Françaises should be attached to the corps, in order to give it cohesion and strength :—

'This displeased most of the men ; they were ready enough to be set free from equality in fatigue and hard work, but only on the condition that the semblance of equality was to be retained. The first proposals on this head were very badly received. . . . The disorder soon became terrible. We were lost in the crowd, and could only make ourselves heard by our cries. In order to make up for our small numbers by advantage of position, we seized the chair and shouted to the assembly. Having gained something by this, an attempt was made to dislodge us ; we were attacked by the most excited members of the crowd.'

Thiébault was on service on October 5, and drove back

a bevy of the savage women who were hurrying to Versailles:—

‘I took my station at the wicket of the Feuillants; I had sent five men, one a corporal, with orders to make this female gang retreat. The message only exasperated the women; my advanced guard was hooted at and driven back, but I sent the rest of the men to support it; they barred the street of St. Honoré, and I charged these creatures. By striking them with the butt-ends of our muskets, kicking them, and even thrusting at their bellies and loins with the bayonet, we dispersed them, and drove them to the wall of Saint-Roch; they flung themselves inside, uttering frightful imprecations and threats.’

The flight of the mænads, as Carlyle has called it, and the scenes of blood at Versailles that followed, are narrated at some length in this work; but this passage of history has been fully explored. Thiébault charges Lafayette with remissness, perhaps with treachery:—

‘I took part in these grave occurrences; and judging from my own experience, and from what others have pronounced as facts, thrown open to the investigation of everybody, and discussed a hundred times in a hundred ways, I share in the conviction that M. de la Fayette—I cannot give him the title of a general—willed the events of the 5th and 6th of October. If he still wished that there should be a king, as M. Thiers has said, or if he still wished to have a king, he wished the king to be a mere mannikin—that is, a king without kingship. He thought only of saving appearances, and he saved them badly. He was eager to play a great part, and believed the occasion to be a favourable one to be the moderator of a populace which he allowed to go much too far, and to be the saviour of a king whom he exposed to the greatest danger. He wished to have it said that the king owed his life to him, whereas the royal family and the king himself nearly owed their deaths.’

This comment on the Federation and its great festival—a puppet-show masking an appalling tragedy for France and the world of Europe—is just:—

‘The Federation was followed by many rejoicings; no unhappy memory attaches to these. It was certainly the brightest day of the Revolution. One might have said that nothing more was to be looked for. The king had seemed content, and perhaps was so; the *fédérés* made France ring with the homage they paid him, and if France could have been delivered from the madness of both parties, whether at Court or among the demagogues, the king and the kingly office might have been preserved. But revolutions do not march in this way.’

Thiébault was present at the trial of Favras, one of the famous ‘knights of the dagger,’ charged with being an agent of the Comte de Provence to murder Necker and Lafayette, and to spirit the king away from Paris, and he

declares that no doubt was entertained of his guilt. The following anecdote is new to us :—

‘One last word. President Talon remained in possession of all the documents relating to the trial; at his death they passed into the hands of his son, a brother of Madame Du Cayla. I do not know if the favour in which she was held was due to the fact that these papers were handed over; but certainly she founded the fortune of M. Talon. She caused his promotion to the grade of *maréchal de camp*, and brought about his marriage.

There is a good deal about events in Paris during the pause before the horrors of 1792–93; but we pass by this part of the work. The *bourgeoisie* were not yet terrorised, the Royalists were still hatching plots :—

‘Despite the gravity of events the national character retained its gaiety. People conspired and laughed at the same time; gambled for their lives and sang songs; danced and slew each other. On the 28th of February I marched with fixed bayonets, and, as in a charge, into the king’s palace; on the 29th, in the evening, I was at a ball at the Club des Etrangers, an aristocratic ball, of which I have already spoken. I danced with a young lady—I recollect her beautiful figure, but not her name—when the son of M. Sombreuil passed by; she stopped him, and eagerly asked, “Is it possible that you were struck yesterday?” “More than possible, Madame,” he replied, with a smile. . . . She burst out into a rage, and passionately exclaimed, “Gentlemen, Paris is no place for you.” Her words revealed the part then played by ladies of the Court; they made as many *émigrés* as fanaticism and the Terror.’

Thiébault refers to a daughter-in-law of Racine as among the acquaintances of his father. A tragedy was at hand which the graceful rhymers of the Court of the great king could not have conceived or portrayed :—

‘She was a tall, thin woman; her features were dignified; she was ninety-one or ninety-two years old; her memory could not retain contemporaneous facts, but was still fresh as regards the past—that is, the eighteenth century, with which she was born—and the traditions of the whole reign of Louis XIV. She still wore the dress of those days.’

Thiébault thus describes the return from the flight to Varennes, and the attitude of the people of Paris. All confidence in the king and queen was now lost. The Revolution swept rapidly on its downward course :—

‘Louis XVI. and Marie-Antoinette seemed as if they were on the way to death—every moment, indeed, brought this fate near. And what tortures were theirs even now—in the presence of 300,000 or 400,000 men, all covered, all keeping an ominous silence, in accordance with the order that had been printed and put up along the king’s

passage, an order without signature and beyond appeal: "Whoever cheers the king shall be beaten, whoever insults him shall be hanged!" Nor was that all. On the day after the royal family had re-entered the Tuileries a little ribbon of black colour was found drawn from the opening of the wicket gate, and west and east along the terrace of the Feuillants, and up to the walls of the château, on which, at intervals, were pinned bits of paper bearing the words, "a Black Forest."

The author was on duty in the Court of the Feuillants—it led into the Tuileries Gardens—when the monarchy fell on August 10. He successfully held a savage mob at bay, and thought he saw Napoleon among the lookers-on. He thus describes the bearing of Théroigne, the Amazonian harlot of 1789–92, soon to be trodden under foot by the woman fiends of the Commune:—

'As long as I live this creature will be before my mind; the sound of her voice, as she began, will ring in my ears—"How long will you allow yourselves to be mocked by empty words?" I tried to answer, but could get no hearing; a thousand shouts of applause welcomed the words that fell from her mouth; a thousand execrations broke out when I attempted to speak. . . . She wore a close gown of blue cloth, had a pair of pistols and a dagger in her girdle, and—I say it with horror—was a handsome, very handsome brunette of twenty.'

The massacres of September and the Convention formed the prelude to the scenes of the Reign of Terror and to the subjugation of the *bourgeoisie* to the mob of Paris. Thiébault threw off the uniform of the National Guards, but joined a battalion of volunteers marching to the frontier to join Dumouriez. This body was well armed and even well disciplined; it defiled through the Assembly amidst patriotic uproar—not an extraordinary sight in that time of frenzy:—

'The battalion was mustered before it set off; the evening before the day fixed for marching we defiled, on a front of three, through the Assembly, amidst cries from the tribunes and shouts of exultation from the deputies. Of its kind the spectacle was very imposing. Our bearing, our armament, were excellent; the precision of our march, our demeanour, the fierce look we assumed, were not less remarkable.'

Thiébault served in different grades in the armies of France during the two memorable years that ensued, and saw the hosts of the Coalition that had approached the Somme rolled back beyond the Waül and the Yssel. His adventures were many, some curious; we can only take a fleeting glance at them. He distinguished himself at Condé and other places, and honourably won the epaulettes of a captain. Having made the acquaintance of the Duc de Chartres, of his sister, afterwards Madame Adélaïde, and of

the well-known Madame de Genlis—his reminiscences of these personages are not without interest—he attracted the notice of one of Dumouriez's lieutenants, was made an aide-de-camp of General de Valence, and was involved in the results of Dumouriez's defection, escaping the guillotine by the merest accident. He became afterwards the companion of a wrongheaded kinsman, a commissioner of the Republican armies, and went on several tours of inspection; a few words the commissioner thoughtlessly dropped nearly brought the pair within the grasp of Robespierre during the worst months of the Reign of Terror. He was usually, however, in the ranks of the armies; his military experiences, if not of peculiar interest, are well selected and of some value. He confirms the judgement pronounced long ago by history that it was the remissness of the allies alone, especially in not marching on Paris and in wasting time on sieges not the least required, that caused the ignominious failure of 1793:—

'The Duke of York, the Prince of Cobourg, and the Prince of Orange resolved to undertake without delay the sieges of Mayence, of Condé, of Valenciennes, of Dunkirk, and not to advance until they had become masters of these strong places. It was the most absurd of decisions. No doubt that a great deal must be sacrificed in order to gain points of support, when you may be attacked by forces equal to your own, is a self-evident truth; but that 160,000 victorious troops should have loitered around fortresses when all that was before them was composed of 50,000 men, beaten, demoralised, and easy to subdue, this single fact is scarcely conceivable.'

The following is in accord with the views of Napoleon and Bugeaud, and is significant of the events of 1870:—

'How often it has been said and written, "Without generals, without officers, without trained soldiers, we have defeated all armies"! Nothing is more false and ridiculous. Without the systematic delays, made by the Austrians especially, we were lost a hundred times over. . . . This should be clearly kept in sight, for faults of this kind will not be committed again. We beat them repeatedly, but we have taught the races of Germany and of the North war. They have adopted our organisation of *corps d'armée* . . .; they have learned that victory is incomplete when the enemy is given time to repair his losses; . . . they perceive that the only decisive results of victory are to be found in the occupation of capital cities.'

Nor were the military operations of the French much better than those of their feeble enemies. The one fine French movement in the campaign of 1793 was the retreat from the camp of Cæsar to the camp of La Gravelle; this

placed Kilmaine on the invaders' flank, and gained a breathing-time for his discomfited levies :—

'This movement, no doubt, abandoned Bouchain and Cambrai to their unaided resources, as the evacuation of the camp of Famars* had caused the abandonment of Valenciennes; but it was not the less the only expedient to save for France the wrecks of the troops, who became the nucleus of the Army of the North.'

The tactics of the Allies were as false as their strategy—disunited and never decisive attacks. There was a reason, indeed, for these faulty movements; the size of armies had increased, and roads had multiplied; and men of routine had inferred from these facts that military operations should be conducted on many lines, even on the field of battle. The value of concentration was shown by Napoleon; he turned to their true uses the changed conditions of war.

The measures of the Committee of Public Safety, atrocious and barbarous as they were, undoubtedly threw open a career to talent, and gave Hoche, Jourdan, Pichegru, Kléber, Marceau, Moreau, and other distinguished soldiers their first opportunity to show their powers. Yet for one success of this kind there were numberless failures, and Thiébault agrees with a host of writers that most of the Republican generals were very inferior men. They had not and could not have experience in war; they were paralysed by the commissioners in their camps: many owed their position to sheer favouritism, or to interested professions of the Jacobin faith. Like Macdonald and Marbot, Thiébault gives many instances of the worthlessness of these improvised chiefs; their survivors did much mischief in the Grand Army, even under Napoleon, many years afterwards :—

'Private soldiers, even drummers, became on a sudden colleagues of adjutants-general, generals of brigade, and generals of division, the highest military grade then in existence. I might refer to Balland, who had been the drummer of my company of Grenadiers at the Feuillants, who had cleaned our boots and done our commissions—a man without manners or thought, made at once a general of division; † and Vinternier, head of one of the squads of the *Tappe-durs* of Maillard, who, a Septembrist, was made a general of brigade by St. Just on the field of battle for having rescued him from the Austrians. . . . As to our commander, Charbonnier . . . he amused his army, and even all the armies of the Republic, by anecdotes of the grossest absurdity.'

* The text says the camp of César, but the camp of Famars must be meant.

† Balland, however, did good service in Italy in 1797.

The really striking feature of these campaigns was the patriotic heroism of the young French levies. They owed much, no doubt, to the support they received from the disciplined troops of the fallen monarchy; this was wanting to their successors in 1870-71. They repeatedly gave proof of weakness and panic; they were, in organisation, inferior to the trained allied soldiery; but they were upheld by the sentiment that they fought for France; they were animated by intense love of the natal soil; they endured admirably the severest privations; they soon exhibited the fine martial qualities of their race. These volumes contain a number of passages that illustrate their energy, moral power, and intelligence. A female Amazon performed this brilliant feat of arms:—

‘Several troopers of the hussars of the Ardennes and chasseurs of my battalion, having advanced too far, were vigorously driven back by a squadron of the Blankenstein regiment. She rode forward at furious speed, followed by a few hussars, who, of their own accord, but inspired by her enthusiasm, rushed after her. She shot into the midst of the men most in danger, checked the pursuit of the enemy, and cried out to our soldiers, “Chasseurs! close to the tails of the horses!”

This is an example of the patience, under hardship, of these noble French youths:—

“Learn, young man,” the general said to the spokesman of a body of soldiers who had complained of the bad quality and insufficiency of their rations—“learn that it is after a course of hard work, of privations, of fatigues, of sufferings, that you must purchase the honour to fight and die for your country.” This speech caused a strong impression; cheers broke forth: these did as much credit to the soldiers, from whom they came, as to the chief who had called them forth.’

The French soldier, a *frondeur*, no doubt, is intelligent in a very high degree; the intelligence of the levies of 1793 was above the average. Napoleon has related more than one anecdote like this:—

“You will see,” said Donzelot (the well-known general of division at Waterloo), “how our men estimate their generals and the operations of war in which they have taken part.” The proof was complete: the movements that had been made, the combats, the battles, everything was related, explained, criticised; each general was praised or blamed according to his merits or his defects. I was astonished at the severe but exact method with which, in the midst of jests, each more funny than the other, the account of each was cast up.’

Thiébault married an English lady during these events; the marriage, it seems, was not fortunate. His father had, of course, lost the appointment of the Garde-Meuble, and

though he obtained afterwards a somewhat similar post, the family was among 'the suspects' in the Reign of Terror. The author tells us some things about the character of this time—a scene of hell let loose upon earth:—

'The Terror had reached its final stage: to be suspected of being suspected was enough for arrests; to be arrested was condemnation to death. The story is known about a citizen of Paris, who, having presented himself at the barriers, dressed in a carmagnole, with a fine cockade in his hat and even a little red cap in his buttonhole, had this colloquy. "Your certificate!" "There it is." "Your inscription in the National Guard!" "Here." "Your certificate of civism!" "Here." "Scoundrel!" cried the examiner, "you are too much *en règle*. I arrest you." It was the moment of the great executions, and three days afterwards the wretched man was guillotined.'

This is a specimen of Fouquier-Tinville at play:—

'The victims were condemned without an indictment, without witnesses, without advice, without advocates, without questions being asked, literally upon their names being called. These judgments of savages were interspersed with jokes that made one shudder. An old lady does not hear what is said to her; and a remark is made that she is deaf. "She is deaf, is she?" cried Fouquier; "write down that she conspired *sourdement*.'"

This story about Robespierre may not be true; that it was current and believed shows what the man was:—

'This charming woman ingratiated herself with the leaders of the crew in order to escape from the cannibals of the Reign of Terror. She was at supper with Trial and Robespierre. Robespierre got drunk and disclosed his plans to make France sick of liberty through horrors and bloodshed. Trial kept his head and told him, "You have let out everything to people you cannot rely on." The monster charged Madame Sainte-Amaranthe, M. and Mme. de Sartine—who also had been at the supper—down to the servants, with having sought to poison him. The whole party was arrested, haled before the Revolutionary Tribunal, judged, condemned, and executed.'

Thiébault was in Paris on the 13th Vendémiaire; his account of the revolt of the Sections, and of the measures taken by Napoleon to put it down, is, on the whole, the best we have ever read. He describes remarkably well how the insurrectionary masses were hampered and baffled by the nature of the ground, and by their own great but disorderly force. This is his first sketch of the youthful Bonaparte:—

'His delicate-looking figure and statuesque countenance were required to make me recognise the little man who, in the alley of the Feuillants, seemed to me one of the victims. The disorder of his dress, his long-hanging hair, and his threadbare uniform still revealed his

poverty. . . . He astonished me by his activity. He seemed to be everywhere at the same moment, or rather, he was only lost sight of at one point to be seen again at another. He surprised me even more by the brevity of his speech and the clearness and readiness of his orders, imperative in the highest degree. The ability of his arrangements struck everyone; it led from admiration to confidence, and from confidence to enthusiasm.'

Napoleon's appointment to the command of the army of Italy is attributed in this work to Barras, perhaps a *cher ami* of Joséphine. The evidence, however, rather tends to prove that it was due to the recommendation of Carnot, who had justly admired the genius shown in the plan for the great campaign of 1796, made by the young artilleryman at the War Office. The appointment was not welcome in the opinion of Paris:—

'By a happy inspiration he had, indeed, done important service at the siege of Toulon, where, with the army of Italy, he had given one piece of advice which success had attended, and another which, unfortunately, was not followed; he had written remarkable things, and had explained how a new way to reach Vienna could be opened. But it was otherwise to assume that he could defeat large armies, inured to war, and commanded by chiefs who had proved their worth. The public saw in the nomination rather a favour bestowed on Madame Bonaparte than wisdom and care for the national interests.'

Thiébault correctly says that, at this period of his career, Napoleon had little knowledge of the lesser tactics, and that Italy was a fortunate theatre for his strategic genius. Mere tactics, indeed, were never Napoleon's strong point; he never led a regiment in the field. The only arm he thoroughly understood was artillery:—

'He could not at this time have manœuvred a regiment; he could not have been prepared by experience, I will not say for the conception, but for the direction of a great pitched battle, fought in a plain, one of those ordered engagements, in which you must attack your enemy in front, in which eccentric movements are, for the most part, impracticable, and in which tactics must often take the place of strategy.'

Napoleon, indeed, was conscious of this defect at the time. The following is curious, only a few months before Arcola and Rivoli:—

'I think I can still see General Bonaparte. He wore a small *chapeau* with a slovenly cockade; his tricolour sash was carelessly tied; his uniform was abominably made; his sabre did not seem an arm that would make his fortune. He threw his *chapeau* on a table, in the middle of the room, and addressed an old general of the name of Krieg, remarkable for his knowledge of military details, and the

author of an excellent tract called "Manual for Republican Soldiers." He made him sit down by him, and, pen in hand, asked him a number of questions relating to the service. Some of his questions revealed such an absolute ignorance of the most commonplace things that my comrades smiled. As for myself I was struck by the number of his questions, their logical order, and the rapidity with which the replies were seized and extended to their consequences. Other questions were thus solved.'

Thiébault took no part in the triumphant march of the army of Italy from the Var to the Adige, and in the defeats of Beaulieu, Colli, and Würmsers. He joined the army in the company of Solignac—pilloried by Marbot as one of Masséna's jackals in scenting out and seizing forbidden plunder—and was attached to Masséna's corps a few days after Arcola. This is his portrait of that great soldier, half robber, half smuggler, but a real *homme de guerre*, by far the first of the Imperial marshals:—

'Masséna was not educated, scarcely knew the rudiments, but his countenance was full of sagacity and force; his glance was the look of an eagle; in the way he carried his head—elevated, but slightly inclined to the left—surprising dignity and boldness were combined; his gesture was imperious, his ardour, his activity, extraordinary; his language, short and to the point, showed how clear was his head; his slightest expressions were striking; the rapidity and the propriety of his replies showed that he could rise and yet keep his place. The strength of his character fitted him for authority and command; Masséna was in his true position at the head of troops.'

The author's first interview with Napoleon attests the careful attention he gave to details, as characteristic of the man as his strategic power:—

'“How many men are there in the 20th, the 18th, the 25th, the 32nd, the 75th, the 5th dragoons, and the 1st regiment of cavalry? Have the corps of this division detachments in the rear? What is their strength? Where are they? Are they coming up, and when? What is the state of their arms, dresses, and leg-gear? What resources exist in these respects? What is the condition of the artillery, its material, and horses? Is the distribution of rations made regularly? Are the bread, meat, wine, and forage of a good quality? How many men are in hospitals on the spot? how many in other hospitals? How are the hospitals maintained? What is the mortality in them? What is done to lessen it? What is the division's line of operation? How are the troops placed? What are they doing, and how is it done? Where are the enemy's outposts?”'

Thiébault criticises the ordinary accounts of Arcola; but in his criticism he has found a mare's nest. It has never been alleged by a good historian that the French mastered

the bridge on November 15, during the scene of a most murderous conflict; Napoleon has written the exact contrary. Thiébault may perhaps be right in saying that Guieu, who marched from Albaredo up the Alpone, seized the bridge hours afterwards, between the 15th and 16th, at night, and abandoned it on the next day, through a mistake; but this is not to be inferred from Napoleon's report written at the time, and with the facts before him. We quote the following for what it may be worth:—

‘In consequence of a misunderstanding which has never been cleared up, or of an act of disobedience which it was thought fit not to punish, the brigade . . . evacuated Arcola and returned to Ronco, having traversed the famous bridge in its retreat.’

The author was at Rivoli, with Masséna's corps, and records a few novel details of the battle. The troops beaten by Davidowich, when under Vaubois, gave way panic-stricken when ordered to attack; Masséna was perhaps more hardly pressed than has been commonly supposed. Thiébault attracted Napoleon's attention in the fight, and evidently distinguished himself greatly; but he did not witness the decisive stroke of the day, the defeat of Quasdanovich and his overburdened columns. He denies that Rey's corps took part in the battle, and confirms Napoleon's report that Lusignan's corps, which had debouched on the rear of the French, was brought to bay by a regiment which had just reached the field. The brilliant attack then made has been often described:—

‘Bonaparte, turning to the best advantage this sudden reinforcement—he was incapable of missing the chance—exclaimed, “Brave men of the 18th, you have added to your renown; you shall have the honour of being the first to follow these troops who have had the impudence to turn us.” A thousand shouts were the answer.’

Thiébault was with Masséna in the memorable advance of Bonaparte and the army of Italy across the Noric Alps in the spring of 1797. The French were nerved to the highest pitch of daring, and formed a magnificent array of well-trained soldiers, well equipped, well organised, and admirably led; the Austrians were largely levies of recruits, and were inferior to the enemy even in mere numbers. Masséna's march to the Pass of Tarvis was a series of triumphs; his energy and that of his troops are well shown in this passage:—

‘General Lusignan, a prisoner on parole, said to me when he saw the direction we were taking, “I know the mountain you have to

ascend; infantry can cross it with difficulty; cavalry with great loss and after much hardship; a gun and still less a caisson cannot get over. Please tell this to General Masséna." . . . Masséna heard my message with much indifference, and when I had finished said, "Tell General Lusignan that yesterday I taught him how to attack a village, to-day I will teach him how to pass over a mountain."

The operations of the Archduke Charles in this brief campaign were directed by the Aulic Council, and thoroughly faulty; this, indeed, he has acknowledged himself. He ought to have assembled his forces in the Tyrol, and awaited his reinforcements from the Rhine; he was sent, instead, to cover Trieste—an eccentric movement of the worst kind; and this threw open to Napoleon the way into Carinthia and the passes across the Julian Alps. Thiébault is wholly in error in asserting that the desperate effort made by the Archduke to retrace his steps to the Pass of Tarvis in order to attempt to save Bayalitsch was part of a great strategic plan to strike Masséna and Napoleon, one after the other, as he had manœuvred the year before against Moreau and Jourdan; he was too weak for an operation like this; and though Masséna showed characteristic vigour, the defeat of the archduke and the ruin of Bayalitsch should be ascribed to the false direction of the Austrian army, which gave Bonaparte an opportunity he seized. In the following passage, written at the time, Napoleon charges his adversary with what really was the fault of bad counsels sent from Vienna; he was not aware of this when he made it, but the error in the Austrian strategy is obvious to common sense:—

'Up to this point Prince Charles has manœuvred worse than Beaulieu and Wurmser; he has made mistakes at every step, very gross mistakes; these have cost him dear, but would have cost him a great deal more if his reputation had not to a certain extent imposed on me, and prevented me from being convinced of certain faults which he had made, and which I had perceived, but had attributed to combinations which, in truth, had no existence.'

It is unnecessary to follow the march to Leoben, a splendid termination of, on the whole, perhaps the most perfect of Napoleon's campaigns, taking in the achievements of 1796. Thiébault thus describes how the conqueror spared no means to strengthen the *force morale* of his troops, worth, in his judgement, '*trois fois, la force physique*,' and the chief element of power in a French army:—

'Bonaparte exerted himself to work by many ways on the imagination of his soldiers. His phrases, happy and profound, repeated with enthusiasm, his familiarities giving rise to a number of

anecdotes, his proclamations remarkable for their brevity and Ossianic expressions, the promotions he multiplied in his army, the good cheer he took care to have everywhere, all that he did to make himself the pride and the hope of his men—this did not suffice: he employed the arms of ridicule to amuse the soldiery and to make them despise their enemy. Thus it was that after their late exploits the barracks and cantonments were inundated with a witty brochure, as funny in conception as clever in composition; the troops read it and shouted with laughter. It was called the “most humble remonstrances of the grenadiers of the army of Italy to the high, mighty, and invincible Emperor of Austria,” qualified by innumerable titles and impertinent epithets. . . . Then came the signatures. He beats Beaulieu. He drubs Davidowich. He shuts up Würmser. He crunches Alvinzi. He swallows Provera.’

Thiébault had won his spurs in this fine passage of arms, was singled out by Masséna for praise, and was offered by Bernadotte the post of aide-de-camp. During the next eighteen months he was with the army in Italy, and contrived to make himself an object of the dislike of Berthier, already the chief of Napoleon’s staff, and a bitter enemy, he says, of Masséna. He passes over the great events of this period; his volumes are stuffed with love adventures at Gratz, at Padua, at Venice, and in Rome, which, as we have said, ought not to have been published. He became intimate at this time with La Salle, one of the most brilliant of cavalry officers, but a daredevil, a lady-killer, a scamp, and a duellist. The remains of this fine soldier have been lately borne to a grave in France from where he fell at Wagram. The following anecdote of him may be quoted:—

‘He made his squadron halt, and, covered as he was with dust, enters the vestibule on horseback; at the risk of breaking his neck a hundred times, he rides up the stone staircase leading to the first floor, prances over the marbles of the landing and the carpets of the *salons*, which he cuts and tears, gallops into the ball-room, and, to the horror of the dancers, dashes into a country dance. Having cleared away all around him, he orders the orchestra to play on, makes his horse dance like the guests, and then, having swallowed punch and made his horse drink lemonade and eat cake, and shown himself at the window to his men, and saluted the lady of the house and her company, he rides down the stairs again and rejoins his hussars.’

Having attained, partly through the interest of a fine lady, the much-coveted grade of *chef d’escadron*, Thiébault was in Rome for a great part of 1798. He beheld the creation of the Roman Republic, and the rising of the

French soldiery against their chiefs caused by want of pay, maladministration, dilapidation, and waste. He exculpates Masséna from the charge of wholesale rapine and scandalous neglect, and lays the blame on Berthier and others, but he will not displace the verdict of history on this subject. His account of Rome under sacerdotal rule, of the hideous immorality of priests and nuns, and of the miserable state of the mass of the people, records what is known but is not without interest.

Desaix met Thiébault in the first months of 1798, and wished to have him as a companion in arms in Egypt. Thiébault asserts that he had penetrated Napoleon's designs some time before they had been finally divulged: the assertion is made more than once in these volumes. The author describes at length Mack's invasion of Rome followed by Championnet's invasion of Naples. We shall not comment on operations thoroughly faulty, and only illustrating, for each side, the evil results of attacks made at wide distances on many lines. The French army had had a succession of chiefs, St. Cyr much the ablest of these; but Championnet had replaced Macdonald, and Thiébault insists that Macdonald almost betrayed his superior. Thiébault, during the greater part of the campaign, was under the immediate command of Duhesme, a distinguished veteran slain by the Prussians after the rout of Waterloo; his reminiscences contain two or three good sketches of the presence of mind and resource of his chief, and of his own skill and good sense as a soldier. At Pescara Duhesme was in grave danger, a large fortress in his front, and a savage insurrection in his rear, but he took the boldest and often the wisest course:—

‘General Duhesme took up the conversation with Girard* thus: “Who commands at Pescara?—There are two. What is the grade of the chief in command?—A brigadier-general. His name?—De Pietramaggiore. His title?—A marquis. His age?—About seventy. Is he well preserved? does he keep his colour?—He is thin and pallid. Is his voice strong and manly?—It is weak and dull. Is he lively, gay?—Neither one nor the other. What does he wear on his head?—He is powdered, and his hair is done in locks. Has he boots and spurs?—No; he wears silk stockings, shoes, and great buckles.” “Great buckles,” quoth Duhesme; “bring up the guns, and begin firing! The place is mine!”’

* A very able soldier slain at Ligny, not to be confounded with Gérard.

Duhesme's column and that of Lemoine were to join the main army across the Apennines; they were themselves separated, and the march was perilous. The troops had been left without a supply of shoes; Thiébault hit on an expedient to make this want good :—

'You have only 8,000 men in naked feet; you are in the midst of a population of 50,000, who have good boots and shoes. Well, 10,000 of these must leave their *chaussure* off. As for executing this plan nothing is simpler. Let commissioners be appointed; each of them, attended by four soldiers and a corporal and followed by men with baskets, will go from house to house, beginning with the richest, and, making no other distinction, will take 10,000 pairs of good boots and shoes.'

Thiébault did good service, besides, in saving a number of sick and wounded men from infuriated bands of peasants, and, in short, acquitted himself very well. He charges Macdonald with the hesitations and checks which took place in the advance; but probably, as Napoleon has shown,* these were mainly due to the original error in operating widely apart on many distinct lines. Thiébault thus portrays Mack, already denounced by Nelson as a villanous coward, but with a European reputation at this time :—

'I dined or supped half-a-dozen times with this celebrated man. Our generals did not care to have much to do with him, for their bearing and manners were not exactly those of General Mack. I was often seated at his right, the place the general-in-chief gave him. In this way I had several conversations with him. As the leader of an army he was as unfortunate as a man could be, but he discoursed most consummately on war. Marshal Marmont reminds me of him in the twofold peculiarity of military eloquence and ill-conducted operations.

Thiébault distinguished himself greatly in the attack on Naples, showed no ordinary energy and skill, and was made an adjutant-general by Championnet on the spot, with a gratification of 30,000 francs. One of the means of his success in fighting in the streets was to scatter coins among the lazzaroni, and to vociferate in homage of St. Januarius. It fell to his lot to place troops round the church dedicated to the saint; they presented arms to his image with every token of respect. The effect was magical :—

'As soon as the news spread and the people were informed that we were protecting the saint, the scene suddenly changed like a transformation in a theatre; the multitudes which had fought to the death

* Comment 3, 436, ed. 1867.

for a false-hearted king rushed in the same frantic way to the side of the French, shouting out with vehement exultation, "Vive la République!"

We pass over a number of warm scenes between this erotic soldier and a young lady of Milan, who accompanied him in the retreat from Naples. He served under Duhesme in raids against Apulian peasants—he calls the province La Pouille—who had taken arms for Ferdinand and Maria Caroline, and had no taste for the Parthenopean Republic. He displayed, as was his wont, both daring and resource, and cleverly cut out an armed felucca at sea, a feat not unworthy of a trained British seaman. He dwells at length on the Republican Government set up at Naples, on what he calls Championnet's wise policy, and on the exactions and oppression of French officials, which he lays to the charge of the Civil Commissioners, and of the Directory of which they were the servants. His account breathes the spirit then felt in the French army towards these functionaries and the men in power in France, no longer backed by the forces of the Reign of Terror, the spirit which triumphed on the 18th Brumaire:—

'Indignation at Naples grew in proportion to these scandals; but the reproach must be thrown on the Directory, this and much more. They left the army without resources; they compelled it to levy those enormous contributions from the country; the Civil Commissioners enforced the payment of these with extreme severity. As for General Championnet, he had throughout the campaign shown himself to be a very able soldier and politician.'

Championnet, before long, dismissed the Commissioners; for this and other acts, he was deprived of his command, with more than one of his best lieutenants. Thiébault insists that his successor, Macdonald, was plotting against him in these passages; but this was not the character of that honourable man, one of the few gentlemen among the French generals of the day. It may be said, however, that Macdonald's '*Souvenirs*' cannot be reconciled with this book as regards most of the events of this campaign; we shall not attempt to decide between them. The great reverses of the French in Northern Italy during the first months of 1799 compelled a speedy retreat from Naples, and Macdonald's army was in great danger. St. Januarius was again made a *deux ex machina* in favour of the Republican cause. An extraordinary scene took place in the church of the saint;—

'The church resounded with violent cries and howlings; the meaning of these was that the Virgin, Christ, and the Holy Spirit should ask the saint to perform his miracle. . . . Never did superstition show itself in more revolting features, in more disgusting colours. The scene went on for about ten minutes; it became ominous. The frantic crowd was on the point of breaking out even in imprecations against God, when the President of the Government of Naples, his face much disturbed, asked me to stand aside, and, approaching the Cardinal, drew a pair of pistols from his waistcoat pocket, and whispered in a stifled voice, "If the miracle be not at once performed, you are a dead man." . . . The Cardinal having shown General Macdonald and his attendants the red and liquid stuff, came out before the people and said, "You see, my brethren, Saint Januarius is for the Revolution." Every recollection of the late delay vanished; universal plaudits, shouts that seemed to shake the roof of the edifice, blended with the sound of sacred music.'

The retreat from Naples was attended with dreadful hardships, relieved, in Thiébault's case, by the Cynthia of a few weeks or months. He was invalided during the greater part of the campaign of 1799, remarkable, in Italy, for the reverses of the French on the theatre of their triumphs in 1796-97. But Schérer, Moreau, and Macdonald were not Bonaparte; Beaulieu, Würmser, and Alvinzi were not Suvóroff, so true it is that superior direction will always be the dominant force in war. Thiébault tells us something about the Russian army and a few anecdotes of Suvóroff, a barbarian, but a truly great soldier. Marbot relates a story of a French general nearly the same:—

'After a triumphant entry into Alessandria, a message was sent him that the people wished to see Suvóroff. "Well," was the answer, "so they shall." He forthwith stripped off all his clothes, except his jack boots, and naked as a reptile, having on his sword and orders only besides, he presents himself, chapeau in hand, at a balcony, and in this guise exhibits himself to the bystanders, twisting about like a puppy.'

The paramount cause of the defeat of the French in Italy was the isolation of the army of Naples from the main armies on the Adige and the Po, the false position Napoleon refused to take at the bidding of the Directory in 1796. But there was no master mind to direct the arms of France; and the French generals, as has so often happened, were divided by discreditable jealousies and dislikes. This anecdote of St. Cyr corresponds with a scoff of Bazaine at Frossard, which very probably brought about the defeat of Spicheren:—

'Préval, who was on the spot and was examining, during half an

hour, with St. Cyr, the masses of cavalry being accumulated against Walther's position, could not help exclaiming, "Why, general, he will be crushed." "Yes," said St. Cyr, with an indifference that upset me, "but there is no harm in giving these generals of the army of Naples a lesson." In effect, he was hardly in the plain before Walther was attacked, struck down, and fiercely pursued.

Thiébault dwells at some length on the 18th Brumaire; but there is little worthy of note in his narrative. He pronounces decidedly against Napoleon, perhaps because he had had a quarrel with Berthier; but this is a subject we need not discuss. He describes fairly enough the state of opinion which prompted the *coup d'état* and made its success probable:—

'It was not that the Directory were wanting in talents, in strength of character, and in patriotism, but five rulers, instead of quadrupling the power of the State, divided and annulled it because of their number. What could the directors, without fortune, without family, without a future, and without permanence do, trick them out and establish them as you please—do against military chiefs made illustrious by so many victories? . . . As for Bonaparte, all France had faith, not only in the genius, but in the magical influence of the man.'

The pear was now ripe; what must be deemed curious, Napoleon denounced the Directory in unmeasured language in a conversation with Thiébault, not one of his satellites:—

'I left peace; I find war. The influence of victory has been succeeded by disgraceful defeat. Italy had been conquered; it is invaded. France is threatened. I left millions behind; penury is everywhere; these men degrade France to the level of their own incapacity.'

Thiébault was an eye-witness of the scenes at St. Cloud, at least before the Five Hundred were broken up, and was struck by Napoleon's imperious attitude:—

"There are no orders to be given here but mine," he exclaimed; "arrest that man (a superior officer) and send him to prison." Four or five soldiers brutally fell on the chef-de-bataillon and dragged him off.'

When the victory had been won, Thiébault saw the First Consul, and submitted a plan for the campaign of 1800, which, he declares, anticipated that of Marengo:—

'No doubt this extraordinary man had a magnetic influence on me, such as no other power or being could have had, but I was not put out by the words he addressed to me. He stopped when before me, went a step back, and said, dryly, "You seem to be acquainted with the roads that lead to Italy." It was an opportunity for a compliment. I only replied, "General Consul, I thought it my duty to submit to you

my work, and this has encouraged me to send it." He made no answer, stared at me, took a pinch of snuff, and passed on.'

It was well that Napoleon did not shut Thiébault up, as he had shut up more than one projector of the kind. Unquestionably, as we see from the following, even private soldiers more than once guessed what their great leader intended to do:—

'General Bonaparte was carrying out an operation which could not be accomplished without absolute secrecy. He rode to the head of one of the columns and heard a soldier say, "Faith, were I the general-in-chief, I know what I should do." "Well," he replied, "what would you do?" The soldier unfolded the very plan he had formed. "Rascal!" exclaimed the general, "will you hold your tongue?" When the movement had been completed, he had search made for the soldier, a fellow-thinker with himself. The soldier had been slain.'

Thiébault showed independence on the 18th Brumaire; and this and the ill-will of Berthier, perhaps, too, his republican sympathies, caused him to be an object of Napoleon's dislike. He took part in the siege of Genoa, as military secretary of Masséna. This work is silent on this great passage of arms, for he wrote an account of it, almost at the time, which attracted notice, but has long been forgotten. The siege, however, has been often described; Marbot has lately given us interesting details. This instance of the good heart of a British naval officer is one of those touches that make even enemies kin:—

'The young officer boarded us and said that his captain, moved by our situation, and happy to show his admiration for men who had taken part in the heroic defence of Genoa, begged me to accept some food. He gave us two large sacks of biscuit, three hams, two hampers containing a dozen of wine each, and—a real mark of delicate attention—a basket full of fresh salad and its accompaniments.'

Napoleon, in his account of the siege, is not just to Masséna's constancy; it is difficult to suppose that Masséna's army could have appeared in the field for some time after the frightful sufferings it had gone through. Masséna, however, was angry with the First Consul:—

'He complained that the promises, on the faith of which he had accepted the command of the army of Italy, had not been performed, that he had been deceived, tricked, abandoned, sacrificed; and then, to put an end to Suchet's remarks, he burst out against the First Consul, "I have done enough for that little b."'

Masséna's services were above praise; an Austrian general after Marengo nearly said the truth;—

‘Berthier, to do the amiable, remarked to the enemy’s officers, “It must be a consolation to be defeated by a magnificent army and the greatest general in the world.” A major-general quickly said, “It was not here, but before Genoa, that the battle of Marengo was lost.’

Thiébault ere long obtained a brigade, a grade withheld from him, he tells us, for months by Berthier. He was a good hater, and perhaps cross in the grain; he could not endure Soult, who, according to him, had betrayed Masséna at the siege of Genoa. He was occasionally in Paris during the short peace which followed the treaties of Lunéville and Amiens; and has given us glimpses of the social life of the day. He thus sketches Murat and Caroline Bonaparte:—

‘She was beautiful as an angel, Murat magnificent in stature, strength, appearance, and head of hair, covered too with laurels gathered in Italy, in Germany, and in Egypt—what was wanting to their happiness, their hopes, their content? My looks fastened on these two beings favoured by nature and fortune; their kindness was admirable. After an excellent breakfast, served in fine porcelain, a very commonplace pot containing boiled grapes was brought in; “It is a dainty of my country,” said Murat; “my mother made it and sent it to me.”’

It was a day when France gathered in the spoils of the Continent; French generals reckoned beforehand what they would gain in the field:—

“‘When I receive,” said General Poinset, “my orders for an active campaign, I buy land in the country, and my commission is destined to pay for it. As soon as conquests have been made, I obtain a command, and when everything is settled I send for my wife. I put together the sum required to discharge the debt incurred on the chances of war; Madame Poinset sets off to make payment, to clear my new possession and sometimes to increase it.”’

Society under the Consulate was not the Carnival of Thermidor. The prevailing feature was military pomp; the Court had not reappeared at the Tuileries; signs of Republican fashions were yet to be seen. But, as Canning said, ‘Bonaparte wore the “shadow of a kingly crown;”’ he encouraged ceremonial and ordered etiquette; the fêtes, the banquets, the pleasures of the time, began to resemble the glories of Versailles, if their splendour was somewhat tawdry and raw. The First Consul, as everyone knows, promoted luxury and gorgeous display—this, indeed, was part of a settled policy; he was angry with the author for appearing in a Republican uniform at a State ball. Thiébault tells us many anecdotes of these days, overflowing with scandal and nasty gossip, which might well have been left in oblivion.

Thiébault had served in the short campaign in Spain immediately before the Peace of Amiens; he thus describes Leclerc, the first husband of Pauline Bonaparte :—

‘He bore himself and walked like his illustrious brother-in-law, put his hands behind his back, and spoke in short jerky sentences, and was so supremely silly as to try to imitate Napoleon’s looks, smiles, and movements of the lips. He could not understand that he could only substitute grimaces for an expression, almost beyond conception, for the play of a face to which nothing else was like—language silent, yet terrible, which confounded or delighted, and often, so to speak, decided the existence of its object before a word had been spoken.’

The Concordat, as is well known, and the ceremony at Notre-Dame, were distasteful to the heads of the army; Napoleon was obliged to compel their presence. Thiébault describes a scene not to be found in any history, we believe :—

‘Places had been arranged at Notre-Dame for all the world except the generals, so that nearly sixty of these were huddled together in the passage made in the centre of the nave, and they did not know where to go or what to do. A bevy of priests sat comfortably, looking, almost with sneers on their faces, at these men, the honour, the glory, and the safeguards of their country. We can imagine the murmurs that arose and the imprecations that were thrown in. A master of the ceremonies came up, and, impertinent in his embarrassment, lisped out, “he did not know what was to be done, there was no room anywhere.” “Go and be —— !” answered Masséna; he seized and shook the chair of the next priest, shoved him off, and took his place. This example was at once followed.”’

The First Consul’s government was not yet secure. The officers of the old armies of the Rhine notoriously were disaffected and plotted against him. Moreau spoke out his mind in this strange language, addressed to Thiébault, a mere acquaintance :—

‘Here, then, is the end of all these efforts and toils, of so much hope and so much glory; for this thousands of brave men and whole armies have been sacrificed. Power is not enough for his insatiable ambition. The purple and hereditary titles will be required to transmit the gains of usurpation. And it is we who have furthered these fatal invasions of liberty, we who have been cowards enough to let them be accomplished.’

We quote this good criticism on Moreau and Masséna; setting Napoleon apart, they were the first soldiers of France, with the possible exceptions of Hoche and Desaix :—

‘Moreau is the first of our military men, Masséna the first of our warriors; in other words, Moreau is the first leader of our armies,

Masséna our first commander in battle. From this I infer that, up to a certain point, Moreau, a man of thought and calculation, may grow old and lose nothing; Masséna, a man of inspiration and resolve, will not be in that case.

Thiébault agrees with Marbot that, in the Peninsula, Masséna was not equal to his former self. Yet Masséna showed all his power at Wagram, and Wellington thought him superior to any of Napoleon's marshals.

If a malcontent, and not a friend of Napoleon, Thiébault, in common with all impartial enquirers, has little but praise for the First Consul's government:—

'No country, I think, has been governed more ably and wisely than France was at this epoch. The minds of all people became accustomed to security. They had confidence in an order of things in which national losses were repaired, national wounds were being cicatrised, and prosperity came in the place of ruin.'

Thiébault married, in 1804, for the second time, and lived thenceforward, we hope, cleanly. He dilates at length on the charms of his wife, with an unctious Englishmen would think odious; but he seems to have had a *grande passion*. Since his return from Spain he had held several commands at Tours, Chartres, Versailles, and other places. Some of these experiences are not without interest. He has thus sketched Toussaint, 'the greatest of the black race:'

'The lower part of his hideous countenance, projecting like the mouth of an ape, was thick with the white patches of an old beard; his thick and heavy-lipped mouth, in the middle of heavy black chops, contained stumps of ugly teeth, and stood out beyond a completely flattened nose; above this shone a pair of eyes brilliant as carbuncles.'

When Napoleon, after the rupture of the Peace of Amiens, ordered the detention of English subjects in France, Thiébault had the good sense to try to make an exception in the cases of Lord Elgin and Count O'Connell, an uncle of the Irish 'Liberator' of 1829. Count O'Connell, known as 'the last Colonel of the Irish Brigade'—a memoir of him has been lately published—was a very distinguished soldier of his day. True to the proud device of his corps, he remained 'ever and everywhere' faithful to the Bourbon lilies, and he refused to take office under Napoleon. Thiébault tells the following story:—

'The First Consul was desirous of attaching him to his government, and made the most honourable overtures to him. O'Connell replied, "I am too old to abandon a cause which I have served all my life."

The same personage, a high functionary, made the attempt a second and a third time, informing the Count that this would be the last occasion, and that his orders were express. "Make your conditions; everything will be granted. . . . As to your persisting in your refusal, consider how this may give offence, and may give rise to severe measures being taken." Even if the resolution of the Count had not been final, this threat would have made it so. . . . The First Consul, on a report of Berthier, . . . caused O'Connell to be arrested and imprisoned in the Temple.'

The coronation of Napoleon is described in these volumes, and the extravagant state of the Court of the Empire—the pomp of the German Cæsars in strange medley with the brilliancy and etiquette of Versailles, with results not pleasing to true or refined taste. But we may pass by a well-known subject. Thiébault condemns the appointments of more than half the marshals:—

'Selections like these gave scandal, some not edifying; they tarnished the lustre which the great office of marshal would have had, had they not been made. . . . I remember Masséna's answer to my congratulations, made half in anger, half in disdain. He jerked out, "There are fourteen of us!"'

These *mots* of Decrès are new to us:—

'He said of Talleyrand and his wealth, "Of course that man is rich; he sold all who bought him." Fouché, by the orders of the First Consul, had placed spies among the servants of the ministers. . . . Decrès having given a dinner, attended by numerous valets in rich liveries," Fouché remarked, "Why, you hold the state of a grand seigneur." "But it must cost you dear." "Nay," retorted Decrès, "for you have to pay for it."

In the memorable campaign of 1805 Thiébault was attached to the fourth corps of Soult. He detested, as we have remarked, the marshal, and has left nothing undone to injure his fame. Like Fezensac and Marbot, he describes the excesses of the Grand Army in the march on Ulm; he especially charges Soult with giving a free hand to rapine. This is probably true; Soult was a notorious plunderer; Napoleon said, at St. Helena, that he ought to have been shot. Thiébault declares that the marshal displaced his troops in order to prevent them discovering what sums he had levied from the celebrated religious house of St. Polten:—

'Next morning General Saint-Hilaire told Morand and myself, or rather confirmed what we thought of this conduct. Saint-Hilaire had not made haste to set off; he had had time to hear the complaints

of one of the monks, who, in a state of pitiable fear, had informed him that Marshal Soult had imposed an enormous fine on the abbey.'

Thiébault thus caricatures his commander poring over a map; the marshal was slow in thought, and not quick in conception; but he, nevertheless, was a very able man:—

'He lay stretched on a dinner table with several maps unrolled before him; he fumbled from one to the other, reading over and over again the orders he had received from the emperor. He did not seem to be aware of our presence. Three times, at long intervals, General Saint-Hilaire repeated the question what was to be done; we were fully half an hour waiting before the answer was made; the marshal had not stirred or turned aside his face.'

We need not follow the triumphant march on Vienna, the advance of the Grand Army into Moravia, the precipitate haste of the allies at Olmütz, the profound craft of Napoleon's strategy in assuming a timid defensive attitude, and luring his enemy on to make a disastrous attack. The following interesting and characteristic scene would show that Napoleon did not reveal to his own marshals the true reasons that induced him to fall back before Austerlitz; in fact he always treated his lieutenants as pawns on his board; and the consequences proved in the long run unfortunate—he deprived them of self-reliance and forethought:—

'Marshal Lannes' opinion that a retreat was necessary could not be wanting in courage; no one was more frank, no one more loyal. He took up his pen, and was ending his letter when the emperor came in. "Well, gentlemen, are we in a good position here?" were his first words. "We do not think so," replied Lannes, "and I was writing on the subject to your Majesty." The emperor at once took up the letter and read it. "What," he continued, "Lannes counsels retreat? It is the first time I heard this from him. And what do you say, Marshal Soult?" Soult answered artfully, "Whatever use your Majesty makes of the 4th Corps it will make a good account of double its numbers." Lannes broke out into a passion, and exclaimed, "I only knew, as regards our position, what these gentlemen have told me. . . . The answer of Marshal Soult is blackguardism, and I must have satisfaction for it." . . . Lannes went on treating Soult in the most offensive way. As for the emperor, he did not trouble himself about this quarrel; he did not seem to notice it, but having walked up and down a few moments he stopped, and said, "I too am of opinion that it will be imperative to retreat." So saying he hastily left the room.'

Thiébault describes in detail the great day of Austerlitz; but the incidents of the battle are sufficiently known. Lannes had sent a challenge to Soult the evening before; this would hardly have occurred in another army:—

'The emperor was on horseback long before daybreak; at eight he

had collected around him Prince Murat and Marshals Bernadotte, Lannes, Davout, Soult, Bessières, Oudinot, and Berthier. Notwithstanding the gravity of the occasion, and the impropriety of the act, Lannes had challenged Soult after the late scene, and had received no answer. Finding him present he said, "I thought you wore a sword, and I waited on you." Soult simply answered, "We have something more important to do to-day." Lannes retorted, "You are a miserable coward."

The brigade of Thiébault was on the right of the corps of Soult, and felt perhaps the weightiest stress of the fight, for it was attacked by Kamenski and by Kollowrath's troops, the fourth column that had been told off for the great out-flanking movement. Thiébault takes credit to himself for detecting a Russian division advancing in Bavarian uniform; he is honourably mentioned by Thiers in his history; he was severely wounded near the close of the battle. An incident connected with his wound may be noticed:—

'I was placed on a kind of litter. I saw some unlucky Russians wandering about; I sent for them, and they carried me along. Some grenadiers of my brigade, though wounded, saw this, and, in spite of all I could say, drove away the Russians, took their places, and said it was for them to bear their general.'

Thiébault criticises Napoleon for not having made use of his reserves with more effect in the battle, and for not having pressed the Russians harder; but comments like these on Austerlitz may be passed by.

Chance made Thiébault a guest of Weyrother, the unfortunate officer who planned the attack of Austerlitz, one of the most ill-conceived ever made in war. Weyrother, he informs us, threw the blame on Kutusof; but the old Russian was not to blame; he protested against the turning movement which uncovered the decisive point, the table-land of Prätzen. After receiving the kindest treatment from Madame Weyrother, Thiébault was invalided and returned to Paris, where he found its world exulting in Napoleon's triumphs. He slowly recovered from his cruel wound, but gradually mingled again with the gay life of the capital. He was often a guest at the house of Murat; this anecdote is characteristic of the religious knowledge of the time:—

'Madame Murat was greatly amused at a question she asked my son; no one will be surprised at what was said, for the Revolution was still not long over. "Have you been baptised?" He replied, "No, madam; but I have been vaccinated." She added, "That is well; the one purifies the soul, the other the body."

Napoleon's fortunes had reached their climax, yet think-

ing people predicted their decline; indeed even before the campaign of Jena a good observer had said:—

“That youth will reach a throne or a scaffold. He knows how to subjugate; he does not know how to conciliate. His success and his origin will not be forgiven him. There is not a king who is not indignant at seeing him wear a crown, not a nation that forgives him, not a population that is not humiliated at having been trampled under his feet, not a living being who is not exasperated by his pride, and terrified by his ambition. This notion of re-establishing a vast empire, these epithets of the grand army, the great nation, mark as little everything not directly proceeding from him; nothing will stop him; he will not pause, whether in the course of prosperity or in the course of adversity. His enemies have only to wait.”

Thiébault, though thwarted by Berthier, for a time, was made a general of division after Austerlitz, and was appointed Governor of Fulda after the rout of Jena. These interesting volumes end at this point: if not of great value, they are pleasant reading.

ART. VIII.—*The Church of Sancta Sophia, Constantinople: a Study of Byzantine Building.* By W. R. LETHABY and HAROLD SWAINSON. London and New York: 1894.

‘THE edifices of Justinian,’ observes Gibbon, ‘were cemented with the blood and treasure of his people; but these stately structures appeared to announce the prosperity of the empire, and actually displayed the skill of their architects.’ The ‘appeared’ is significant. In free states, where the essential power resides with the representatives of the people, the production of great buildings is one of the most invariable results of an efflorescence of national prosperity. But under other conditions of government architectural splendour may be only the measure and the visible expression of the rapacity and ambition of the ruler; and there is a curious irony in the fact that we are indebted for what is, in some senses, the most wonderful architectural monument of the Christian era, to an unscrupulous and avaricious adventurer, whose reign was marked by oppression, pillage, and violence, and who, while dedicating his church to nothing less than ‘Holy Wisdom,’ illustrated his own wisdom and holiness by selecting as the partner of his throne the most lewd and notorious harlot of his time. Mediæval superstition might have been excused for thinking it but a natural retribution that a Christian church founded under such auspices should have been permitted so soon to pass into the hands of the infidel.

Justinian and Theodora, however, are gone, and St. Sophia remains; not, indeed, in its pristine splendour either of colour effect or of decorative adornment: time has dimmed the one, and the follower of Mahomet has disfigured the other by partial obliteration, by the display of enormous panels of texts in which the ‘Arab’s wisdom’ assumes anything but a decorative form, and by the arrangement of carpeting in oblique lines normal to the axis of the line connecting Constantinople with Mecca. But the great domical structure remains intact, the supreme achievement of the style of architecture since classified as ‘Byzantine;’ a building in which the genius of Justinian’s architect soared at one bound far beyond all that had been attempted in domed construction previously,* and which, in its own

* The Pantheon, which in its constructive method is really not so much a dome as a gigantic casting, was a comparatively simple con-

special type of architecture, has remained unrivalled and unapproached since it was erected. It is in this light, as the central and dominant production of Byzantine architecture, that St. Sophia has been chiefly considered in the most recent of the numerous essays of which it has been the subject, the work jointly produced by Mr. W. R. Lethaby and the late Mr. Harold Swainson,* the title of which stands at the head of this article. While, however, making the study of Byzantine building, as illustrated in St. Sophia, the most important object of their work, the authors have also endeavoured to put together in a readable form the substance of the accounts given of the church by contemporary writers, especially Procopius and Paul the Silentiary, giving translations of the most important passages from these writers, and thus popularising the available knowledge as to the appearance, decoration, and furnishing of the church as it was carried out by Justinian. How far these accounts, filled with no little rhodomontade and obvious exaggeration, can be accepted as testimonies of fact is another question; but they are of interest in themselves as evidence of the extraordinary fascination exercised by the building on the mind and fancy of contemporaries, and the attitude of wonderment with which it was regarded; and probably the descriptions of the richness of the decoration and furnishing, however highflown they may appear, were made from observation, and may be supposed to represent what was really there, if we take the trouble to disengage the facts from the poetic rhapsodies in which they are entangled. The construction, however, must be studied from the building itself, and by the light of modern research, for the contemporary writers, Procopius and the Silentiary, obviously knew so little about it that they cannot describe the constructive difficulties or devices in any intelligible manner, though the Silentiary sometimes has a forcible and effective way of putting things, as when he mentions how the archi-

structive problem, since it is erected on a circular substructure, so that each portion of the springing of the dome has a solid support beneath it.

* It is melancholy to have to record that Mr. Swainson, the junior author of the two, who devoted himself chiefly to the consideration and translation of the ancient accounts of St. Sophia, has unexpectedly and prematurely died abroad, since the publication of the book, in the course of a tour in which he had intended to devote himself especially to the further study of the *origines* of the Byzantine mode of domed construction.

tect 'gave the walls strength to resist the pushing arches, 'which were like active demons.' He is not so absurd, however, as Procopius, who flounders in the most extraordinary manner when he gets on, building construction, and whose habit of attributing the solution of constructional difficulties to the personal perception and interference of Justinian is obviously a mere piece of blatant flattery.

The existence of Justinian's St. Sophia we owe indirectly to the insurrection against him which arose out of the fight between the 'greens' and 'blues' after the chariot races in January 532, when some persons of both factions were executed by Justinian's orders, and the two banded together against him, besieging him in his palace, destroying a great deal of the city, and burning the basilica which had been erected by Constantine on part of the site on which Justinian's church now stands. After the insurrection was quelled and the proposed new emperor, Hypatius, got rid of, the scheme of the rebuilding of the church on a magnificent scale seems to have been entered on immediately, under the direction of two Greek constructors, Anthemius of Tralles and Isidore of Miletus. Anthemius, it is recorded, made, in the first instance, a model of the proposed building, which was followed in carrying out the design, and we can therefore feel little doubt that he was the ruling spirit of the work, and that it was to his genius that the result is due. Justinian can merely have the credit of having supplied the funds (obtained in the manner hinted at by Gibbon), of having stimulated the production of a great work by his ambition to connect his name with it, and of having known how to choose the right man to carry it out; the latter certainly not an unimportant quality in a 'building-owner' on a great scale.

What was the nature and design of the previous church, erected by Constantine, we can only conjecture; the only probability of our ever knowing anything more about it lies, as our authors suggest, in the chance that an examination of the cisterns beneath the floor of the present church, if it were ever permitted to be undertaken, might furnish evidence as to the plan and some of the materials of Constantine's building. Two conclusions we may certainly deduce, however: that it was much smaller than Justinian's building, and that it did not present the same construction; otherwise there would have been no ground for the admiration expressed by the contemporary writers for the size and height of the latter, for their remarks as to the happy

fortune by which the destruction of the first church gave opportunity for the erection of so much more splendid a building, or for their bewilderment and astonishment at its method of construction. *On this latter point they are especially emphatic, and might well be, since nothing in the way of domed construction in so bold a method and on so large a scale had ever been attempted in the world before. In this sense St. Sophia was to the sixth century what the Forth Bridge has been to the nineteenth. Each structure was an instance of the application of a system of construction never before attempted on so large a scale; and in difficulties of construction scale is an important element, because while in a design on a large scale the pressures or tensions are immensely increased, the molecular constitution of the materials, their resistance to crushing or to extension, the cohesive power of mortar or cement, &c., remain the same in each case; so that a form of dome which it may be child's play to construct over a span of 25 feet becomes a matter of difficulty and anxiety in regard to a span of 100 feet or upwards.

Let us endeavour to make clear the nature of the constructive problem, the solution of which was the glory of Anthemius and the astonishment of his contemporaries. The plan of the main portion of St. Sophia, omitting the porch or narthex, presents a parallelogram of nearly 250 feet in length within the walls by about 230 feet in width. As far as dimensions, therefore, are concerned, it is in width only that it is remarkable. It represents, in fact, the nearly square type of plan, with a wide central area, which became the special form of the Greek church, as the long plan with parallel aisles, the form of plan of the earliest Christian churches, came to be considered the special type of the Latin church. The central portion of this space, for a width of about 106 feet by a length of a little over 200 feet, is entirely open to the roof, the floor being unencumbered by piers or supports of any kind, except the slight projection on to it of the pilasters from which spring the two great transverse arches, about $102\frac{1}{2}$ feet in span.* The central portion of this open space is marked out into a square by two great arches which fly right over the centre space, transversely

* There is a good deal of discrepancy in various published statements as to the precise measurements of St. Sophia. We take the dimensions here from the plan drawn to scale on page 38 of Messrs. Lethaby and Swainson's book.

across the church, forming at the top, with the similar lateral arches on the side walls, a complete square. Over this square space is built the central dome, of remarkably flat section as seen externally, though internally it is not so far from a complete semicircle in section as is sometimes supposed. The portions east and west of this square space are roofed by semi-domes, which abut against the exterior sides of the great arches that carry the central dome, and curve downwards towards the two ends of the building. Thus the general internal appearance of the central portion of the building, to a spectator looking up, is that of a square central space covered by a circular dome, and lower semicircular spaces to east and west of it covered by half-domes, which rise up to and meet the line of the great arches that carry the central dome, and appear to assist in supporting the latter. The arches at the north and south side of the central square are not open, but are partially filled in solid by a wall with smaller arcades opening through it on two galleries in the lower portion, and pierced with windows in the upper portion.

But the *crux* of the problem lay in the fact that the central space between the great arches east and west and the partially filled arches on the north and south is a square, and the base of the dome built over it is necessarily a circle. If we describe a circle within a square, the circle touching the four sides of the square, we find, of course, a very considerable space left between the circumference of the circle and the angles of the square. What becomes of that space in the case of putting a circular dome over a square sub-structure? That was the question which builders in Asia Minor and elsewhere had been practically putting to themselves, in a desultory manner, for some centuries previously. As already observed, it is an easy problem to build a circular dome over a circular substructure; that is merely turning all the walls over in an arch towards the centre. But a circular circumscribed space on plan is often not wanted on the ground floor of a building; the floor is required to be open to the angles of the space; while the dome must be circular on plan, because constructively it is part of the essential quality of a dome that its masonry forms arches in a *horizontal* sense as well as in a vertical sense; as soon as a horizontal ring or course of the masonry is complete it is in a condition of stability and cannot fall in; a dome on a circular plan, unlike an arch, which requires the keystone to complete it, can be left half finished and be as stable as when entirely

covered in, or (if it is a dome built on scaffolding) the scaffolding can be altogether removed from the lower portion, which can be used for supporting the centreing on which to build the upper portion. *

We have, therefore, to bridge over the approximately triangular space left between the circle of the dome and the rectangle of its supporting walls; and though we have very few examples of the manner in which this problem was progressively tried at and at last solved, there are a few remains, chiefly in Persia, which show that the attempt to do it had been going on for at all events two or three centuries before the foundation of St. Sophia. These examples of rather small domed structures over a square plan are found among the remains of buildings attributed to the Sassanidæ, the dynasty which came into power in Persia in the course of the early part of the third century A.D.* Such an example is found at Serbistan, or Sarvistan, for instance; and here the difficulty is got over in a very simple and straightforward way, by building what are called, in architectural parlance, 'squinch arches' across the angles of the building; short arches built from wall to wall at the angles, parallel with the diagonal of the square, and carried further and further out as they go up, till the square becomes an octagon, upon which a circular dome can easily be raised with only a little 'fudging' of the surfaces.

* M. Dieulafoy, in his "*L'Art antique de la Perse*," attributes these Persian domed structures to the Achæmenidæ, whose power lasted from the eighth to near the end of the fourth century B.C., and this conclusion appears to have been accepted by M. Choisy in France and by Professor Aitchison in England. We are not disposed to accept it, and regard it rather as an example of the tendency, too common among French archæologists and explorers, to magnify the importance and novelty of their discoveries. Two distinct reasons may be alleged against it; one, that if the problem had been attempted so far back as M. Dieulafoy makes out, more progress would have been made by the time the Byzantine empire was founded; the second and more important reason is that at Persepolis, which is the site of the principal remains of ancient Persian architecture, there appears to be nothing to give the slightest indication of any domed structures having existed; there are no remains of piers such as could have supported a dome; the architecture was manifestly columnar; and it seems in the highest degree improbable that two different styles of building should have been carried on simultaneously in the same country and within fifty miles of each other. In other words, if the domed remains at Serbistan and elsewhere had been built by the contemporaries of the Persepolitan palaces, we should have found remains of domed structures at Persepolis also.

An example at Omm-es-Zeitoun, in Syria, is cited by De Vogüé in his '*Syrie Centrale*,' of a dome built over a square plan, and here the transition from the square to the circle is managed in a still more naïve manner, merely by placing large blocks of stone across the angles as lintels, and building the dome from that. M. de Vogüé dates this structure as probably about 285 A.D. Other examples are known, though they are not numerous; and there is probably room for further discovery in this field by those who are in a position to undertake architectural researches in out-of-the-way places, difficult of access. But before St. Sophia we know nothing certainly of any better attempt than these to found a circular dome on a square plan, though a hall in the Thermæ of Caracalla exhibits an instance of the employment of the same method over an octagon plan. But even an amateur in architecture may readily perceive that this method of effecting the transition from square to circle is an imperfect and illogical one; it does not really effect it, it only goes near enough for practical purposes: and besides this, it is a method that could only be employed on a small scale. The device of putting lintels obliquely across the corners is limited by the size of stones obtainable (iron being not now in question), and though the squinch-arch method is more elastic in this respect, still it could not be used on a large scale without danger of pushing out sideways the portions of the walls against which the arches are abutted.

The method employed by the architect of St. Sophia, which has been the characteristic of the Byzantine style of doming ever since, and has been occasionally adopted and used also in western domed architecture, was to introduce a triangular piece of domical vaulting between the base of the dome and the back of the curves of the two great arches in the two contiguous sides of the square space. These slices of spherical triangles, interposed between the dome and the main arches, have been called '*pendentives*,' perhaps because to the uninstructed eye they appear to '*hang*' from the base of the dome into the corners of the square; the name is a very unsuitable one, implying just the contrary of the real fact, as in reality the pendentives are built up from the level of the springing of the great arches, and support the dome. The section of the pendentives, taken along the diagonal line of the domed space, is an arch, and their horizontal section is an arch also; they are in fact like portions cut out of a complete dome and fitted to the shape of the space they have to fill. Their horizontal curvature

is concentric with that of the central dome, so that where they meet it their lines coincide exactly with its base, and there is no 'fudging' necessary; they transmit the thrust of the dome down to the same piers (at the angles of the square) which resist the thrust of the great arches—those 'active demons' of the Silentiary. Thus all the thrust of the dome on the substructure is collected at the points—the angles of the square—where buttresses can be placed to receive it; the transition from the square to the circle is made in a perfectly complete and logical manner, both in regard to construction and design; and the constructive design of the whole is homogeneous, every portion of the covering is domical in principle and form. In the case of St. Sophia this homogeneous character is still further displayed in the fact, already alluded to, that the end portions of the open space over the floor, on each side of the central domed space, are also roofed by semi-domes; so that the whole thing is an assemblage of domed surfaces, the upper one resting on the lower ones, and appearing to those who do not understand the system of construction employed almost as if hanging in the air, and independent of the usual necessities of solid support. The effect which this then novel structure had upon the first beholders of it may be estimated by the passage in which Procopius gives vent to his enthusiasm on the subject of the interior effect of the church, and which, as he avoids trying to explain the construction and merely comments on its appearance, is not without graphic interest. We take Mr. Swainson's translation:—

'Thus far I imagine the building is not incapable of being described, even by a weak and feeble tongue. As the arches are arranged in a quadrangular figure, the stone-work between them takes the shape of a triangle [the pendentive]; the lower angle of each triangle, being compressed where the arches unite, is slender, while the upper part becomes wider as it rises in space between them, and ends against the circle which rests upon them, forming there its remaining angles. A spherical-shaped dome (*thólos*) standing upon this circle makes it exceedingly beautiful; from the lightness of the building it does not appear to rest upon a solid foundation, but to cover the place beneath as though it were suspended from heaven by the fabled golden chain. All these parts surprisingly joined to one another in the air, suspended from one another, and resting only on that which is next to them, form the work into one admirably harmonious whole, which spectators do not dwell upon for long in the mass, as each individual part attracts the eye to itself. *The sight causes men constantly to change their point of view, and the spectator can nowhere point to any part which he admires more than the rest.*'

The sentence which we have italicised in the above passage is worth note ; it gives a very graphic idea of the effect which is produced on the eye by an interior which is full of curved lines and curved surfaces, the perspective effect of which varies with every change of the spectator's position, and tempts him to test their effect from various standpoints.

The sectional treatment of the domes and semi-domes, and the method of lighting, form another remarkable point in this wonderful building, illustrating the manner in which scientific construction and architectural effect go hand in hand. Both the main dome and the semi-domes are much flatter in curve externally than internally, the difference being made at the base or circumference. They are thin at the crown, but the flattening of the outer curve gives them great depth and weight at the circumference, exactly where it is wanted to give them stability and to counteract the outward thrust of the dome. It is by this method that the semi-domes are made to act so efficiently as buttresses against the lateral thrust of the central dome. On the ground-plan of the church, it will be seen that northward and southward there are great masses of wall, projecting entirely through the aisles, to take the thrust of the cross-arches and that of the dome conveyed through them in this direction. But eastward and westward the thrust of the central dome is mainly counteracted by the semi-domes. Had they been carried down with the same curve externally as internally, they would have had much less buttressing power, and might even have been cracked at the haunches by the thrust of the central dome ; but the very flat section of their exterior line enables them to oppose a much more direct resistance to the spreading face of the central dome. In the case both of the dome and the semi-domes the vertical height of wall gained by the difference between the interior and exterior curves affords opportunity for the insertion of a row of small windows just where the lighting would be most effective, and where windows could be pierced in such a manner as to lighten the actual vertical weight of the structure without detracting from its stability against lateral thrust. A more remarkable combination of science and judgement with architectural effect has never been seen in building.

And this is an important point in relation to the question as to the originality and novelty (for the time) of the method employed by Justinian's architect. It is very rarely

indeed in the history of architecture that we can assign any great innovation in design and construction to the originating genius of any individual architect. Architecture has almost always been a tentative art, bringing its greatest efforts to perfection (as in the history of Gothic vaulting) only as the result of a long series of experiments; and consequently it has been maintained by some architectural critics, and with much apparent reason, that such a construction as that of St. Sophia could only have been the result of preceding experiments in the same direction and on a smaller scale, though the structures in which such experiments were made are no longer in existence for our study. But there is one building in Constantinople itself, the small church of SS. Sergius and Bacchus, which seems to suggest a different story. There is no doubt that this building is of the time of Justinian or thereabouts, though there are no means of dating it precisely. We may suggest that by internal evidence it approximately dates itself, and that it is the precursor of St. Sophia by a few years, and the work of the same architect. We have here the same main idea; a nearly square rectangle externally, with covered aisles round it and an open central space, which is roofed by a dome of rather flat section (a segment of a circle), with a low, thick, vertical wall at its springing, pierced by small windows, which internally appear as openings at the base of the dome. It is impossible to compare the section of this with the section of the St. Sophia dome without being struck with the remarkable resemblance between them. The two stories of arcades in the substructure also remind us remarkably of the two stories of arcades under the north and south arches of St. Sophia. But the substructure of the dome of St. Sergius is an octagon. There are no pendentives here; there is not the remarkable contrast which we see in St. Sophia between the unencumbered square floor-area and the circular dome mounted above it. The central space of the floor is enclosed by a series of large piers standing at the angles of an octagon, over which the dome is raised; an easy problem, as already observed. Now granting, as everyone must grant, that St. Sergius is very nearly contemporary with St. Sophia, we hold it to be absolutely impossible that it can have been built *after* St. Sophia. It is impossible to suppose that after the splendid effect of the dome on pendentives, with the open floor under it, had been realised in St. Sophia, and had produced, as we learn from Procopius, such an effect of astonishment and delight on the public

mind, a smaller church should have been built immediately afterwards in the same city, remarkably similar in general idea and design, in which this bold manner of building (so much easier, too, on a small scale than on a large one) was abandoned, and the more timid method of building the dome over an octagon substructure reverted to. Such an event would be contrary to every analogy in the history of architecture. We may take it, therefore, as unquestionable that St. Sergius was a predecessor, probably by but a few years, of St. Sophia, and in all probability by the same architect; though this latter concession is not essential to the argument. The point is that, in a church built shortly before St. Sophia, and with the same general idea pervading it, we find no hint of the special form of construction which constitutes the most remarkable characteristic in the interior design of St. Sophia. Is it not therefore the natural, indeed almost inevitable conclusion, that the pendentive construction of St. Sophia was not led up to by actual precedent, but was the bold and original stroke of one man of genius, putting forth all his powers to accomplish something more remarkable than had ever been done before? Such instances are no doubt very rare in architectural history, but they are not impossible, and the fact that Anthemius is stated to have had a great reputation for mathematical knowledge, a kind of acquirement which would be of special assistance to him in grappling with such a problem as the one in question, seems to give additional probability to the conclusion that it was to his personal genius that we owe a splendid innovation in architectural design and construction, which left its mark on Byzantine architecture ever afterwards, and stamps him as one of the master-minds in the history of the art.*

The manner in which these domes were erected is a point

* The reader may better appreciate the distinction between this Byzantine method and that of most of the western dome-builders, if he compares the plan of St. Sophia with that, for example, of St. Peter's (both to be found in so easily accessible a book as Fergusson's 'History of Architecture'). He will there see that, though the dome of St. Peter's is erected over piers nominally at four angles of a square, the mass and extent of the piers is so great, and the shape of their plan such, that practically they come close up, on the ground-plan, to the line of the circle of the dome above them; while at St. Sophia the whole square under the dome is perfectly clear area. St. Paul's dome, similarly, is practically erected on an octagon, though the fact is to some extent masked in the design of the ground-story.

of great interest, to which some consideration is given in the book before us, but in regard to which the fullest analysis is still to be found in Choisy's remarkable study, '*L'Art de bâtir chez les Byzantins.*' To build an arch in one plane between two counterforts or buttresses, it is absolutely necessary to erect in the first instance a centreing, generally of timber (in modern work iron is often used), constructed so as to give the form of the underside or *intrados* of the arch which is to be erected. The archstones or *voussoirs* are then built up with their lower edges resting on the centreing, and supported by it until the circle of the built arch is complete and it becomes self-supporting; and, after giving time for it to settle as much as it will, to 'come to its bearings,' and for the mortar to consolidate, the centreing is removed, and the arch remains an independent structure. But, as has already been observed, a dome is a structure under different conditions from an arch in one plane, in that its courses of masonry or bricks form arches horizontally as well as vertically, and it can be stopped at any point in its height so long as the courses are complete all round, and remain a stable construction. An arch built in one plane can be carried up for a certain portion of its curve without scaffolding, and remain stable; but that can only be done up to the point at which the frictional resistance of the *voussoirs* to sliding, coupled with the cohesive strength of the mortar, is sufficient to counteract the vertical weight of the materials; in other words, the incomplete arch must fall over as soon as it comes to a point at which the joints are too near the vertical for the stones to retain their position by the combined *vis inertiae* of friction and mortar-grip. And with a dome this is not the case: finish it up to any point in its height, and there you may leave it. Instances have been known of domes, though not on a very large scale, being built without any centreing by means of cutting all the stones with a recess or 'joggle' on each face, so that each ring of the masonry could be hung on to the one below it, and when the horizontal circle was completed became a firm foundation to hang the next course on to, and so on in rotation. This would be, however, a hazardous course to employ in a dome on a large scale, and, moreover, a very costly one, requiring an exceedingly accurate cutting and fitting of an enormous number of stones in a rather complicated shape. The Byzantine builders appear to have employed a much simpler, but perfectly effective, system. Instead of forming the joints of

the successive courses of the dome normal to (at right angles to) the curve of its section, they laid them, at the commencement and for a considerable way up, at a much flatter angle, so that, with the additional cohesive assistance of mortar, each horizontal ring could be laid on the one below it, and the stones (or flat bricks rather) be thus sustained in position till the circle was completed, when they formed the bed to lay the next circle on. As the top of the dome was approached, it would be necessary to tilt the joints more towards the vertical to prepare for the final closing in at the top, but at this point it would be easy to construct a small timber centreing supported on the lower portion of the dome already built, and build the crown of the dome on that in the same manner as with an ordinary arch. The great point was that the waste of time and material, and the cost involved in building up a complete system of temporary centreing for the whole of a large dome, were thus avoided, and the greater portion of the dome was built out into the air, so to speak, forming its own support as it went up. That such a method of building requires considerable nerve, both on the part of the architect who plans and is responsible for it, and the artificers who carry it out, cannot be denied; and if the bricklayer of Justinian's day was as reckless as the English workman becomes during the progress of a large structure, it might be a matter of some practical interest in connexion with the problem to know how many men were killed over the building of St. Sophia's dome; on this point history is silent. Still, there is no real reason why any should have been if they were properly careful, any more than there was in the case of the Forth Bridge, which had its deathroll of (if we remember right) something over fifty men, all of whom probably succumbed either to their own carelessness or that of a comrade. On the other hand, it must be felt that there is something very grand and very fascinating in this bold and virile method of construction, which is real 'building' in the true sense of the word; making the permanent materials of the structure do their own work in the manner suitable to their nature, instead of depending upon a secondary and temporary erection of other materials in the first instance.

Somewhat the same principle was applied, in a still more curious fashion, in the erection of circular arched roofs over a longitudinal space, what are called in architecture 'wagon vaults,' of which the top of a brick tunnel is the most apt illustration. These also were built by the Byzantines with-

out scaffolding, in a series of arches of large, thin, flat bricks built in successive parallel arches with their thin edges downwards and their flat sides contiguous. A wall or a strong arch of pretty thick masonry having been built as the commencement, at one end of the intended vault, one of the thin brick arches was commenced to be built against it, the thin broad bricks being kept in their place by the adhesive power of the cement between their sides and the thick arch or wall until the keystone was in place, when the thin arch became a permanent structure, and the bricks for the next arch were placed against it in turn, and so on till the vault was completed as far as it was desired to carry it. But as it was evidently found difficult to retain the bricks in their place while building by the mere adhesive force of cement, the device was adopted of tilting the thin arches somewhat sideways, instead of building them vertically, so that each leaned backwards against the one behind it, like a row of bricks on end which have been pushed at one end and have all tilted in the same direction. This device enabled each arch to afford a certain support to that which came next to it, in addition to the mortar hold. The effect of this to the eye would, of course, have been very bad if the brickwork had been intended to be seen; but as the interior surfaces of all Byzantine domes and vaults were intended to be covered with cement and mosaic, or some analogous decoration, the arrangement of the bricks, so long as it constructively answered its purpose, was of no consequence. The device is one of the most curious and ingenious in the history of building construction, and is characteristic of the whole spirit of early Byzantine building.

While there is all this interest and constructive ingenuity in the Byzantine method of dome building, and all this grand interior effect produced by the domed treatment of St. Sophia, it must be admitted that externally the building is not a beautiful one in lines and composition. To produce a splendid internal effect was the object of the architect, and the external design seems to have been left to take care of itself in great measure, to take that shape which the structure of the domes and of their counterforts necessitated, without any particular thought being bestowed on its effect as seen from without. The very form of dome employed, with its flat exterior curves, is one which can hardly be made very effective as an exterior feature. The great difficulty with the dome, in fact, as an architectural feature, is that of rendering it equally effective externally and internally. If its

section is lofty in proportion, its interior effect is a good deal weakened by its apparent size being lessened by perspective diminution. If the section is less in proportion it has a squat effect externally; and as a large dome must always be a central feature, on account of its requiring sufficient masses of wall round it to resist its thrust, this squat appearance externally is intensified by the effect of perspective, the outer masses of the building on a near view being close up to the eye, and the dome being partially lost behind them. Even at St. Peter's, where the dome is lofty both in interior and exterior section, it is nearly lost as the west front is approached, and would have had a far finer effect if the nave had not been subsequently lengthened in a manner not contemplated by Michelangelo. In St. Paul's Wren solved the problem by having two domes, an interior and an exterior one; but he did so at the expense of architectural truth, and his visible exterior dome, like those of St. Mark's, Venice, is merely a timber framework erected outside of the real construction. The flat form of the true Byzantine dome, again, with its thin crown, leaves no possibility of erecting upon it a lantern or crowning feature, such as those which add so much to the soaring effect of St. Peter's and St. Paul's domes; and even were it structurally possible the lines of the dome do not appear to lead up to or call for such a finish. It was no doubt the perception of this which led the builders of St. Mark's, which internally is a thoroughly Byzantine design, to endeavour to add that picturesqueness to the exterior which the normal conditions of Byzantine architecture did not admit of, by the addition of those rather gewgaw cupolas which give the building its characteristic exterior appearance, but which sadly detract from its monumental character. St. Sophia is thoroughly monumental, both externally and internally, but externally it is a heavy and prosaic-looking building; the magic is in the interior. In later Byzantine architecture, in the endeavour to escape from this squatness of external effect, it became the custom, instead of building a large dome directly on the main sub-structure, to elevate smaller domes on a high octagon structure, which in a sense realised the desired aim, but greatly detracted from the monumental appearance of the dome as well as from its interior effect; it was no longer the natural covering in of the main building, but a separate erection arbitrarily mounted upon it.

Before quitting the subject of the construction of St. Sophia's dome it should be noted that the dome as now

existing is not that which was at first built. The first dome was partially destroyed by an earthquake in 558, a catastrophe which it is said the architects attributed to some extent to the fact that the great piers had been built with too many hollow spaces in them, to lessen the immense mass of material swallowed up by them. Whether this would really have had the effect of rendering the structure more likely to be affected by earthquake it is impossible to say unless we knew exactly how the piers were originally built. An important point is that the dome was rebuilt, apparently, about twenty to twenty-five feet higher than before. It is obvious from the study of the building as now existing that this does not mean that the whole dome was raised, as it were, bodily: the springing was where it formerly was, but the height of the crown of the dome in relation to its springing was raised; in other words, it formed a larger segment of a circle with a greater curvature. Whether this was done from the ambition to build somewhat higher (as after any accident to a building there is a natural desire to reinstate it better than before), or whether it was thought that the former section was too flat either for safety or effect, is doubtful; but we should be inclined to think the latter was the reason, judging especially from the remark of Agathias, another contemporary writer, that the dome, after the earthquake, was built 'not so wide but higher, so that it did not frighten the spectators as formerly.' There seems every reason to believe that the first part of the statement was a mistake, that the dome was the same width as at first, but it would convey the impression of not being so wide when its curve was raised, from the effect of perspective (already alluded to) in diminishing the apparent size of a lofty dome to the spectator looking up at it from below, and for this reason it may be a question whether the interior effect of the dome was improved by increasing its curvature, and whether the very flat dome which was apparently at first built would not have had a greater effect of size and grandeur, though from its greater lateral thrust and flatness at the crown it would certainly have been less safe constructively, and might possibly have fallen in again in course of time and from the effect of any slight settlement in the abutments.

The magic of St. Sophia, as we have said, lay in its interior, which, even if built of plain stone and unadorned, must have had a grand and striking effect. But this was increased immeasurably by the wealth of decoration lavished

on it; and the description given by the Silentiary, whatever allowance may be made for poetic raptures, may be taken as proof that it was no ordinary splendour which called forth such glowing phrases. One of the most remarkable points, indeed, about the history of St. Sophia is the ecstatic admiration which its interior seems to have excited among those who saw it when first completed. About no other building in history is there such a halo of romance spread; by none has such a poetic fervour of description been elicited. Nor can we conclude that this is empty verbiage. Richness of colour and exuberance of decoration with costly materials have always been the characteristics of Byzantine architecture; and, if we regard this taste as derived in some degree from the example set in the great parent church, we can only be the more convinced of the reality of that splendour of effect which could impress itself as an example for centuries afterwards. It is part of the interest of the book before us that the authors have placed side by side the raptures of the contemporary historian and the facts gleaned by the study of existing relics of Byzantine decorative art. They have reprinted the impressions of Procopius and the Silentiary as to what they saw, and have followed this up by enquiries and illustrations which throw some additional light on these descriptions, and enable us to some extent to picture to our minds some of the actual detail of the sumptuous effects which are indicated in a more florid and less practical manner by the two contemporary writers. Let us try to picture from these various descriptions and suggestions what the visitor would have seen on entering St. Sophia as it came new from the hands of Justinian's artists. The Silentiary commences at the east end, and works back to the entrance; but we prefer to follow the opposite course.

We should have entered first the atrium court, or cloister, with a fountain in the centre, and with the same ordonnance all round of square piers alternating with arcades supported on marble columns over twenty feet in height. The pavement of this atrium court was of coloured marbles, probably laid so as to give a representation of four streams meandering from the centre to the four sides—a favourite device in early Byzantine pavements, as symbolising the four rivers which watered Paradise. The atrium cloister was continued round the side next the church, as well as the other three, its eastern open ambulatory occupying the site of what is now the enclosed outer porch, or exo-

narthex. Entering one of the five doors in the west wall of the church (the east wall of the atrium), we should have stood in a great arcaded porch or corridor (the narthex), about twenty-eight feet across, forty-five feet in height, and two hundred feet long, running nearly across the entire width of the end of the church, with a door and porch at the south and north ends, and roofed with a series of segmental arches dividing it into nine vaulted spaces. Entering the church through one of the three doors in the centre of the length of the narthex, we should have passed between two immense masses of wall, twenty feet in width, and entirely covered with coloured marbles, into a large apse or semicircular bay, and seen overhead a semi-dome rising to a height of more than a hundred and twenty feet, and abutting against a great arch of the same height, ten feet in thickness, flying right across the building. On either side, beneath the semi-dome or apse, minor columned semicircles or exedræ open on the right and left, varying in a most picturesque manner the lines of the plan, and giving a vista through into the side aisles, which occupy the remainder of the rectangular space within which the whole church is contained. These exedræ are half divided off from the centre of the church by an arcade of three arches carried on shafts of marble, some twenty-four feet in height, 'bright with fresh green bloom,' bound round with gilt metal rings at the neck and base, and crowned with that picturesque yet refined form of convex-lined capital which the Byzantine artists evolved out of the Corinthian capital, or, we might rather say, by a blending of the Corinthian and Ionic forms, and in the carved leafage betraying clearly its origin from the Greek acanthus leaf, but treated in a new fashion, with a crispness of form and a play of little points of shadow all over it, giving it a life and sparkle quite different from the cold and more conventional grace of the classic acanthus, 'a wandering chain of barbed points, all 'golden, full of grace.' We may perhaps assume, from the epithet used, that the effect of the carving was heightened by gilding; though it may, on the other hand, be merely a poetic flourish. In the upper story (for we see that the exedra is in two stories) is an arcade on a smaller scale and with seven arches* on shorter columns, the capitals of which

* Thus the columns of the upper story are not over those below, as in most well-regulated structures, but take their own spacing quite independently. This seems to have much astonished the Silentiary,

show an entirely new departure, a reminiscence of the old Ionic capital (Roman form, with the volutes set obliquely), almost crushed under a conical block (small end downwards) in which the carved ornament is worked out of the flat surface by sinking between it. According to our usual estimate of the rate of developement of architectural style, there might seem to be nearly a century between the capitals of the lower and upper arcades, in regard to the main design, though there is a similarity in the feeling of the work in detail. In the lower capital the Ionic volute retains its usual place in the upper portion of the capital, with a crowning moulding over it; the connexion with the classic capital is still quite obvious: in the upper capital the Ionic volute is nearly extinguished, only survives as a subordinate detail, and the rest of the cap takes a form in which all resemblance to the classic capital has vanished—a form destined to be reproduced at Ravenna in a still more decisive fashion.

Opposite to us, at the further side of the central space of floor, we see another great arch flying across the space, beyond it another apse with exedræ at the side, similar to that through which we have entered, and beyond that again the smaller eastern apse (the sacrarium), which closes the vista. To right and left, flanking the central space, are two great arches similar in design to those which cross it (only not open, partially carried by the side walls and galleries, their function being one of *design* rather than construction); between the meeting-points of their curves bend over the surfaces of the pendentives; and above all hangs in air, as it were, the circular cornice, from which arises the great dome, pouring down a flood of light from the series of windows pierced in its base. Beneath the great side arches the double order of arcades which we have noticed in the two stories of the exedræ are repeated, the lower arcades consisting of five lofty arches on marble columns—'glittering jewels of Thessalian marble, with capitals above them like locks of golden hair'—the upper ones of seven; the columns of the upper arcade, here again, placed with no reference to those below them. This is one

accustomed, no doubt, to the regular arrangement of column over column, pier over pier, in the two stories of a basilica, or of a temple of the Roman type: 'one wonders at the power of him who bravely set six columns over two, and has not trembled to fix their bases over empty air.'

of the peculiarities of the building, in which the main masses of wall and the main arches and domes reign supreme, and the intermediate spaces are played with as you will. Behind the arcades on the ground floor are seen the side-aisles in deep shadow, their vaults so supported on intermediate columns (half seen in the shadow) as to keep clear of the columns of the front arcade, which is only limited by the height of the gallery floor.*

So much for the main architectural forms that meet our eye. But the wealth and variety of colour with which all this grand construction was decked out gives it a glamour beyond what the mere unadorned construction could have boasted. It is true that this is all a lining—a veneer—as at Santa Maria at Florence, and other Italian churches. Far better if we could have actually built with the gloriously coloured materials, made them part and parcel of the massive construction; but to have attempted that would have been beyond even the chief bandit's purse of Justinian. The structure is mainly built of rough materials, and externally these are honestly shown, and take the weather; only on the wall of the narthex next the atrium was there an external *revêtement* of marble. But internally shall we have a jewel-box, a gemmed casket on a gigantic scale; and after all, if we must depend upon veneering for our colour, better such decoration on the interior than the exterior of a building—leave the latter to show itself openly and bravely, line the interior walls with the precious materials, if as lining alone we can have them. As before observed, St. Sophia, like pure Byzantine building generally, represents an internal rather than an external architecture, and all richness of material was lavished on the interior. We look over a pavement of coloured marbles, up walls of coloured marbles, to domes covered with gold mosaic. The contemplation of the spectacle raises the Silentiary to his highest key, and there is a real poetic

* In the ordinary arrangement of such a vault as that over the aisles, the curves of the nearest vaults (as we look at the aisle from the centre of the church) would spring from the level of the capitals of the outer arcade. But thus they would have been visible through the upper portion of the arches, and would have obscured the appearance of lightness and openness of the arcade. To avoid this, the vaulting of the aisles is arranged so that the vaults, instead of springing from the level of the capitals of the outer arcade, rise (from their own columns) to the level of the top of the arches.

fancy in the manner in which he associates the materials with the scenes from which they came :—

‘ Yet who, even in the measure of Homer, shall sing the marble pastures gathered on the lofty walls and spreading pavements of the mighty church ? These the iron with its metal tooth has gnawed—the fresh green from Carystus, and many-coloured marble from the Phrygian range, in which a rosy blush mingles with white, or it shines bright with flowers of deep red and silver. There is a wealth of porphyry too, powdered with bright stars, that has once laden the river-boat on the broad Nile. You would see an emerald green from Sparta, and the glittering marble with many veins, which the tool has worked in the deep bosom of the Iassian hills, showing slanting streaks blood-red and livid white. From the Lydian creek came the bright stone mingled with streaks of red. Stone too is there that the Lybian sun, warning with his golden light, has nurtured in the deep-bosomed clefts of the hills of the Moors, of crocus colour glittering like gold ; and the produce of the Celtic crags, a wealth of crystals, like milk poured here and there on a flesh of glittering black. There is the precious onyx, as if gold were shining through it ; and the marble that the land of Atrax yields, not from some upland glen, but from the level plains ; in part fresh green as the sea or emerald stone, or again like blue cornflowers in grass, with here and there a drift of fallen snow—a sweet mingled contrast on the dark shining surface.’

The coloured materials thus enthusiastically described were arranged mainly in a panelling of larger and smaller slabs over the walls ; it was only in so large and simple a form of decoration that such a vast expanse of walling could be covered with an applied decorative material ; but special portions were treated with more elaborate geometric design, or, as the Silentiary records—

‘ with intersecting curves laden with plenteous fruit, and baskets and flowers, and birds sitting on the twigs. And the curved pattern of a twining vine with shoots like golden ringlets, weaves a winding chain of clusters ; little by little does it put forth shoots, until it overshadows all the stone near with ripples of beauteous tresses.’

This latter part of the description probably refers to the really beautiful inlaid ornament in the spandrels of the arches of the lower-story arcades. The earlier portion describes what may be called a naïve and somewhat childish element to be found in a good deal of early Byzantine ornament, especially in the curious employment of baskets, not only in conventional inlay, but in very realistic carved capitals. There seems no way of accounting for this peculiar and unfortunate feature in Byzantine detail except that it afforded excuse for some tricky carver’s work. The symbolic

vine is always largely present in Byzantine ornament of the older school.

But the artificial lighting was one of the great glories of the interior, whereon the Silentiary again rises to his most glowing style:—

No words can describe the light at night time. . . . For the wise forethought of our king has had stretched from the projecting rim of stone, on whose back is firmly planted the temple's air-borne dome [i.e. the cornice round the base of the central dome] long twisted chains of beaten brass, linked in alternate curves with many windings. And these chains, bending down from every part in a long course, curve together as they fall toward the ground. But before they reach the pavement their path from above is checked, and they finish in unison in a circle. And beneath each chain he has caused to be fitted silver discs, hanging circlewise in the air round the space in the centre of the church. Thus these discs, pendent from their lofty courses, form a coronet above the heads of men. They have been pierced, too, by the weapon of the skilful workman, in order that they may receive shafts of fire-wrought glass, and hold light on high for men at night. . . . One might also see ships of silver bearing a flashing freight of flame, and plying their lofty courses in the liquid air instead of the sea. . . . Neither is the base of the deep-bosomed dome left without light, for along the projecting stone of the curved cornice the skilful workman suspends single lamps to bronze stakes. . . . There is also on the silver columns [of the Iconostasis], above their capitals, a narrow way of access for the lamplighter, glittering with bright clusters; these we might compare to the mountain-nourished vine, or cypress with fresh branches. From a point ever-widening circles spread down until the last is reached, even that which curves around the base; instead of a root, bowls of silver are placed beneath the trees with their flaming flowers. And in the centre of this beauteous wood the form of the divine cross, pierced with the prints of the nails, shines with light for mortal eyes. A thousand others within the temple show their gleaming light, hanging aloft by chains of many windings. . . . And whoever gazes on the lighted trees with their crown of circles, feels his heart warmed with joy; and looking on a boat swathed with fire, or some single lamp, or the symbol of the Divine Christ, all care vanishes from the mind.'

This rhapsody strikingly illustrates the extent to which it is possible, in a semi-barbarous and superstitious age, to appeal to the sentiment of religious enthusiasm through the senses; to make the material church a kind of foretaste of heaven, the heaven whose gates are of pearl, and her streets of gold; to give to every ornament a mystical signification. It is in proportion as humanity approaches to a more spiritual discernment of God, and of a heavenly state, that such ornamental accessories lose their mystical meaning,

and come down to the level of 'church decoration,' appealing to the æsthetic rather than to the spiritual sense. Yet even from this point of view we may well gather that never has earthly place of worship assumed a richness and beauty so impressive and so fascinating as in the Christian church of St. Sophia as it existed in the days of Justinian; and the passage above quoted indicates that to its beauties of construction and decoration had been added the most effective mode of artificial lighting possible, that from a multitude of separate lights suspended in the air; a method also peculiarly suited to an interior presenting a vast central space. The authors of the book before us have gone into this subject of the lighting with considerable care, giving a number of illustrations of ancient hanging lamps from the British Museum and from other sources, which may assist us to realise the details of the lighting which so impressed the imagination of the Silentiary.

The poem of the latter goes yet further into the description of the permanent furniture of the church. The pavement of the central portion was of Proconnesian marble and darker Bosphorus stone, and appears to have repeated again the favourite device of flowing rivers; that is to say, a very conventional suggestion of them. The ambo standing above it is compared to an island rising from the sea. The ambo, which stood on the centre line of the church, nearly beneath the great eastern arch, was a circular platform on eight columns, faced with variously coloured marbles, decorated also with silver, the columns with white marble bases, the cornice decorated with cone-like clusters of lights; on the north and south sides arose silver crosses. The ambo, though an 'island,' was joined to the mainland by an 'isthmus,' for a walk, fenced by dwarf walls, stretched from the lowest step of its eastern flight until it came 'to the space by the twin 'silver doors' (of the iconostasis). 'And here the priest, as 'he holds the golden gospel, passes along, and the surging 'crowd strive to touch the sacred book with their lips and 'hands, while moving waves of people break around.' What an extraordinarily realistic touch of the time is given by this naively told incident: the priest, in his richly embroidered robes, issuing from the central door of the iconostasis, as out of some abode of mystic wisdom, walking along the fenced passage to deliver the gospel from the splendidly decorated ambo, and the crowd of semi-barbarous worshippers struggling as he passes to touch or kiss the sacred book! It is like a lantern light flashed for a moment on one spot in the distant

past, making it all real to us for the instant. What a subject for a picture, for any painter who had dramatic genius to realise the human element in the scene, and patience and archæological learning to do justice to its decorative setting.

Looking eastward still, beyond the ambo, we should have seen the chord of the eastern apse occupied by the iconostasis or sacred picture screen, its columns and surfaces entirely covered with silver, decorated with winged angels, 'nor had the craftsman forgotten the forms of those others whose childhood was with the fishing-basket and the net, but who left the mean labours of life and unholy cares to bear witness at the bidding of a heavenly king, fishing even for men, and forsaking the skill of casting nets to weave the seamless seine of eternal life.' (Is it possible that in this reference to the 'fishing-basket' of the Apostles may be found, after all, the symbolic meaning of the basket capital?) Beyond the iconostasis, and partially visible through its open doors, and perhaps also over its cornice, was the ciborium, rising above the gold altar slab, an arched canopy carried on silver columns, with an octagon spirelet over it, ending in a cup-formed finial of leafage bending over, and in the midst of it a silver globe carrying the cross. The spirelet, or cone, was decorated with acanthus-leaf carving.

The upper stories in the aisles, with the smaller arcadings already referred to, formed the women's portion of the church; a set of spacious galleries shut off into three main divisions on each side of the great piers or abutments of the dome, through which arched openings gave intercommunication. By means of the gallery over the narthex the whole of these galleries of the women's portion were in intercommunication all round, except over the apse of the sacrum, where passage was of course barred. The spaces between the columns of the galleries were fenced with stone balustrades, 'on which,' says the Silentiary, 'the women can kneel and support their elbows'—another element in the scene. One could wish there had been some Byzantine Theocritus to give us the talk of two of them as they went on their way to St. Sophia on the day of a high function.

Such was the great church of St. Sophia in its pristine glory, a building extraordinarily bold and masterly in its construction, sublime in its interior architectural treatment, rich probably beyond precedent or imitation in the gorgeous character of its interior decorations, and specially interesting as representing on the greatest scale the new life which was being infused into or grafted on the old classic detail of

Greece and Rome. The project of an unscrupulous and rapacious ruler, who wished only to glorify his own reign, it nevertheless appealed to the uneducated crowd of the day as a work which was to give them a kind of foretaste of the glories of heaven here on earth. As an experiment in building, it is one of the grandest and boldest on record, representing the carrying out, all at once and on a great scale, of a problem in construction the true solution of which had only previously been partially suggested in buildings on a much smaller scale. The fountain-head of a great and important style of architecture, it was never equalled or even rivalled by any succeeding effort in the same manner, and still remains unapproached as the most complete example of the domed system of construction, and the most sublime interior ever raised by the hand of the architect.

It is to be hoped that the new book in relation to this great church, which has given occasion for these remarks, may be of use in calling more general attention to it in this country, and especially of bringing within reach of a larger class of readers some knowledge of its remarkable constructive peculiarities, which have hitherto been known and appreciated only by a few isolated students of architecture. The only serious defect we have to find in the book is one which is often met with among writers on technical subjects who are mainly occupied with their subject for its own sake—viz. an indifference to or want of grasp of literary form. The book is rather stragglingly written, and deficient in order and lucidity of arrangement—a defect which interferes with one's pleasure in reading it, and makes it difficult to predict under what heading or in what chapter to look for any particular detail of the subject, information which ought to have come under one head unexpectedly cropping out under another. But the reader may probably depend upon it that all the facts, when he does get at them, are correctly given; and the suggestions and speculative studies embodied in the book are of no little practical interest in regard to the right understanding of the aims and methods of Byzantine building.

ART. IX.—1. *The Works of Alfred, Lord Tennyson, Poet Laureate.* London: 1894.

2. *Tennyson: his Art and Relation to Modern Life.* By STOPFORD A. BROOKE. London: 1894.

3. *Le Morte Darthur.* Sir Thomas Malory's Book of King Arthur and of his Noble Knights of the Round Table. The text of Caxton, edited, with an Introduction, by Sir EDWARD STRACHEY, Bart. (The Globe Edition.) London and New York: 1893.

4. *Tennyson's 'Idylls of the King,' and Arthurian Story from the Sixteenth Century.* By M. W. MACCALLUM, M.A., Professor of Modern Literature in the University of Sydney. Glasgow: 1894.

5. *Aspects of Poetry.* Being Lectures delivered at Oxford by JOHN CAMPBELL SHAIRP, LL.D., Professor of Poetry at Oxford, and Principal of the United College, St. Andrews. Oxford: 1881.

IN every age of the world it has been the province of Poetry to lift the thoughts of men out of the routine of their ordinary lives into regions of the imagination, where no hard facts or material conditions obstruct the aspirations of the human soul. In the manifold changes in men's outward existence, to which history bears witness, the main wants and necessities of the mind of man have remained the same. From things as they are he turns at times to things as they might be. And as in the heroic age men, themselves immersed in war, yet turned to poetry to feast their imaginations on the tales of the combats of gods or of men mightier than themselves, so twenty-five centuries later, in all the bustling activity of our modern life, 'the world of thought, 'the world of dream' has lost none of its fascination for higher minds. There men still find inspiration, delight, or solace, for which they may explore the world of actual reality in vain.

It is the 'poet's pen' that gives shape and substance to the 'airy nothings' of the imagination. A great poet gives expression to the ideals of his age, to the sentiments which stir the hearts of his fellow-men, and throws into the most perfect form of language the best and highest thought of his time. It has been well said that the healthy and genuine poetic nature is rooted rather in the heart than in the head—that human-heartedness is the soil from which

all its other gifts originally grow and are continually fed.* The *source* of true poetry is, perhaps, strong and deep feeling rather than profound thought. Yet it is very necessary that heart and mind should be in close alliance and be fairly balanced, for our English literature affords many examples of the disastrous consequences which result to poetry from the ascendancy of the one over the other. The tribunal before which all poetry must be tried is constituted of three judges, Heart, Mind, and Ear, and in a favourable judgement they must be unanimous. Assuredly no poetry will establish a permanent place of the highest order in the estimation of men which either offends healthy feeling, fails to satisfy strong thinking, or does violence to the sense of melody or of artistic beauty of language.

The great poet, like other ruling spirits among men, partly leads and partly follows the tendencies of his time. He feels that which moves his contemporaries as they feel it, only with greater intensity. The vigorous expression which he gives to their sentiments serves both to vivify and strengthen feelings implanted in them partly by nature, partly by the spirit of their age. He thus inspires his contemporaries with fresh vigour at the same time that he reflects the prevailing feelings and thoughts of his time.

No country or period ever had a truer interpreter than the England of the Victorian age in the late Poet Laureate. Lord Tennyson was English to the core. The virtues and the type of heroism that he idealised were essentially English. With him Duty was a passion. In law and well-ordered liberty he believed with the whole strength of his soul. Anarchy was abhorrent to his very nature. He considered it the most dangerous enemy of the freedom which he loved. Yet he recognised to the full that in forcible resistance to oppression—nay, even out of the throes of revolutionary violence—have often sprung the beginnings of better things:—

'. . . O, shall the braggart shout-
For some blind glimpse of Freedom work itself
Through madness, hated by the wise, to law,
System, and Empire . . . ?'

Mr. Stopford Brooke and others appear to think that a wilder, a more reckless passion would have given a stronger impulse to true poetry than the Moderation so

dear to Lord Tennyson. Law and order may be in themselves highly meritorious elements in the State and in society, and yet be better fitted to stir the eloquence of the statesman than to call out the fire of the poet. No one, however, can doubt that in his manly moderation, in his constant sobriety of judgement, Lord Tennyson reflects with absolute fidelity the character of his countrymen. His political ideas and ideals are certainly those which have influenced the statesmen of the Queen's reign—the men to whom two generations of Englishmen have entrusted the government of their country. He has summoned poetry to the aid of statesmanship; and by the beauty of his language and the wisdom of his thought he has done much to fix and perpetuate and strengthen in men's minds the principles which they and he have held dear.

As with politics, so with religion. His poetry is instinct with the doubts and the hopes of thoughtful Englishmen of his day. The supposed antagonism between scientific discovery and religious belief was keenly present to his mind, as to theirs. Like them he was tolerant of every difference of creed. 'Honest doubt' received from him no censure. On the other hand he showed no mercy to 'the 'surface man of theories, true to none,' who in the rejection of all religious belief finds the way open to every self-indulgence and vice. 'Locksley Hall,' 'The Two Voices,' and 'In Memoriam' show very clearly the attitude of Lord Tennyson towards religion. With those who doubted in a serious spirit he felt every sympathy. With those who either in shallowness of mind or in bitterness of spirit scoffed, and triumphed in their disbelief, his deep nature could have nothing in common. A spiritual hope and belief were strong within him; yet no one knew better than he how spiritual religion had suffered from the rigid definitions in which men had confined it.

'I know that age succeeds,
Blowing a noise of tongues and deeds,
A dust of systems and of creeds.'*

His was an upward-looking faith as strong and deep as it was wide; and the expression that it found in his poetry was in exact conformity with the spirit of his own countrymen in his own day. Assuredly Tennysonian poetry would not give a true picture of the aspirations and tone of mind of religious England at any period earlier than his own. Still

* The Two Voices.

less would it represent the prevailing sentiments of his own day in any other country of Europe.

The knowledge and love of nature in detail, so conspicuous in Lord Tennyson's poetry, are also eminently characteristic of our time. He is not satisfied with admiring and describing the more beautiful effects of natural scenery in some general aspect, or the grander effects which the war of elements may produce. He feels the beauty of nature even in its least showy phases. He has watched with the affectionate interest of a true naturalist the animal and vegetable life of our English woods, and downs, and lanes, and fields, and has taught thousands and thousands of his countrymen to see beauty formerly hid from their eyes. Tennyson's treatment of nature is certainly very different from that of the great poets of the first quarter of our century. In 'Childe Harold' and other poems of Lord Byron there are descriptions of sunset, and of storm, of mountain, sea, and lake, which can never be surpassed. Wordsworth, again, appreciated natural scenery in every aspect, and no one more keenly felt its power. To him nature suggested deep thought and wise reflection. Walter Scott had that hearty admiration of the glories of the earth he dwelt in that comes home to every active climber whose eye ranges over a wide tract of country from the summit of a Scottish hill. Each of these poets presents a more or less landscape-like view of nature; and each, it need scarcely be said, uses his power of word-painting for a different purpose—Byron to make his own personality more interesting, as when the ravishing beauty of 'clear placid Leman' warns him

' . . . to forsake

Earth's troubled waters for a purer spring ;'

Wordsworth 'to moralise the spectacle;' Scott to impart to others the keen delight he had himself experienced in the glories unfolded to his eyes and the interest that associations of history or romance added to the scene.

Not even Wordsworth (says Mr. Stopford Brooke), 'who is the mountain poet, could have made us feel the landscape of the English lower lands as Tennyson does in the "May Queen," with our pity for the dying girl woven through it all.' And he quotes the following lines:—

'When the flowers come again, mother, beneath the waning light,
You'll never see me more in the long grey fields at night,
When from the dry dark wold the summer air blows cool
On the oat grass, and the sword grass, and the bull rush in the pool.'

Millais himself has hardly ever painted the foreground of a landscape with more care for natural detail than Tennyson has shown again and again in the minute accuracy with which he follows Nature.* Nor has De Windt given us a truer picture of a heavy English summer day in the low-lying lands of Lincolnshire than Tennyson has painted in the 'Palace of Art'—

'And one, a full-fed river winding slow
By herds upon an endless plain,
The ragged rims of thunder brooding low,
With shadow streaks of rain.'

In October 1890 we had occasion to contrast the personalities of the two great contemporary poets, Tennyson and Browning, and to trace the effects of the training and life of each upon his work. The former was a true son of Cambridge. From the days almost of his boyhood his associates were the very flower of contemporary English culture. Arthur Hallam, Monckton Milnes, Thackeray, and Venables were amongst those whom undergraduate life had made his friends. He lived in England, saw much of his own friends, and cared little for the delights of general society. Browning, on the contrary, spent a large portion of his life abroad. Italy, he himself declared, was his University. His favourite study was the Italian literature of the seventeenth century. He was one of the most sociable of men, and few shone more brightly than he in the London society of his later years. In their choice of subjects, in their thoughts, and in the form of expression with which they clothed them, no two poets could differ more widely.

'Tennyson never went down into the obscure and thorny depths of metaphysics and theology; nor did he attempt to express the more dreadful and involved passions of mankind, such as Shakespeare in his tragic worked upon, nor the subtle and distant analogies and phases of human nature in which Browning had his pleasure.*'

Tennyson chose for his subjects and wrote only about 'that which he could express with lucidity of thought and form.'

Mr. Stopford Brooke has presented the public with a deeply interesting study of Lord Tennyson's poetry. His high appreciation of its merit has never led him into meaningless praise. When, on the other hand, the criti-

cism is unfavourable, his observations—whether we agree with them or not—are all carefully considered and deserve equal attention. His own language, often rising into eloquence, delights for its own sake those who either in poetry or in prose are alive to the beauties of the English tongue; and the modest hope with which he concludes his volume—viz. ‘that his study of Lord Tennyson will make ‘men who love him love him more, and those who do not ‘yet love him find that constant pleasure’—will certainly not be disappointed.

It has been said by way of criticism of Lord Tennyson that he is more eminent as an artist than poet, meaning, we suppose, that the elaborate skill of his execution impresses his readers more than the passion which inspired him—that there is in his poetry more of workmanship than of feeling. It is true that with him the force of passion is restrained; yet with many this restraint does not diminish his power. That Lord Tennyson was an artist, if ever a poet deserved the name, all men agree.

‘The essential difference of an artist,’ says Mr. Stopford Brooke, ‘is the love of beauty and the power of shaping it. The greatness of an artist is proportionate to the depth and truth of his love of beauty, to his faithfulness to it, and to his unremitting effort to train his natural gift of shaping it into fuller ease, power, and permanence. As to beauty itself, men talk of natural beauty, of physical, moral, and spiritual beauty, and these term divisions have their use; but at root all beauty is one, and these divided forms of it are modes only of one energy, conditioned by the elements through which it passes. They can all pass into one another, and they can all be expressed in terms of one another.

‘To define beauty, then, is beyond our power; but we can approach a definition of it by marking out clearly its results on us. What is always true of beauty is this, that wherever it appears it awakens love of it which has no return on self, but which bears us out of ourselves; it stirs either joy or reverence in the heart without bringing with it any self-admiration or vanity; and it kindles the desire of reproducing it, not that we may exult in our own skill in forming it, but that our reproduction of it may awaken emotions in others similar to those which the original sight of beauty stirred in our own hearts—that is, it more or less forces the seer of it into creation. This creation, this representation of the beautiful is art; and the most skilful representation of the ugly—that is, of anything which awakens repulsion, or base pleasure, or horror, which does not set free and purify the soul, or scorn instead of reverence, or which does not kindle in us the desire of reproduction of it that we may stir in others similar emotions to our own—is not art at all. It is clever imitation, it is skill, it is artifice: it is not art. It is characteristic of an age which is writhing

under the frivolous despotism of positive science that the accurate and skilful representation of things and facts which are not beautiful is called art; and it belongs to all persons who care for the growth of humanity not to denounce this error, for denunciation is barren of results, but to live and labour for the opposite truth' (p. 18).

So writes Mr. Stopford Brooke in a passage which not only illustrates one of the highest merits characteristic of Tennyson, but which makes clear also, at the very outset of his work, the standpoint of his own criticism.

We agree, again, with the observation that Tennyson's art springs directly out of his character. Simplicity is the chief note of the one as of the other.

'The way in which he worked, his choice of subjects, his style, were all the revelation of a character drawn on large and uncomplicated lines; and in this sense, in the complete sincerity to his inner being of all he did and in the manner of its doing, he was simple in the truest sense of the word. Nothing was ever done for effect; no subject in which he was not veritably involved was taken up. Nothing was even tried, save a few metrical exercises, for experiment's sake alone, much less to please the popular movement. The thing shaped was the legitimate child of natural thought and natural feeling. Vital sincerity or living correspondence between idea and form, that absolute necessity for all fine art, as for all noble life, was his, and it is contained in what I have called his simplicity.'

To this quality of the poet's character our critic attributes the fact that, however variable in excellence of other kinds his process may be, '*the workmanship* is curiously level from 'youth to age.'

It is unnecessary here to refer to any earlier publication of Tennyson than the volume of 1842, in which, however, are contained several poems that had appeared previously. If Lord Tennyson had never since 1842 put pen to paper, he would in virtue of this volume alone have deserved to rank amongst the noblest of English poets. In '*Love and Duty*' there breathes an intensity of passion rare with him. The poet is writing of a passionate mutual love, that duty bars. Because Love's fulfilment is denied must two lives be ruined?

'Of Love that never found his earthly close,
What sequel? Streaming eyes and breaking hearts?
Or all the same as if he had not been?
Not so. Shall Error in the round of time
Still father Truth?

‘No,’ says the poet—

‘ . . . Wait, and Love himself will bring
The drooping flower of knowledge changed to fruit
Of Wisdom. Wait; my faith is large in time
And that which shapes it to some perfect end.’

Then comes the last meeting between the lovers, the last farewell.

‘The slow sweet hours that bring us all things good,
The slow sad hours that bring us all things ill,
And all good things from evil, brought the night
In which we sat together and alone,
And to the want that hollowed all the heart
Gave utterance by the yearning of an eye
That burnt upon its object through such tears
As flow but once a life.

O then, like those who clench their nerves to rush
Upon their dissolution, we two rose;
There—closing like an individual life—
In one blind cry of passion and of pain,
Like bitter accusation e’en to death,
Caught up the whole of love and uttered it,
And bade adieu for ever.’

The poem ends with a very beautiful description of sunrise following the brief summer night, a passage that has been criticised, not entirely without justice, as a somewhat forced introduction of rich ornament to a situation where personal interest was supreme. Mr. Stopford Brooke’s explanation of the motive of this poem, and his observations on Tennyson’s mode of treating love, must be given. The love was not fruitless. Two lives were not ruined because passion was denied.

‘Because duty was lord over passion, and drove their lives apart, love itself, honoured more in giving up than in taking an earthly joy contrary to righteousness, lasted in both hearts unstained and lovely, and bettered both their lives. The man, emerging from himself, gained the higher love, and never knew

“The set grey life, and apathetic end.”

The woman knew, when the parting was over, that all

“Life needs for life is possible to will;”

and happiness came to her, and freedom, and the distant light was pure. There was a conviction in Tennyson’s mind that the sanctity of the marriage tie was one of the eternal foundations of all true personal, social, and national life; that no amount of passionate love excused

its breakage. This is not the view of the artists in general, but it is the view which prevails in the English nation. And Tennyson felt and represented it through all his poetry.'

So in the 'Princess,' in the Arthurian Story, and in many other poems the poet's idea of marriage, and all that depends upon the maintenance of its sanctity, are dwelt upon with never-failing earnestness, and in language often of exceeding beauty.

The greatest of Lord Tennyson's classical poems were contained in the volume of 1842. In 'Ænone,' 'The Lotos Eaters,' and 'Ulysses' the poet has painted in exquisite language the scenes of nature which his poetic imagination taught him would form the best background for his subjects. Mr. Stopford Brooke in an interesting paragraph points out the difference between the *creation* of natural landscape by the poetic mind and the poetic description of a bit of actual scenery; and he places side by side Tennyson's sketch of the 'dale of Ida' of the 'Ænone' of 1833 with the finished picture of the place where Paris and the goddesses met, so familiar to every one in the greatly improved poem of 1842. The sketch was founded upon Tennyson's recollection of a valley in the Pyrenees. The picture was drawn to meet the requirements of his story by a poet whose wide and close observation of natural scenery enabled him to combine his varied experiences in one glorious ideal landscape. The beauty of the language had gained no less than that of the picture. Never has English poet more nearly attained perfection in this branch of his art than in the opening lines of the finished 'Ænone.'

'There lies a vale in Ida, lovelier
Than all the valleys of Ionian hills.
The swimming vapour slopes athwart the glen,
Puts forth an arm, and creeps from pine to pine,
And loiters, slowly drawn. On either hand
The lawns and meadow-ledges midway down
Hang rich in flowers, and far below them roars
The long brook, falling through the clov'n ravine
In cataract after cataract to the sea.
Behind the valley topmost Gargarus
Stands up and takes the morning: but in front
The gorges, opening wide apart, reveal
Troas and Ilion's columned citadel,
The crown of Troas.'

Mr. Stopford Brooke says with truth that fine landscape and fine figure drawing are not enough to make a fine poem. 'Human interest, human passion, must be greater than

‘nature and dominate the subject.’ And hence the sorrow and love of *Cenone* form the main ‘humanity of the poem.’ The poet, moreover, penetrated as he is with the classical spirit of antiquity, yet contrives ‘to make these classic poems ‘fit in with modern times and instruct the conscience or ‘enhance the aspiration of those who read his work.’ In the speech of *Pallas Tennyson* is, in fact, addressing his own countrymen. The lines which begin—

‘Self-reverence, self-knowledge, self-control,
These three alone lead life to sovereign power,’

are instinct with that spirit which pervades all his poetry and his character also. Here he lays down not only what he believes to be ‘the foundation of life and government, of ‘true power, and in the end of beauty, but also the root ‘of the glory and strength of England as he wished her ‘to be.’

In the ‘*Lotos Eaters*’ the poet’s theme is the weariness with endless and apparently fruitless labour and struggle, a weariness that tempts men to look for happiness in the idleness of contemplative repose.

‘There is no joy but calm !’
‘Why should we only toil, the roof and crown of things ?’

Let us alone. What pleasure can we have
To war with evil ? Is there any peace
In ever climbing up the climbing wave ?
All things have rest and ripen toward the grave
In silence ; ripen, fall and cease :
Give us long rest or death, dark death, or dreamful ease.’

Nothing can exceed the beauty of the setting provided for this central motive of the poem, and the merit lies not merely in the beauty of the pictures which succeed each other in stanza after stanza of melodious English, but also in their admirable conformity with those human longings and natural weaknesses which it is the object of the poet to describe.

‘There is sweet music here that softer falls
Than petals from blown roses on the grass,
Or night dews on still waters between walls
Of shadowy granite, in a gleaming pass ;
Music that gentlier on the spirit lies
Than tir’d eyelids upon tir’d eyes ;
Music that brings sweet sleep down from the blissful skies.
Here are cool mosses deep,
And through the moss the ivies creep,
And in the stream the long-leaved flowers weep,
And from the craggy ledge the poppy hangs in sleep.’

In the 'Ulysses' the poet sings of the manly spirit which rises superior to all these temptations. Even old age, though it may render his exertion of less effect, shall not prevent his hero fighting to the end, and to the best of his strength, the battle of life.

'I cannot rest from travel: I will drink
Life to the lees: all times I have enjoyed
Greatly, have suffered greatly, both with those
That loved me, and alone; on shore and when
Through scudding drifts the rainy Hyades
Vent the dim sea. I am become a name;
For, always roaming with a hungry heart,
Much have I seen and known, cities of men
And manners, climates, councils, governments,
Myself not least, but honoured of them all,
And drunk delight of battle with my peers
Far on the ringing plains of windy Troy.
I am a part of all that I have met.
Yet all experience is an arch where through
Gleams that untravelled world, whose margin fades
For ever and for ever when I move.
How dull it is to pause, to make an end,
To rust unburnished, not to shine in use!
As though to breathe were life.'

Then comes the sketch of Telemachus, 'to whom he
'leaves the sceptre and the isle,' a gentler ruler, doubt-
less, perhaps better fitted for gentler times, but not cast in
the heroic mould befitting 'him that strove with gods.'

'Most blameless is he, centred in the sphere
Of common duties, decent not to fail
In offices of tenderness, and pay
Meet adoration to my household gods
When I am gone. He works his work, I mine.'

'Though much is taken much abides; and though
We are not now that strength which in old days
Moved earth and heaven, that which we are, we are;
One equal temper of heroic hearts,
Made weak by time and fate, but strong in will
To strive, to seek, to find, and not to yield.'

In these three great poems Tennyson has brought

'thoughts out of the past to rejoice and illuminate the present. The speech of Pallas to Paris is spoken to England: the song of the Lotus-eater is a warning to the drifters and dreamers of our world; in the thoughts of "Ulysses" is held the power and the glory of England. Nevertheless, though these poems have an ethical direction, it is subordinate to their first direction, which is to represent the beauty of

their subjects. No one who has any sense of art will presume to accuse them of being didactic rather than artistic.' *

Lord Tennyson surveyed the field of politics with the eyes of a statesman at once philosophic and patriotic. It was his love of country which made him feel such a deep interest in politics. For mere party conflicts he had no taste. In his younger days he sympathised with the objects pursued by the statesmen of the Liberal party (amongst whom he counted several intimate personal friends), and with those theories of popular government which are nowadays the common profession of politicians of either side in politics. He desired above all things that his country should stand high in character, and that the statesmen who guided her councils should themselves be influenced only by motives of the highest patriotism. Tennyson loved England passionately; and again and again throughout his poetry, in the classical pieces, in the Arthurian Story, in the 'Princess,' in 'Maud,' as well as in the poems bearing directly upon English politics, there shines his lofty ideal of what England should be, and has it in her power to become. In home politics he was always English rather than Whig or Tory, Liberal or Conservative. On the larger stage of the world he was, again, pre-eminently English in his sympathies. He believed it was for the good of the world that the might of England should be maintained, so that her power be guided by lofty statesmanship. It is a singular circumstance that men who in our domestic politics 'narrow their minds' to the strictest party limits are yet often incapable in foreign affairs of giving fair consideration to the case of their own nation. At home no one not belonging to their party is ever right; abroad their country is always wrong. For political partisanship of this order Lord Tennyson had no respect.

Is Mr. Stopford Brooke right in thinking that Tennyson, with regard to what are now known as 'social politics,' was, at least in his later years, behind his age; that when he published 'Locksley Hall' he was in line with, though certainly not in advance of, the movement of his time, and that when the world changed around him he for thirty years remained stationary?

'His poetry on other matters continued to exalt and console the world, to illuminate it with beauty and grace and tender thought. He has been a blessing to us all in a thousand ways in these last thirty years. But on the matters which I treat of here he was either silent

or in opposition to the ideas of a higher liberty. Collectivism, for example, which began to grow up about 1866 (which, whilst it was in opposition to the individualism which so rapidly developed after 1832, yet holds in it a much greater opportunity for complete individuality than we have even conceived as yet), does not seem to have even dawned on the mind of Tennyson. He is behind the whole of this movement—the master movement of our time.' (P. 50.)

These concluding sentences show that Mr. Stopford Brooke is himself infected by the fashion of the day, which they call a 'movement,' and that he fails to apprehend the broader and more solid principles of the poet he criticises and admires.

The critic becomes quite indignant with the poet, who in 'The Dawn,' one of his last poems, positively ventures to contemplate an earthly millennium as a remotely distant epoch. There is much evil in the world, but there is a long future before the human race, in which, perhaps, something like the perfectibility of man may be accomplished.

'We are far from the noon of man; there
Is time for the race to grow.'

'Time!' says Mr. Stopford Brooke, 'when half the world 'or more are in torture! It ought not to be in a poet to 'take things so easily.' But the poet does not take these things easily. In this poem, and in many others, he describes in burning language the sufferings and the sin of men. He looks forward with the eye of faith beyond this world; but he never loses hope in the progress towards a better and happier condition of mankind on earth. It is true he does not believe in an immediate millennium, even though the existing generation has discovered 'collectivism.' He is not 'on the side of the rushers.' His English temperament turns away from 'the blind hysterics 'of the Celt'—'the red-fool fury of the Seine.' Yet when in the 'Princess' 'the Tory member's elder son' condemns what he thinks the instability and violence of the neighbour nation—

"Have patience," I replied, "ourselves are full
Of social wrong; and maybe wildest dreams
Are but the needful preludes of the truth."

This fine old world of ours is but a child
Yet in the gó-cart. Patience! Give it time
To learn its limbs: there is a hand that guides"—

Tennyson calls for 'patience,' but in what sense? He does not invite us to tolerate the continuance of human

wrong, but to delay and modify our condemnation even of the wildest dreams that spring from a desire to mitigate it. Is this spirit of hope and of wisdom less worthy of poetic treatment, less likely to influence men for good, than the passionate adoption of some passing political nostrum, which is at once and for ever to put an end to all human wretchedness and injustice?

Mr. Stopford Brooke, it is clear, is out of sympathy with the poetry of the more purely political kind addressed by Tennyson to his countrymen. 'The poet's view,' he says, 'was that of the common-sense, well-ordered Englishman—of Whiggism in her carriage, with a very gracious smile and salute for Conservatism in hers—and he tried, unhappily, as I think, to get this view into poetry.' The three poems addressed to English freedom are full of the wisdom of the ages, and of noble patriotism. The poet is not thinking of Whigs or Tories. 'Collectivism' is, it is true, not present to his mind. It is the main direction of the stream of time, and not that of every varying eddy of our own day, that occupies him. To shallower minds the whole destinies of our country seem to be involved in every issue which for the moment forms the battle-ground of party. Poetry would have suffered had Tennyson, carried away by the most creditable emotions of the hour, addressed an ode, say, to the Progressive spirit in the London County Council, or sung a hymn to the Principle of Betterment. We do not think that 'that way poetry lies.'

' Watch what main currents draw the years ;
Cut prejudice against the grain :
But gentle words are always gain ;
Regard the weakness of thy peers.

' Nor toil for title, place, or touch
Of pension, neither count on praise ;
It grows to guerdon after-days ;
Nor deal in watchwords over much ;

' Not clinging to some ancient saw ;
Not mastered by some modern term ;
Not swift, nor slow to change, but firm,
And in its season bring the law.'

Surely here and in other stanzas too familiar to quote the national poet has enshrined in immortal verse some of the highest and most permanent sentiments of the English people !

As might have been expected from what has already been

said of Mr. Stopford Brooke's political rather than poetical criticisms, he finds the 'Ode on the Death of the Duke of Wellington' far too exclusively national in sentiment. He does it no more than justice in calling it

'one of Tennyson's finest poems. . . . It is as great a poem as the character which it celebrated. The metrical movement rushes on where it ought to rush, delays where it ought to delay. Were the poem set by Handel its rhythmical movements could scarcely be more fit from point to point to the things spoken of, more full of stately, happy changes.'

He knows nothing finer in any commemorative ode than the poet's imagination of Nelson waking from his grave in St. Paul's, and wondering who is coming with his national mourning to lie beside him. • •

'Who is he that cometh, like an honoured guest,
With banner and with music, with soldier and with priest,
With a nation weeping, and breaking on my rest?
Mighty Seaman, this is he
Was great by land as thou by sea.'

.

Yet, in spite of his appreciation of the magnificent poetry of this ode, there is something in it that grates on the ear of Mr. Stopford Brooke. Once more the poet is too English for his critic. 'A great artist should not overstep so much 'the limits of temperance' (a virtue on other occasions, as we have seen, less highly prized by Mr. Stopford Brooke), 'or, to put this otherwise, he should not lose his sentiment 'with the whole of humanity in his sympathy with his own 'country.' Tennyson does not lose his sentiment with humanity in this or in any other poem. As the poet of the nation he was giving voice to the sentiments of the nation with respect to two of the national heroes. These sentiments he shared to the full. And we must express a hope that any future poet, whose cosmopolitanism or whose love for the whole of humanity is a stronger sentiment than his love for his own countrymen, will choose some other theme for his verse than the greatness of Wellington and Nelson.

Every reader of this ode will appreciate the truth of the observation above quoted as to the power of its metrical movement. Yet perhaps only those who have had the privilege of hearing it read in the deep tones of the late Poet Laureate himself can thoroughly realise the almost anthem-like effect it is capable of producing. As our critic

observes, Tennyson has drawn his own portrait in the introduction to the 'Morte d'Arthur:—

' . . . And the poet, little urged,
But with some prelude of disparagement,
Read, mouthing out his hollow oes and aes,
Deep-chested music.'

On these occasions the poet was evidently giving pleasure to himself in thus easily yielding to the entreaties of his friends. He liked reading aloud his own poetry, and his simplicity of character prevented him from making any of those deprecatory observations with which less simple-minded authors and artists are accustomed to receive the laudatory comments of their friends. It was to friends only, and in the most informal of gatherings, that Lord Tennyson read, and he was accustomed to treat the little circle with as much freedom from reserve as if it had been limited to members of his own family. On one such occasion the poet paused in his reading to observe that it had been said (a marvellous comment, surely!) that his poetry wanted melody. 'Listen to this,' he continued; 'it rings like a grand anthem,' and he went on to justify his observation to the full by reading as no one else could the magnificent eighth stanza of the Ode.

It is natural that a critic who finds the patriotism of the Funeral Ode too national for his taste should show still greater want of sympathy with the warlike tone so strongly marked in 'Maud.' 'War presides at its conception, is inwoven with it, and directs its end.' It may, perhaps, be true, as 'the Squire' says in the delightful little book just published by Sir Edward Strachey, that 'Tennyson and F. D. Maurice lost their heads a little over the Crimean War, as most other people did.' The critic is looking back in cool blood to the stirring events of forty years ago. England at the time was thrilling with passion, and the poet had warm blood in his veins. He and his countrymen assuredly believed that the war was waged by the Western Powers 'in defence of the liberties of Europe;' and whether they were as entirely mistaken as Mr. Stopford Brooke asserts is a question of history or of politics, not of poetry, into which it is quite unnecessary to enter here. On his other regrets of criticism, which, it should be said, are put forward with much modesty and diffidence, it is needless to dilate, as he himself rates them as nothing in comparison with the transcendent merits of the poem. 'All the love

‘story, both in its joy and sorrow, lies solely in the realm of imaginative and passionate art, and its loveliness is there supreme.’ How, he asks, can he criticise the ‘Garden Song,’ or explain why it is beautiful? How even can he praise it? for ‘that which reaches a high loveliness is above all praise.’

Mr. MacCallum, in his recently published work, ‘Tennyson’s Idylls of the King,’ and Arthurian Story from the ‘Sixteenth Century,’ gives a very interesting account of the changes that successive ages have produced in the famous tale that has for so many centuries and in so many countries stirred the hearts of men. Originating in Celtic myths, and coloured with the imagination of a magic-loving people—showing even some traces in its earlier form of the heathenism that had passed away—the tale became in mediæval days the field where the sentiments and aspirations of the Christian chivalry of the time found expression. In the twelfth century Geoffrey of Monmouth collected and translated into Latin the Celtic version of Arthur’s story, using for the purpose of his compilation, according to his own statement, ‘a certain most ancient book in the British tongue.’ Already, before Geoffrey’s time, Arthur had been mentioned by William of Malmesbury as a hero truly worthy of historical fame, but about whom ‘the Britons nowadays babble frivolous tales,’ thus showing that legend and fable had even then gathered thickly round what was believed to be the real history of the British king. When the story of King Arthur and his knights, instead of being known only in the original Celtic, or in the Latin of Geoffrey, was turned into English and into Norman-French, it obtained, of course, a far wider popularity in England and throughout Europe. Dante, in a well-known passage of the ‘Inferno,’ describes how, in reading together the story of Lancelot, Francesca and her lover revealed to each other their mutual passion. Chaucer, half a century later, refers almost contemptuously to this very tale of ‘Lancelot de Lake,’ of which Dante had made so beautiful a use. Mr. MacCallum thinks that English sentiment leaned more strongly towards mediævalism in the days of Edward IV., when Sir Thomas Malory’s ‘Morte Darthur’ was published, than in the period of Chaucer, which was in some respects in advance of its age and less appreciative of tales of chivalry. In the devout language with which Malory concludes his book there is a ‘mediæval accent.’ The work was one of the earliest products of Caxton’s

printing press at Westminster, and its author has some claim to be considered 'the father of modern English prose.' Indeed, Mr. MacCallum considers that Malory's language 'is the direct descendant of Chaucer's in verse; his book 'was still popular and influential in the latter half of the 'sixteenth century; and even now, with all its apparent 'artlessness and want of rule, his style has a quaint and 'stately charm that schoolboy and critic can feel and 'respect.'

We are, however, dealing with the King Arthur of Tennyson, not of Malory or of Geoffrey; and Tennyson, like every prevailing author who has given renewed vigour to the Arthurian tale, has inspired it with something of himself and with much that is characteristic of his own age. Nineteenth-century feeling and thought have largely entered into the composition of the 'Idylls,' just as the ecclesiasticism and chivalry of the Middle Ages coloured, or rather took complete possession of, the original Celtic tales. It is through Tennyson that modern Englishmen make acquaintance with King Arthur and his Table Round, with Lancelot and Guinevere, with Enid and Geraint, with Merlin and Vivien, and the Quest for the Holy Grail. For one reader who takes delight in the 'Morte Darthur' of Malory, accessible as it is to the public in Sir Edward Strachey's edition, there are probably fifty whose whole knowledge of the Arthurian legend is derived from the 'Idylls of the King.' On this subject, for the present generation and for many yet to come, Tennyson holds the field, and it is interesting, therefore, to note what Mr. Stopford Brooke has to say on the place in literature which the 'Idylls' have taken.

We cannot, however, leave the earlier versions of the tale without observing that with no true lovers of the mediæval romance can Tennyson's 'Idylls,' however beautiful in themselves, entirely take the place of Malory's 'Morte Darthur.' Sir Edward Strachey in very beautiful language gives expression at once to his love of Malory and to his appreciation of Tennyson.

'I have already likened Malory's work to a mediæval castle,' and, if I may be allowed to vary my parable a little, I would say this: There are some of us who in their childhood lived in, or can at least remember, some old house with its tower and turret stairs, its hall with the screen, and the minstrel's gallery, and the armour where it was hung up by him who last wore it; the panelled chambers, the lady's bower, and the chapel, and all the quaint, rambling passages and steps which

lead from one to another of these. And when in after years he comes to this same house, and finds that it has all been remodelled, enlarged, furnished, and beautified to meet the needs and the tastes of modern life, he feels that this is not the very house of his childhood, and that a glory has departed from scenes he once knew. And yet if the changes have been made with true judgement, and only with a rightful recognition of the claim that modern life should have full scope for itself while preserving all that was possible of the old, though not letting itself be sacrificed or even cramped and limited for its sake: if he is thus reasonable, he will acknowledge that it was well that the old order should yield place to the new, or at least make room for it at its side. And such are the thoughts and sentiments with which the lover of the old "*Morte Arthur*" will, if he be also a student of the growth of our national character and life, read the new "*Idylls of the King*." *

In the address to the Queen at the end of the completed series of the '*Idylls*' Tennyson asks her to accept 'this old 'imperfect tale' as an allegory.

'New-old, and shadowing Sense at war with Soul
Rather than that grey king, whose name, a ghost,
Streams like a cloud, man-shaped, from mountain peak,
And cleaves to cairn and cromlech still; or him
Of Geoffrey's book, or him of Malleor's, one
Touched by the adulterous finger of a time
That hovered between war and wantonness,
And crownings and dethronements.'

The predominantly allegorical character of the poems which began in 1870 with the '*Coming of Arthur*' is evident to every reader; but in 1842, when the '*Morte d'Arthur*' appeared, the poet did not think of making the story allegorical. Nor, continues Mr. Stopford Brooke, do the first four idylls, '*Geraint and Enid*,' '*Merlin and Vivien*,' '*Lancelot and Elaine*,' and '*Guinevere*,' seem to have been written with any set allegorical intention. It is certain, at all events, that the poems can well stand without the allegory, resting upon the human interest that belongs to them, upon the ethical motive that largely inspires them, upon the extreme beauty of language employed, sometimes in giving expression to noble thoughts and feelings, sometimes in the painting of the most exquisite pictures of natural scenery and mediæval architecture. In the '*Pilgrim's Progress*'

'the story and the allegory are of almost equal weight in the imagination. The inherent fault of an allegory—want of human interest—has been overcome without any loss of the allegorical interest. This is a real triumph. Nobody else but Dante has done it, and his way was

* Sir E. Strachey's introduction to the '*Morte Darthur*,' p. xxvi.

only partly allegorical. Tennyson has not done it. His story is not plainly an allegory, nor is it plainly a story.'

Nor is there any need for the allegory.

'The repentance of Guinevere and the forgiveness of Arthur are far more impressive, and far simpler in their lesson to life, when we see Arthur as Arthur and Guinevere as Guinevere, than when we see Arthur as the rational soul and Guinevere as the heart in human nature.'

Moreover this introduction of the allegory is not good art.

'Elaborate thinking has taken the place of creative emotion; art has partly abdicated her throne to the understanding. Whenever the allegory is mingled up with the story the poetry is disturbed, the tale is weak, and we are a little wearied. This is not the case when the story is all allegorical, when it is invented by Tennyson for the allegory, as in the "Holy Grail." Then there is no confusion, and the poem is in the highest degree poetic. What I say applies to the mixed poems, such as "Merlin and Vivien."'

If, however, Mr. Stopford Brooke thinks that the poet has wandered from true art in his love for his allegory, he does full justice to the other aspects of the 'Idylls.'

'The romance of the story has caught hold of the imagination of Tennyson, and in his treatment of it he has made many fresh and delightful inventions—not allegorical, but romantic. He has had great pleasure in opening out and developing the ancient characters, in clothing them with new dresses of thought, in fitting new emotions to the old events in which they play their parts. He has recreated some characters altogether, and even the leading personages are quite independent of his allegory. He has built around his people the image of a whole country, with its woods and streams, hills and moors, marsh and desert, dark oceans rolling in on iron coasts, vast wastes, ancient records of a bygone world; hamlets and towns and wonderful cities, halls and great palace courts with all their varied architecture; storms and sunshine, all kinds of weather, Nature in her moods of beauty and brightness, of gloom and horror. And over them he has shed a light from the ancient time, a romantic air and sky. These things belong to Art.'*

Arthur is to be the ideal king and the ideal man. By his example and by his courage he is to regenerate his age. The heathen is to be vanquished. Violence is to be put down. Wrongs are to be redressed. Justice is to be established throughout the land. Yet without Guinevere Arthur feels he can never undertake successfully so arduous an enterprise.

* Stopford Brooke, p. 257.

‘What happiness to reign a lonely king,
 Vext—O ye stars, that shudder over me,
 O earth, that soundest hollow under me,
 Vext with waste dreams? For saving I be joined
 To her that is the fairest under heaven,
 I seem as nothing in the mighty world,
 And cannot will my will nor work my work
 Wholly, not make myself in mine own realm
 Victor and lord. But were I joined with her,
 Then might we live together as one life,
 And reigning with one will in everything
 Have power on this dark earth to lighten it,
 And power in this dead world to make it live.’

And so, his life full of hopes of happiness and of high resolve, the king is accepted, the marriage celebrated, and the Round Table established.

From the ‘Coming of Arthur’ the story passes to the idyll of ‘Gareth and Lynette,’ representing ‘the golden time’ of the Arthurian tale.

‘In human affairs, in the history of great causes, in men’s lives, in their love, there is a time of glad beginnings, such a time as Nature has in spring. Gareth is the image of this pleasant prophetic time. He is also the image of the Arthurian kingdom in its youthful energy, purity, gentleness, ideality.’

Lynette, ‘a fresh and frank young person . . . over bold, ‘perhaps, with the king and with Lancelot, but honourable ‘and pure of heart,’ is the type of petulance, just as in the later ‘Idylls’ Enid is ‘the type of patience.’ Indeed, that virtue is carried to such a pitch in the character ‘of the ‘most carefully drawn, most affectionate of all the women ‘of the “Idylls,”’ that Mr. Stopford Brooke, in descanting upon the patience of the heroine, almost loses his own.

‘Patience, when it is accompanied by fear or over-fancy, is turned from doing good to doing wrong. . . . Enid is gracious, but she is one of those women who do a great deal of harm to men. . . . Her patience is too overwrought to permit us to class her among the higher types of womanhood. Indeed, these patient women are always painted by men,’

and so on. Her excessive humility is, he thinks, in part to blame for the odious and insulting behaviour of Geraint. ‘Limours was twice the lover and twice the gentleman.’ The righteous indignation of the critic is strong evidence of the power of the tale. Apart from the character drawing of this idyll he finds there nothing but what is admirable and of the highest poetic art, pointing out the skill with which,

in his most pictorial passages, the poet never fails to introduce a human element.

'Tennyson knew that nature alone was not half as delightful as nature and man together. Lover of nature as he was, he avoided the crowning fault of modern poetry—the unmitigated, merciless description of nature, trickling on for fifty and a hundred lines together, without one touch of human interest.'

As an example of this the passage is quoted describing the ancient ivy-grown courtyard of the castle where Geraint and Enid first meet. Beautiful as is the picture, the personal interest is predominant. Enid's voice fills the court and awakens in Geraint the first stirrings of his love.

Another quality specially noted in Tennyson's treatment of nature is the conciseness of his descriptions, and in order to contrast this with the 'expanded method' Mr. Stopford Brooke places side by side four lines of Tennyson, describing the bubbling up of a woodland spring, and some dozen lines of Coleridge, devoted to precisely the same description—how through the crystal water the sand is seen to dance at the bottom of the pool. Each poet has his own method, and 'as Tennyson grew older he used the concise method more and more.'

As Enid has been contrasted with Lynette, so afterwards is Vivien with Elaine. 'The root of Vivien is conscious guilt, the root of Elaine is conscious innocence.' The idyll of 'Merlin and Vivien' contains much that is beautiful; there are scattered about in it 'islands of noble poetry;' yet the poem as a whole certainly does not fulfil the conditions which we have seen that Mr. Stopford Brooke insists upon as belonging to true art; the story itself is almost too disagreeable for art to take as its subject.'

Mr. Stopford Brooke and Mr. MacCallum agree that, if the 'Idylls' are throughout to be treated as an allegory, Lancelot is the character which it is most difficult to fit into its place; and for this reason: that Lancelot is the most distinctly human of all the personages of Arthur's Court. Our interest is in Lancelot the man, not in any abstraction which Lancelot may be supposed to represent. Both critics are, again, at one in preferring to treat the 'Idylls' published before the 'Holy Grail' independent altogether of allegory. If allegory we must have, in obedience to the apparent wish of the poet himself, Mr. MacCallum somewhat deprecatingly suggests that 'the place of Lancelot may be compared with that of the imagination, or, if it be preferred, men of imaginative

‘temperament, in the life of the world’*—a suggestion surely which only increases one’s inclination to leave the allegory alone!

After all, the main purpose of these poems is clear enough. Tennyson was conscious of his own power, and he felt all its responsibility. For thirty years at least he was without rival, the poet of England. He held, as no other man did, possession of the ear of his countrymen. He was inspired with the thought that it was the function of his life to hold up to them a high ideal of what men should be. There was something almost prophet-like in the attitude which throughout his life he assumed to the English people. In his highest characters it is always Tennyson himself who speaks, rather than the person of his creation, and this it is, as has been observed by Mr. Stopford Brooke and many other critics, that diminishes the dramatic merit of his plays. His characters do not live apart from himself; they are rather the vehicles through which he conveys his own thoughts and feelings. We have noticed how in ‘Enone’ the speech of Pallas is really addressed by the poet himself to the people of England. In the ‘Idylls’ King Arthur, in Tennyson’s thought, is, like Wordsworth’s Happy Warrior,

. He
That every man-at-arms should wish to be.’

The ideal is that of his own age and his own country. Hence, just as the Celtic hero became in the Middle Ages the Christian knight endowed with all the qualities of Christian chivalry, we now find the King Arthur of our own time made to typify the character that is held to be the noblest in private or in public life amongst Englishmen of the nineteenth century. Tennyson undoubtedly believed that he had a message to convey to his countrymen, and he chose the old Arthurian story as his theme, partly for its own intrinsic beauty, but largely also because of its peculiar adaptability to the great object he had in view. He evidently did not intend merely to give fresh life to the old legends of the heroic times.

‘For nature brings not back the mastodon,
Nor we those times . . .’

Of all the Round-Table Lancelot was pre-eminent in the qualities that draw forth popular applause. Brave soldier and courteous knight, and trusted follower of the king, he

was yet the principal cause of the utter failure that overwhelmed the work of Arthur's life. Lancelot's devotion to the king, and his passionate love for the queen, fight for mastery in his conscience. The king is painted, on the other hand, as the born leader of men. When, in the 'Coming of Arthur,' Lancelot is asked by the king himself whether he now doubts that he is king—

"Sir and my liege," he cried, "the fire of God
Descends upon thee in the battle field :
I know thee for my king."

Again, we are told

"That Lancelot was first in tournament,
But Arthur mightiest on the battle field." *

And Lancelot, telling Elaine of the great doings of the Table Round, describes the king full of mildness at home, not caring for jousts, laughingly admitting that his knights are better men than he.

"Yet in this heathen war the fire of God
Fills him : I never saw his like : there lives
No greater leader."

While he uttered this
Low to her own heart said the lily maid,
"Save your great self, fair lord."

It was the hope of Arthur's life by means of a 'new order' to renovate the world. For a time success rewarded his exertions, but ultimately the whole system of the Table Round broke down in complete and disastrous failure. Whilst the system and the methods perished, Arthur still hopes that in some manner, better suited to changed times, his old objects will be attained. *

"The old order changeth, yielding place to new,
And God fulfils Himself in many ways,
Lest one good custom should corrupt the world."

As to the causes of the disastrous ending of the Arthurian scheme, Tennyson leaves us in no doubt. The impurity of life, spreading downwards from the throne, corrupting the whole society of his kingdom, was one cause. The other was the spasmodic zeal with which his knights abandoned their proper work in the world to pursue, under a passionate passing impulse, a mistaken ideal of religious life. The poet, in these idylls, again and again presses upon Englishmen the same teaching—that their national strength cannot

* Gareth and Lynette.

endure if their lives are divorced from morality, and that true religion consists in the doing of work in the world, rather than in the practice of asceticism or the devotion of the cloistered cell. The passion of Lancelot and Guinevere and the Quest of the Holy Grail were the two chief agents in the destruction of the Table Round; and it is the poet's plan to hold up the life of Arthur in contrast to the vices and errors under which his system fell. Critics have complained, and doubtless will complain again, that Tennyson's devotion to the sanctity and eternity of the marriage tie carries him beyond the limits of art; and assuredly a very strong example of this occurs in the 'Death of 'Enone,'* where that nymph, crying 'Husband,' leaps upon the funeral pile of Paris. At the end of 'Guinevere' Mr. Stopford Brooke, like Mr. Swinburne, finds that Arthur's speech to his wife smacks rather too strongly of the pulpit, and suggests, in somewhat deprecating fashion, it is true, that the idyll would be improved by the omission of nearly a hundred lines of the king's speech. For our own part, we prefer the idyll as it stands. Arthur's final speeches are, doubtless, Tennyson all through; but it is Tennyson's Arthur, not Mr. Stopford Brooke's, nor another's, whom we like to hear. By the mouth of King Arthur he speaks, and yet the skill of the poet is such that surely no one can read those magnificent passages and feel that his eloquence in any degree mars the beauty of that last interview between king and queen. In 'Guinevere' and in the 'Passing of 'Arthur' Tennyson's poetry reaches a height of eloquence nowhere surpassed in the English language.

The observation, nevertheless, that at the times when the poet is most under the influence of the two strenuous convictions that pervade his poetry he departs furthest from the simplicity and the spirit of the original tale, whether Greek fable or Arthurian legend, is a true one. Mr. Stopford Brooke points out that the whole purpose of Tennyson's 'Holy Grail' is not merely different from, but actually opposed to, the teaching of the mediæval story. The Quest, which was once held up as an example, is by King Arthur treated as a warning for men. There are, again, other occasions where the poet follows very closely not merely the spirit of the story and of the characters, but even the descriptive language of the older version. It is almost with a feeling of relief that Mr. Stopford Brooke

* See Stopford Brooke, p. 141.

turns from the 'Idylls,' properly so called, to the 'Passing of Arthur,' which, though it concludes the Arthurian series, includes within it the *Morte-d'Arthur*, composed in 1842, before the allegorical intention, if it existed at all, had taken strong possession of the poet's mind. There is no suggestion here that Arthur represents the rational soul; 'he is altogether the man, and he is dear to us throughout;' and Tennyson, in his descriptive work, has never done anything better in his later poems than the glorious setting to his account of Arthur's death. The wounded king is carried by Sir Bedivere to a chapel near the field—

'A broken chancel, with a broken cross,
That stood on a dark strait of barren land;
On one side lay the Ocean, and on one
Lay a great water, and the moon was full.'

'A noble framework,' exclaims Mr. Stopford Brooke; 'and with what noble conciseness it is drawn! All the landscape lives from point to point, as if Nature herself had created it; but even more alive than itself are the two human figures in it.' Nowhere more than in this poem does Tennyson follow so closely at times the very words of Malory. The poet makes Sir Bedivere say to the king—

'I heard the water lapping on the crag,
And the long ripple washing in the reeds.'

His language in the prose runs—

'Syr, I sawe no thyng but the waters wappe and the waves wanne;'

and the king's last speech is as follows:—

'Comfort thyself, and do as well as thou mayest, for in me is no truste to truste in. For I will in to the valley of Awylyon to hele me of my grievous wound. And yf thou here neuer more of me praye for my soule.'

Surely Mr. MacCallum is right in finding a depth of meaning in Tennyson's version of this speech 'which we should vainly look for in Malory's ringing prose.'

We cannot agree with the criticism that 'the steady belief of "In Memoriam"' in the certainty of the end being 'good, and of the value, therefore, of all human effort, is gone from "the Idylls of the King."' It is true that Arthur's system failed; but that the ends which he had in view will ultimately be fulfilled, in some way suited to the times, he does not appear to doubt; still less does he regret his own part or suppose that his efforts were without value. He

admits, it is true, that there are things in the ordering of the world that he does not understand—

‘Perchance because we see not to the close.’

Assuredly through Arthur’s last speeches there does not ring the note of despair. For himself he is still looking forward, and for those left behind

‘. . . The new sun rose, bringing the new year.’

Professor Mahaffy has found a parallel for ‘*In Memoriam*,’ ‘perhaps the most remarkable poem of our generation,’ in the sculptured portraiture of grief, and of grief at parting, still existing at Athens on the tombstones of the ancient Greeks. With admirable art they present an ideal portrait of the grief of parting—‘a grief that comes to us all and lays bitter hold of us at some season of life; and it is this great universal sorrow—this great common flaw in our lives—which the Greek artist has brought before us, and which calls forth our deepest sympathy.’ It is not that we are moved either by the poem or the tomb with a special interest in him whose death is recorded. So far as the general reader is concerned the death of any friend of the poet would have served as well as that of Arthur Hallam for the purpose of the poem; and so impersonal are the sculptures that they have been thought in many cases to have been purchased from the artists ready made, without having been designed for the special personages whose death they record.* Mr. Stopford Brooke in two admirable chapters brings out the growth of the poet’s feeling from a condition of mere absorption in his own personal loss to a condition where his self-absorption is merged in his general sympathy with his fellow-men. The Greek sculpture, beautiful, as only the work of real genius can be, depicts and idealises human grief. It neither does nor pretends to do more, and marble has nowhere else so powerfully spoken to men of the sadness of surviving. But ‘*In Memoriam*’ aims at and achieves much more than this. Consolation and hope come again to the grieving friend, after many a despairing and struggling hour, and the poem leaves him at last looking not backward in sorrow but forward in faith to

* ‘*Rambles and Studies in Greece.*’

'That God, which ever lives and loves,
One God, one law, one element,
And one far off divine event
To which the whole creation moves.'

Arthur Hallam died in September 1833. The course of the poem runs through two years and a half. The splendid prologue, containing a comment of later years and calmer mind upon poetry springing largely from the bitterness of grief, was written in 1849. The epilogue was due to the year 1842, when the poet's sister was married. Mr. Stopford Brooke has taken together the various epochs of sorrow, so to speak, through which Tennyson passed, as his friend's death receded further and further into the background. He compares the stanzas treating of the three Christmas Days, the succeeding springs, and the anniversaries of the death with much care and discernment; and we regret that we cannot afford space to lay before our readers with any fulness the work of these interesting chapters.

"In Memoriam" is a song of victory and life arising out of defeat and death; of peace which has forgotten doubt; of joy whose mother was sorrow, but who has turned his mother's heart into delight. The conquest of love, the moral triumph of the soul over the worst blows of fate, over the outward forces of Nature, even over its own ill—that is the motive of the poems which endure, which, like the great lighthouses, stand and shine through the storms of time to save and lead into a haven of peace the navies of humanity. We are flooded to-day with poems of despair, with verse which boasts that it describes the real when it describes the base, which takes the vulture's pleasure in feeding on the corruption of society, and prophesies, when it lifts its dripping beak from the offal, that to this carcass complexion the whole of humanity will come at last. . . . The poetry of the soul's defeat withers in the mind of the race. The poet himself who writes it withers away. Had "In Memoriam" been only wailing for loss, it would have perished, but since it describes death entering into life it is sure to live. . . . Its subject impassioned its writer, and the subject was simple, close to the heart of man. As the poem moved on the subject expanded, and the sorrow spoken of moved from the particular into the universal. The victory over the evil of sorrow made a similar passage. The poet's personal conquest of pain became the universal conquest of the human race. The expansion of the subject ennobled the poem, and the triumphant close secured and established its nobility. It will last when all its detractors and their criticisms are together dust.'

It is, perhaps, in his treatment of 'In Memoriam' that we see Mr. Stopford Brooke's study of Tennyson, always acute and interesting, at its best. As he declares elsewhere,

the loveliness of some of his poems speaks for itself, and our appreciation and admiration can hardly be increased by any quantity of explanation, 'We love them because we love them.' But with 'In Memoriam' this is not the case; and many who in the past have only admired it in detail will be led by Mr. Stopford Brooke to understand it as a whole better than they have ever done before. It is, of course, inevitable that in an elaborate criticism of the poetry of a whole life the individuality of the critic himself should be almost as much before our eyes as that of the poet whom he is discussing. Tennyson treated Life and Death, and Religion, Love and Peace and War, Morals and Politics, and his critic of necessity follows him through all the wide range of his work. The very distinct individualities of the two men are constantly present to our minds, and our interest both in the work of the poet and the work of the critic is increased by the friendly friction, so to speak, between natures which are not identical.

It has been our intention here to deal mainly with the criticism of the principal poems of the late Poet Laureate, and we have had, therefore, to leave largely unnoticed our critic's treatment of those beautiful lyrics and minor pieces which for more than half a century Tennyson from time to time issued to the world. For these Mr. Stopford Brooke has nothing but admiration. Every one knows by heart the

'Break, break, break
On thy cold grey stones, O Sea,'

which first appeared in 1833. And every one knows the 'Crossing of the Bar,' published, as it seems to us, but the other day. 'From the great deep to the great deep he goes,' was Merlin's prophecy about King Arthur, recalled to mind by Sir Bedivere at the final 'passing.' Arthur stands in the allegory for the Soul of Man. And, says Mr. Stopford Brooke, 'this well-loved speculation of the soul 'coming out of the deep and returning to it again' obtains recognition once more in the lines—

'Sunset and evening star,
And one clear call for me,
And may there be no moaning of the bar
When I put out to sea,
But such a tide as, moving, seems asleep,
Too full for sound and foam,
When that which drew from out the boundless deep
Turns again home.'

- ART. X.—1. *Cloudland: a Study on the Structure and Characters of Clouds.* By the Rev. W. CLEMENT LEY, M.A. 8vo. London: 1894.
2. *Weather: a Popular Exposition of the Nature of Weather Changes from Day to Day.* By the Hon. RALPH ABERCROMBY. Crown 8vo. London: 1887.
3. *Seas and Skies in many Latitudes; or, Wanderings in Search of Weather.* By the Hon. RALPH ABERCROMBY. 8vo London: 1888.
4. *The Report on Cloud Nomenclature.* Presented to the International Meteorological Committee at Upsala in August 1894. By ROBERT H. SCOTT, M.A. ('Quarterly Journal of the Royal Meteorological Society,' January 1895.)
5. *Report of the Meteorological Council to the Royal Society for the year ending March 31, 1894.* Parliamentary Paper, 1894.

Is meteorology really a science? The answer must depend very much on what we mean by the words. If meteorology consists merely in observing and recording temperatures and barometric pressures, it certainly is not a science; if it pretends—as it is not uncommonly supposed to pretend—to foretell the weather of the coming season, again most certainly it is not a science. But if under the name of science we include the careful and systematic study of the meaning and import of natural phenomena, then assuredly the painstaking attempt to reduce to some standard of comparison accurate observations of temperature, of atmospheric pressure, of wind force or direction, and the countless changes incidental to these; the endeavour to co-ordinate them, to discover their relation to each other, their interdependence on each other, which is what is properly understood as meteorology, is as much a science as astronomy, geology, chemistry, or magnetism, in every one of which there is still a great deal of uncertainty, a great deal of groping in the dark.

Of all the natural sciences, astronomy is unquestionably the most exact. It lends itself to the rigorous application of mathematics with a facility which is absent from all the others; and though we may please ourselves with the fancy that mathematical solutions may be found for the problems suggested by other branches of study, as yet it has not been

possible to bring together all the data, the absence of any one of which invalidates the result. One instance of this may illustrate the difficulty. Not very many years ago it was tenaciously held by a school of distinguished physicists that the currents of the ocean were due to differences of specific gravity in the water of different localities, and the celebrated hydrographer, Captain Maury, explained the Gulf Stream as caused in this way. But the crucial instance of this action of the different specific gravities was asserted to be the Red Sea; and it was very positively stated that since, by evaporation, the level is there lower and the specific gravity greater than in the Gulf of Aden and the Arabian Sea, the surface current must continually run in, whilst the heavier water, in an under-current, continually runs out. As the statement of a problem in hydrostatics, it seemed incontrovertible. Unfortunately, it was shown to be geographically incorrect: the surface current in the Straits of Bab-el-Mandeb not only does not continually run in, but in the summer, when, by the greater heat, the evaporation is at its maximum, and the alleged differences of level and of specific gravity are at their greatest, the surface-current in the Straits runs out. In fact, it is now very generally held to depend, not on differences of level or specific gravity, but on the monsoons in the Arabian Sea, and to change with them. The hydrostatic theory of ocean currents, tempting as it appeared to many, was framed on imperfect knowledge of the circumstances and conditions.

But when such a difficulty occurs in examining the problems which arise out of the motions of large masses of a visible and ponderable fluid like sea-water, it may easily be understood that the investigation of the movements of the fickle and invisible air presents difficulties of a most serious nature, which cannot be expected to yield except to long-continued and patient observation, supported by careful study, and probably at last, if ever, by the suggestions of genius. There is, no doubt, underlying all study of meteorological phenomena, a hope that it may eventually lead to the calculation of future weather, in the same way as—if things so unlike may be compared—the study of astronomy leads to the calculation of the rising or setting of the heavenly bodies, of their eclipses or occultations: to the combination, in fact, of meteorology with astronomy in the production of the 'Nautical Almanack,' then a true *Connaissance des Temps*. But thousands of years had passed in patient observation before the motion of the heavenly bodies was understood,

before the problem was solved by the intuition of Copernicus or Kepler and by the genius of Newton. When we reflect on the history of astronomy, we may well be hopeful as to the future of meteorology, though the full knowledge may not come in the time of us, or our sons, or our sons' sons, and all that we individually can do is to go on slowly and laboriously accumulating observations of every conceivable kind, not knowing when or how any one set of observations may contain the key to the problem; even as, in astronomy, the observation of certain small, apparently trivial, irregularities in the orbit of Uranus led to the discovery of Neptune.

Meantime, it cannot be too plainly understood that no student of meteorology on a scientific basis will venture to pronounce as to what the weather is likely to be three months, or three weeks—seldom even three days—in advance; that prognostications as to the coming seasons, even in a general way, such as a hot, a cold, or a wet summer, are, without exception, idle guesses, of no value to any one, except perhaps to the publishers of some weather-wise almanacks. No doubt such guesses often come true. A summer month must be hot or cold, wet or dry, or about the average; and a guess, one way or the other, has one good chance out of three. The odds are not more than two to one against it in any one place; and as prophecies, when made public, are supposed to apply generally throughout the United Kingdom, it must be hard indeed on the prophet if his accuracy does not shine forth somewhere. And each success gains many believers, people who will accept any prognostication for the future because they have known one appear to be true in the past. Where, however, prophecies are not mere guess-work, where they are based on some sort of calculation, they set odds at defiance. Every one perhaps knows that, in playing the three-card trick, the surest way to lose—when every way is pretty sure—is to watch the fall of the cards, and to stake on the evidence of the eye. Supposing the cards to be dealt honestly, a random guess has only two to one against it: a guess, sanctioned by judgement, is certainly wrong. So it is with the weather: reason and judgement almost certainly lead to erroneous conclusions. It is, for instance, still fresh in our memories how freely it was foretold last May that the summer was to be one of exceptional heat and drought, resembling the summer of 1893; or last December, that the winter was to be very wet and mild. Of the truth

of such prophecies, those who remembered them could judge in July or in February.

The fancies which have attached almost supernatural importance to the weather on certain Church festivals—notably Candlemas and St. Swithun's—may, perhaps, have their origin in something more respectable. Observation shows that if clear, cold weather prevails in the early part of February, it is likely to last some time and with much rigour. Similarly, wet weather in the middle of July is likely to be continuous till it merges in the 'Lammas floods.' In former ages dates were more commonly defined by the name of the saint or festival than by the day of the month, and the significant weather would be noted as belonging to Candlemas or St. Swithun's, rather than to the beginning of February or the middle of July, just as we now more frequently speak of Michaelmas or Christmas than the end of September or December. But what meteorologists insist on is their absolute inability, at present, to foretell the coming weather for any longer time than is necessary for the changes reported by telegraph to reach any given place. This is merely a telegraphic extension of the range of vision. If we see signs of bad weather to windward a few miles off, we can judge that we are likely to have it within an hour or two; and similarly, if the telegraph sees them for us at a distance of 300 or 400 miles, we can judge of what may probably happen during the next twenty-four hours.

A few years ago a persistent attempt was made to extend the period by telegrams from New York. There is no doubt that these messages were carefully thought out; but their continued failure proved that it was, as yet, impossible to judge correctly from such distant indications. The mention of one rather peculiar series of errors will illustrate one difficulty in the way of such an extension. In January 1882, the barometer, here in England, stood for some weeks at about 31 inches, with the usual concomitant of remarkably fine, calm, cold weather. During this time repeated warnings of approaching storms were telegraphed from New York. Day after day these warnings were read with derision, for day after day, and week after week, the weather continued settled and very fine. It was not known till afterwards that these successive disturbances in the North Atlantic did actually come towards our shores, but were boomed off by the great pressure of the air over these islands, and were rolled down to the southward—as though along the cushion of a billiard

table—and vented their fury on the coast of Africa outside the Straits of Gibraltar. Similarly, during a great part of last January and February, a very high barometer prevailed over the Scandinavian peninsula, extending its influence over these islands, with, as before, fine, clear weather, whilst violent storms—such as made the passage of the *Gascogne* perilous—were raging in mid-Atlantic, and turning southwards into the Bay of Biscay, or to the coasts of Spain and Portugal.

It is probably now very generally understood that—in this country, at any rate—bad weather, storm, and rain, are associated with large whirls in the atmosphere—in technical language, cyclones—coming in from the Atlantic, following each other often in rapid succession. The rotatory motion of such whirls is invariably, in northern latitudes, anti-clockwise—contrary to the motion of the hands of a clock—round a centre of low pressure; the wind is generally violent; the rain is commonly heavy; though often, in summer, the wind is not very strong, and the rain may sometimes give place to a warm, noxious mugginess; but winter or summer, the approach of a cyclone means bad or disagreeable weather. Cyclones are seldom, if ever, stationary, but advance in every part of the world on settled routes, from which their divergence is slight, except under peculiar circumstances. Speaking with particular reference to the weather of this country, the track of a cyclone is most commonly from about west-south-west to east-north-east; so that first appearing on the west coast of Ireland, the centre of low barometric pressure will pass away over the north of England or the south of Scotland. It is not often that such a centre of low pressure passes south of the Humber, or north of Aberdeen. But the diameter of the whirl itself is commonly very large, so that the force of the cyclone is felt over the whole kingdom, and far to the southward. It will thus be seen that, as a general rule, in the English Channel and over the south of England, the wind during the passage of a cyclone blows successively from south, south-west, west, and north-west, the most violent squalls generally coming as the wind shifts from south-west to north-west. In the far north of Scotland, at the same time, the wind blows from south-east, changing to north-east.

Very different in every respect from a cyclone is its anti-type, which has been appropriately named—in the first instance by Mr. Francis Galton—an anti-cyclone, a wind-

system in which, in northern latitudes, the air rotates clockwise—in the same direction as the hands of a clock—round a centre of high pressure; but the wind is generally of no great force, the weather is fine and clear, and the anti-cyclone, once formed, is nearly stationary. If, as is frequently the case in this part of the world, the centre of high pressure is over the north of Sweden, we have in this country a persistence of easterly winds, ranging most commonly between north-east and south-east; but if the centre of high pressures moves toward the south-east and rests over south-western Russia, we get here a southerly or south-westerly wind, which yet has none of the characteristics ordinarily attributed to such winds: a wind, in fact, which has been neatly described as an easterly wind with a kink in it.

It will now be easily understood that the different parts of a cyclone or an anti-cyclone have their own peculiar weather; and that if the meteor is laid down on a map, a probable forecast of its motions and of the weather at the several places within its circumference may be made for several hours in advance. If the barometric readings reported from many stations are laid down on the map, and lines drawn joining those places where the reading is the same, it is at once seen whether these lines of equal barometer (isobars) tend to form a closed curve or not. Their shape shows whether they represent the distribution of air-pressure normal in the locality, or form part of a cyclonic disturbance or of a wedge interposed between two cyclones. The direction and force of the wind can be also drawn in to check the accuracy of the isobars; and from these delineations alone an opinion may be given. The direction of the wind is approximately along the isobar, inclining inwards; and its force is indicated by the distance from each other of successive isobars, supposed to be drawn for every tenth of an inch. By an obvious analogy, the ratio which the barometric difference bears to the distance is called the barometric 'gradient.' The steeper the gradient the stronger is the wind likely to be. This is a matter of observation, though as to the reason of it opinion is divided. But, so far as forecasting the weather is concerned, when the isobars are drawn on the chart, and corroborated by the direction and force of the wind, it is then possible to speak with some approach to certainty.

The normal weather system of this part of the world in winter is a barometric pressure of about 29·9 inches, slowly

becoming less towards the north, and greater towards the south, with a gentle west or south-west wind and soft blue sky, with scattered flocculent clouds: any variation from this at once speaks of disturbance and calls for examination. The first symptom of an approaching cyclone is a rise—possibly a very considerable rise—of the barometer. This, if it comes from the westward—that is, is first observed on the west coast of Ireland—advancing eastward, is an almost certain prognostic, which is confirmed if the barometer, after its sudden rise, begins to fall as quickly as it rose. The attention of the observer is then given to determine the probable position of the centre of the cyclone, its probable track and the steepness of the 'gradients; from which, if they are known, the weather of the next twenty-four hours can be foretold.

As written down, this seems a very easy matter: in practice, it is far from being so; for, except in extreme cases, there is a great deal of uncertainty about the deductions. The gradients change; the whirl seems to lose or gain force; the barometric depression, to fill up or deepen; and the track, notwithstanding the great preponderance already mentioned, may and occasionally does differ widely from the normal. Sometimes the centre comes in by the south coast of Ireland and turns up St. George's Channel in a direction nearly due north; sometimes, after crossing the north of England in an east-north-east direction, it is borne back by a high pressure over the Baltic, and turns nearly due south down the North Sea; sometimes even it turns back, and crosses England once more from east to west. Such instances are exceptional, but they do occur; and as yet no one has been able to offer a perfectly satisfactory explanation of them. In this lies much of the difficulty, much of the uncertainty. As yet we know nothing of the cause or causes of a cyclone. We are ignorant of the cause or causes of the whirling motion, of the uniform direction of the whirl, of the low barometer in the centre. But until we have some knowledge of these, we cannot expect to have more than an empirical knowledge of the behaviour of the cyclone under different circumstances. So long as we are ignorant of the constitution of the meteor, we can have no real knowledge of the effect which changing conditions may produce. Various theories have, of course, been propounded, but they are only theories, or rather hypotheses, proof of which is altogether wanting. It may, however, be well to say a few words about them.

One, which has perhaps received the most support, is that the sudden condensation of vapour in some one locality causes a diminution of barometric pressure, and a consequent inrush of air from adjacent localities; that the air so rushing in tends to form a whirl such as—on a small scale—is often seen in a fixed washhand basin with a plug hole in the bottom; that the direction of this whirl is determined by the rotation of the earth, which in northern latitudes deflects all moving bodies to the right; that as this air reaches the centre it is forced up, losing its vapour, and with it much of its elastic force, thus continuing the low pressure in the centre, the influx of fresh air, and the heavy rain caused by the condensation of vapour. The advocates of this hypothesis used to suppose further that the main influx in these latitudes was from the east, and that thus by reason of the partial vacuum on the eastern side the whirl had a continual tendency to crawl eastward. More recently this view has been modified, and Mr. Ley, who has always strenuously supported this condensation hypothesis, now conceives that the direction of a cyclone's advance is in great measure dependent upon the direction of the great upper currents.

Against this hypothesis may be placed the utter want of any reasonable explanation of the first sudden and excessive condensation which is assumed as giving rise to the influx. On the other hand, the statement as to the direction of the whirl is more than an hypothesis; it is a theory, based on legitimate mathematical calculations, and is formally enunciated thus: 'If a body moves in any direction upon the earth's surface, there is a deflecting force arising from the earth's rotation which deflects it to the right in the northern hemisphere, but to the left in the southern.' That this theorem is legitimately proved on the data used by Ferrel, there can be no doubt; so also is another theorem established by the same mathematician: that there is little or no air at all within the Arctic circle; the whole of the air being thrown off by the centrifugal tendency.* But we know that in this latter case the mathematical proof is faulty from the omission of some of the conditions of the problem; and we are not prepared to give any frank adherence to the former statement, holding that the truth of the analysis can be established only by observation and experiment.

Mr. Ley seems to appeal to these to support or illustrate

* William Ferrel's 'Meteorological Researches,' part i. page 41.

it. There is, he says, a lateral pressure tending to throw a railway train off the line to the right, which may be estimated, in this country, at about one four-thousandth part of its weight. If this were so, 'the right-hand rail of the permanent way of any great railway would bear witness to a greater pressure or more intense friction. We are assured by the superintendent of one of our greatest railway systems that no such difference is observed. Mr. Ley says again 'that the surface of a water current will not be level, 'but that in the northern hemisphere the water will be 'higher on the right bank than on the left'—that is, that there must be a greater pressure on the right bank of a river than on the left; that the right bank will be more subject to erosion; that, in fact, every river, great or small, in the northern hemisphere has a tendency to eat its way towards the right. Has this tendency ever been observed? We have the historical and geological record of the Nile, of the Volga, the Lena, the Yenisei, the Danube, the Rhone, the Thames, the St. Lawrence, the Mississippi, and many others for thousands, and perhaps hundreds of thousands, of years. Have they been steadily wearing away their right banks—crawling to the right? Neither history, nor geography, nor geology, tells any such tale. We refuse, therefore, to accept the mathematical demonstration as having any bearing on the meteorological problem, or as anything more than a mathematical exercise. The deflecting force which is mathematically proved to exist is absorbed in other work, probably molecular, which Ferrel neglected to examine.

Another hypothesis, to which many incline who feel the force of these objections to this, is that cyclones are formed in the great atmospheric currents like whirls in a mill race; and, more definitely, that the cyclones of the North Atlantic which reach our shores are formed off the banks of Newfoundland, where the cold wind from the north drives into the warm moist wind from the south-west, overlying the Gulf Stream. That such a clashing of currents will form a series of whirls is open to observation wherever one stream discharges itself into another; and that they will turn in the direction in which this other stream is going. It is equally open to observation that in such whirls there is a deep hole in the centre, and that the water is heaped up round the outer circumference. So, also, if a whirl is caused mechanically, as by means of a teaspoon in a teacup; when,

if the cup is nearly full, it is no difficult matter to make the tea heap itself over the edge of the cup into the saucer.

The motion in its several details may be experimentally shown in a glass cylinder partly filled with water in which are particles of a slightly greater specific weight. A cylindrical tumbler, with a little grated nutmeg, will do very well. When this water is stirred briskly, and sinks in the middle to heap itself up at the outside, we can follow the motion of the particles, and see that in the centre they go up; at the sides of the glass they go down; at the bottom they seek the centre; at the top they fly from it. As the motion stops, the particles, settling to the bottom, will be seen to range themselves in a sharp-pointed conical heap in the centre. And thus, when a whirl is formed by an intrusion of a cold stream of air from Arctic seas into the warm moist air of the Gulf Stream, an immediate condensation must take place; this whirl gives rise to an ascending current in the centre, which increases the condensation and all the effect thereof, as described by Mr. Ley and other supporters of the former hypothesis. It may thus be possible that the cyclones are due primarily to the clashing of two currents, and secondarily to the profuse condensation and precipitation so occasioned; each cause assisting and intensifying the effect of the other. We can, at any rate, see that several, if not all, of the concomitants of a cyclone could be produced in this manner: the low barometer, the ascending current, the heavy rain in the centre, and the high barometer outside, more noticeable in front, where the air is heaped up by the advancing meteor in a manner that may be compared to the bow-wave in front of one of our older ironclads. We say that this may possibly be; we certainly do not say that it is so: satisfactory proof is wanting. During the winter, at any rate, cold northerly winds have a continual tendency to clash with the warm westerly winds; yet cyclones, though very frequent, are only occasional. If they are caused as has been suggested, it is not easy to understand why they are not much more frequent than they are; why they differ so enormously in their intensity, or why observation shows nothing to enable us to forecast their occurrence. As these questions cannot be answered, it is probable—perhaps we should say it is certain—that there are other agencies at work of which as yet we are ignorant.

But it is not only of the determining causes of cyclones that we are ignorant. We have no real knowledge of any

one fact connected with them. Our normal winter weather is dependent on a cyclonic wind-system round an area of low barometer, stationary in the neighbourhood of Iceland; but we do not know what causes this low barometer in that particular locality. The wind-system of the North Atlantic corresponds to that of an anti-cyclone round an area of high pressure near the Azores; but we do not know what causes this high barometer in that particular locality. No doubt writers on physical geography or physiography glibly expound the phenomenon, and convince many of their readers; it may be questioned whether they really convince themselves. No physiographer or meteorologist has yet offered any satisfactory explanation of the formation or the persistence of an anti-cyclone, such as, with its easterly winds and intense cold, brought a Canadian climate, without Canadian resources, to this country during last February; or such as gave us the long drought and heat in the summer of 1893.

A direction in which many minds have searched, not perhaps so much for a cause as for an indication, is in a cycle of recurring years. Nineteen years, the lunar cycle; twenty-eight years, the solar cycle; and other periods, have been suggested and examined, but absolutely without result. Years of sun-spot intensity, the conjunction, opposition, or quadrature of planets—more particularly of Venus, Mars, and Jupiter—have been considered, but in vain; and it is almost needless to say that the phases of the moon, her crossing the equator, her turning from extreme north or extreme south declination, have furnished grounds for much futile speculation. The established opinion amongst meteorologists at the present day is that English weather has no cycle, and has no appointed relation to the position of the moon or of any of the planets. As to the sun-spot intensity, they would probably speak more doubtfully; but if there is any relation it has not yet been discovered. Mr. Abercromby believes that he detects ‘signs of some real ‘relation between the extent of spots on the sun’s surface ‘and the rainfall curve at Rothsay,’ but thinks that any attempt to forecast rainfall by means of the sun-spot curve would be most unsatisfactory. That changes of weather are in some way dependent on magnetism is possible: magnetism and its sister, electricity, have still many secrets which future ages may reveal. The perfect uniformity of the direction of the whirl in north and south latitudes respectively may, for aught we know to the contrary, be

guided by magnetical influences, but, for aught we know to the contrary, it may be entirely independent of them; at present we only know that no relation has been traced between aerial and magnetic storms.

For anything further we are still groping in the dark; our knowledge is limited to the few hours over which our telegraphic vision can extend; our deductions are, for the most part, empirical: not entirely so, however, and no writers of the present day have done more to raise them beyond pure empiricism than Mr. Abercromby and Mr. Ley. That certain cloud or sky effects indicate coming weather is familiarly known, and has been familiarly acted on for thousands of years. Hunters, shepherds, and field labourers have always been known as capable exponents of weather signs, without, however, any understanding of the meaning of them. This meaning Mr. Abercromby has expressed in a singularly interesting manner, and Mr. Ley has done much towards establishing the interpretation of clouds on a scientific basis. Mr. Ley has been known for many years as a careful observer of the phenomena of clouds as a key to the weather of the immediate future. His opportunities have been those of a rector of a country parish, not greater than of many other dwellers in the country, and it would be an exaggeration to say that he has attained a closer knowledge than many of his humble forerunners; the difference is that alone among them, in this country, he has not only learned the message which the clouds tell as to the proximate weather—tell, as he puts it, whether to take an umbrella or a stick when starting for an afternoon walk—but has also learned the significance of the message: why, in fact, clouds of different appearances or behaviour forebode different types of weather. In this lies the exceptional charm of Mr. Ley's book. As an exponent of the meaning of clouds, it will well repay a careful and repeated study, carried out not only in the closet, but in the open country, on the road or field, moor or mountain, on land or sea: it not only tells what the clouds indicate, but shows in a manner generally convincing why they indicate it.

It is very easy to understand what clouds are; they are things which we all have seen and know. 'Aggregates of particles floating in the air, generally, but not necessarily, particles of water or ice,' is Mr. Ley's definition; it seems to require the limitation 'floating in the air at some considerable distance above us,' for no meteorologist wants to give the name 'cloud' to the volume of black smoke emerging

from a factory chimney, or to the steam blowing off from a passing locomotive, and still less to a bank of fog or mist. We admit, of course, that fog or mist has a close analogy to cloud; but we do not think it correct, except under special circumstances, to say that 'a fog is a cloud viewed from within, and a cloud is a fog viewed from without.' We conceive a fog to be an aggregate of particles of water formed in the air by actual contact with, or the immediate proximity of, colder earth or sea. These water-particles may be more frequent and the fog more dense by reason of the presence in the air of a vast number of material particles, products of imperfect combustion, such as is not uncommon in London or other large towns. A cloud resting on a mountain side is a fog for any one in it; and so far as it is caused by the chilling effect of the earth in actual or proximate contact, it is really a fog; but when, as is more frequently the case, it is due to the upward movement of a lower stratum of air pressed horizontally against the slope of the mountain, it is a cloud.

The necessity of strict definition may, however, in this instance be waived. Clouds are things of which we all have familiar cognisance, though we do not all understand either how they are formed or what they signify. So far as meteorology is concerned, all clouds may be said to be caused by the partial condensation of the aqueous vapour in the air. All air, it must be remembered, contains some aqueous vapour, more or less according to its temperature and the locality; air resting over a warm sea contains more than air resting over a cold sea or over the land; and if air which contains as much, or nearly as much, vapour as it can carry is subjected in any way to chilling, the immediate result is the condensation of some of the vapour into visible cloud or rain. Now warm moist air may be chilled in various ways. It may pass over cold water, as it very commonly does near the banks of Newfoundland, when it immediately forms fog; or it may be forced upwards, when it is chilled by expansion. Thanks to the labours of Joule, of Helmholtz, and of Tyndall, the way in which any body is chilled by expansion is now generally understood; and a mass of air, as it moves upwards and is relieved from part of the pressure of the superincumbent air, expands, and is therefore chilled; some of its vapour is condensed and becomes cloud or rain; but the condensation gives off the heat of evaporation, which it is often convenient to speak of by its old name of 'latent heat,' and some of the cloud again becomes vapour.

One striking instance of this condensation of vapour and the consequent manifestation of heat is the Föhn of mountain countries. The name originally belonged to a peculiar hot dry wind occasionally experienced in the valleys of the north-eastern cantons of Switzerland, but has been applied by meteorologists to similar winds in different parts of the earth: in the Arctic, in New Zealand, in Norway, and in North America. The heat and dryness of the 'snow-eater,' as it was sometimes called in Switzerland, were so remarkable that, in the infancy of meteorology, it was assumed to be an outburst of hot air from the Sahara, a northerly prolongation of the dreaded Scirocco. Careful observation, however, has shown that, so far from being an extension of the Scirocco, it is an extension of the warm south-west wind from the Atlantic, and that the heat which eats up the snow in the north-east of Switzerland is the heat, not of the Sahara, but of the Gulf Stream. When such a current of warm moist air strikes on the westerly and south-westerly faces of the Swiss mountains, it is forced upwards, as on an inclined plane, and being chilled by the consequent expansion, throws down its moisture, often in devastating floods. But by this condensation of vapour, the air is again warmed, so that it passes over the mountain tops deprived of its moisture and having a temperature very much higher than that due to the elevation; so that when, under certain conditions, it is forced down into the valleys on the other side, and is heated by the compression, it has a temperature far exceeding that which it had as it first struck on the western face of the mountains. And not only is this wind exceedingly hot, but it is very dry. Its vapour having been taken from it at the low temperature of the mountain tops, the want of moisture at the high temperature which it brings into the valleys is excessive; the Föhn thus greedily seizes on any moisture that comes in its way, and blowing over snow-fields, although so hot, does not so much melt the snow as evaporate it.

In winds of this character we have clear illustrations of the condensation by elevation, and the warming by condensation, such as, in the free air, are continually going on under varying conditions. The impact on the land, as a mass of air comes in from the sea, is one great cause of an upward motion; mountains, of course, are an extreme cause; but every inequality in the earth's surface, every house, tree, or hedgerow on shore, every wave at sea, produces a similar effect in different degrees. Air mixed with vapour is, bulk for bulk, lighter than dry air of the same temperature and

elastic force, and may thus frequently have a tendency to rise on very slight suggestion. There are thus causes continually at work to force upwards very considerable masses of air, sometimes dry, more commonly moist, which, as they ascend, by expanding and cooling, either part with their own vapour, or condense and render sensible the vapour of the strata of air through which they pass.

Mr. Ley conceives such an upward current passing through successive layers of air already saturated with moisture at their respective temperatures. The current, by its rapid expansion, is cooled considerably below the temperature due to the height above the earth's surface, and thus, by contact, cools the strata through which it is passing, and condenses their vapour. The heat so given out expands a portion of the adjacent air, which joins itself to the ascending current, enlarging its volume, while the vapour, rendered visible, spreads out in the lowest layers in which this condensation began, and forms a bank of cloud, heaped up on a level base. Such a cloud is what Mr. Ley calls 'a cloud of inversion,' and in its simplest form is commonly known as *cumulus*—'a heap-cloud,' or 'wool-pack.' Mr. Ley points out that a low temperature is unfavourable to a great upward extension of a warm current of air; a high temperature is favourable; and thus, that *cumulus* is a cloud of day rather than of night, and especially of the afternoon, towards the hottest part of the day. It does not portend unsettled weather; it is not the precursor of any kind of storm; and, though frequently spoken of as a 'thunder-cloud,' 'this fact is merely due to the inadequacy of the study bestowed on the cloud.'

On the other hand, when *cumulus*, formed rather in the ascending column than in the strata through which it passes, takes the shape of a pillar of cloud, it may give important indications of coming weather. As a general rule, the upper strata of air travel faster—much faster—than the lower; and, if the air through which the ascending column passes is all moving in the same direction, the pillar of cloud, as it forms, leans forward, because its upper part is moving faster than the lower. But if the upper strata are not moving in the same direction as the lower, then the pillar of cloud leans to one side or the other, or, possibly, even backwards.

'If, to take a special instance, we notice the heads of these clouds to be moving from a southerly point in Europe, while the general under-current is from the east, we at once know that a more southerly wind

prevails at no very great altitude. Thus, in fine weather in April or May, in England, when this is the case, we can, with some safety, hazard the conclusion that a cyclonic disturbance, having a southerly wind on its advancing margin, is progressing eastwards over the western coasts of the British Isles. Such a disturbance, often preceded by fine weather, is itself accompanied by unsettled weather, and, after a long spell of fine weather, may be the precursor of many areas of unsettled weather.'

When *cumulus* is forming, the ascending current gradually loses its upward motion, and becomes colder and denser than the air through which it has passed; air from it flows outwards and downwards, condensing the adjacent vapour which falls down the sides of the heap and is again vapourised. But if the column reaches such a height that the vapour, instead of turning into particles of water, turns into particles of ice, the increase of temperature by the latent heat given off tends to carry the column to a still greater height. If, then, the air surrounding the summit of the cloud is so cold that these ice particles are not re-vapourised, the cloud becomes *cumulo-nimbus*, which is 'the 'true shower-cloud,' and gives forth lightning and thunder, with precipitation of ice, either as hail or melted into rain.

'Cumulo-nimbus,' says Mr. Ley, 'generally exhibits to the spectator appearances that are very beautiful and very grand, and to some spectators, in its accidental postures, phenomena more or less terrible. Massive dimensions impress us; brilliant colour-contrasts please us; it is agreeable to any lover of nature to watch for and to calculate beforehand the first disruptive electrical discharge. . . . It is important to the agriculturist and to the navigator to know the probabilities of the violent rain or hail, and of the direction and force of the squall. . . . Stillness before storm, broken now and then by the cry of the green woodpecker, leaflets at rest before a rude carousal, a glassy sea very near the edge of dark and gust-tossed waves, these and many another memory affect the writer while he writes.'

Such indications, however, are sometimes at fault. We have before us notes of such a cloud seen simultaneously at places fifteen miles apart, one July afternoon—a cloud of deep copper-colour, overspreading the sky, in form as of a giant or the destroying angel. The ghostly stillness, the shadowy light seemed to portend some terrific outburst; but nothing came of it. The portentous appearances faded away; the evening was calm and soft, and the next day was fine. It was a season of great drought and heat, which did not break up till some weeks later.

To an important and interesting class of clouds Mr. Ley gives the name 'clouds of interfret,' which he explains:—

'If two horizontal or nearly horizontal currents, differing in velocity, in direction, or in both velocity and direction, move, the one over the other, the particles of air will intermingle to a certain extent at the surface of contact, and whirls, ripples, and waves will be produced, whose size and shape depend on the respective velocities and directions of these currents. Now, if the upper current be colder than the lower, as will usually be the case, and if the lower current contain water-vapour near its maximum tension, it is evident that condensation will very likely take place over the crests of these waves; for these portions of the lower current are pushed far up into the colder upper current and thus have their temperature reduced. To this process we give the title "Interfret."'

These clouds are of various types, including, in a general way, clouds which form lines or belts approximately parallel to each other, or speckled patches producing what is familiarly known as a 'mackerel sky.' The varieties of cirrus are all of this class, and are of very great importance as weather-prognostics. Cirrus forms at a very great height—from twenty-five to thirty or even forty thousand feet above sea level—and consists of ice particles or *spiculæ*, which, by the law of ice crystallisation, tend to range themselves end to end—as may often be seen in the ice-flowers on a window in time of frost—as though forming threads; so that cirrus closely examined has more or less the appearance of a wisp of hair. When the cloud is formed in strata moving with different velocities, the upper part, as in the pillar-like cumulus, streams out in front; and when this streaming out is very marked, Mr. Ley distinguishes the cloud as *cirro-filum*, or gossamer cloud. The distinction—though it has not as yet been generally adopted by meteorologists—is a happy one, for there is no question that *cirro-filum* differs from the quieter cirrus both in appearance and in its indications. Simple cirrus which has very little slant may usually be taken as indicating distant local showers, and, in these latitudes, as the relics of distant thunderstorms. But when the streaming forward of the wisps of hair or thread becomes very marked, the great difference in the velocities of the several strata, so pointed out, is indicative of unsettled conditions which may not unfrequently herald the approach of bad weather. 'The more rapid its movement, the more unfavourable the prognosis,' especially if the movement is from the north-west. 'When it occurs with, or just after, an increase of barometric

'pressure, it is an indication of a sudden decrease of the 'same, with rain and wind;' and so Shelley, in his 'Ode to 'the West Wind,' has described it as 'the locks of the approaching storm.'

'—spread

On the blue surface of thine airy surge,
Like the bright hair uplifted from the head
Of some fierce Mænad, even from the dim verge
Of the horizon to the zenith's height.'

It is the cloud known to seamen, in less poetic language, as 'goats' hair' or 'mares' tails.' Another cirro-form cloud, which Mr. Ley calls *cirro-velum*, the veil cloud, but which is more commonly spoken of as *cirro-stratus*, marks differences not only of the velocity but of the directions of the air-currents at a great height.

'It appears to consist of numerous interlacing threads of *cirro-filum*, which are so closely matted together as to form an almost uniform sheet. This sheet may be either so finely woven and so thin as to form an almost invisible veil of cloud, or may be comparatively thick, and form a dense canopy covering a large area.'

In reality the threads are not interlaced, but cross each other's lines at different levels. Such a cloud coming in from the west is, in this country, a sure prognostic of bad weather following at a short interval of time; or, as the nautical adage has it :—

'If clouds look as if scratched by a hen,
Stand by to reef your topsails then.'

'In some rather rare instances,' says Mr. Ley, 'the sheet of *cirro-velum* is so thin and so evenly distributed that the particles do not seem to exist in any particular formation, and the whole sheet presents a faint milky appearance in the sky, which may be only just discernible. This very fine and thin sheet is not common in the British Isles. It nearly always indicates the worst type of weather, for the very existence of a great shallow layer of ice-dust with no structural arrangement shows that the currents which carry it are too rapid and too variable to admit of such.'

Such a cloud produces halos round the sun or moon, or gives them that pallid appearance which experience has denominated 'watery;' and thus Longfellow describes his old sailor as foretelling a hurricane, because

'Last night the moon had a golden ring,
And to night no moon we see.'

The meaning of these indications is that *cirro-filum* and *cirro-velum* are formed in front of a cyclone, by the air

which, in the upper regions of the atmosphere, overflows, or is thrown out from the centre. The *cirro-filum* extends to the region of the high barometer, which—as already mentioned—precedes the cycloné; the *cirro-velum* belongs to the greater disturbance where the barometer has begun to fall, and is closely followed by the *nimbus*, the black rain-cloud, and the violent wind. As the cyclone passes, strips and patches of cirrus are seen, hopeful signs of clearing weather.

It must, of course, be understood that in these latitudes, as everywhere else, bad weather is always a concomitant of a cyclonic disturbance; but changes of weather may accompany other systems of isobars. Of these, the most important is the ‘wedge’ of high pressure which forms in the space between two cyclones, one following the other at a little distance. Hence the point of the wedge is usually towards the north. The front of it is really the rear of the leading cyclone, and is marked by fine, clear weather, with north-westerly winds; a hot sun by day, by night calm radiation; in summer, heavy dew; in winter, white frost. As the wedge advances, the barometer rises, to fall again as the wind changes to south-west, and *cirro-filum* ushers in *cirro-velum*, marking the near approach of the second cyclone. Hence the usually short duration of a white frost. ‘A white frost,’ says the popular adage, ‘never lasts more than three days;’ or, again, ‘frost suddenly following heavy rain seldom lasts long.’

Visibility of distant objects is another concomitant of the eastern side of such a wedge, and has thus come—in this country—to be considered an indication of bad weather. ‘The old moon in the new moon’s arms’ is a mark of this visibility, and a prognostic of the advancing cyclone, as the old ballad-monger properly expressed it:—

‘I saw the new moon, late yestreen,
Wi’ the auld moon in her arm;
And, if we gang to sea, master,
I fear we’ll come to harm.’

But the portent is special to these latitudes; further south—at Malta, for instance—the phenomenon is seen regularly every month through long spells of fine weather.

Much of our proverbial weather wisdom—we might almost say all of it that has any value—can similarly be referred to the cyclone, anti-cyclone, or wedge. A rainbow, for instance, can only be seen when rain is falling opposite to

a bright sun. Hence in the morning it must be in the west, and tells of rain to the westward which will probably reach the observer before long; in the evening, it tells of rain in the east, and a clearing sky in the west—of the cyclone passing and the fine weather in its rear coming on. A great many of the popular indications really tell only of moisture in the air: they are natural hygroscopes; such as a piece of dry seaweed, which becomes damp; a piece of catgut, which contracts and pulls the figure of a woman back into her cottage; drains and ditches, which smell offensively; soot, which falls down the chimney; corns and old wounds, which become painful, and many such like. They indicate moisture, which is generally, but not always, followed by the *nimbus* of a cyclonic system. It is possible for the air to be very damp without an approaching cyclone, a condition which an isobaric chart reveals to the meteorologist, but which our forefathers were unable to verify; it is still more possible for a cyclone, after it has come sufficiently near to betray its approach, to fill up and die out, or to turn off in some other direction. It is this uncertainty of the path of a cyclone which so often invalidates not only the popular prognostics but the forecasts of a trained observer. Mention has already been made of some of the irregularities to which the track of a cyclone is liable under the influence of an area of high pressure to the eastward. After the event, it is commonly not difficult to understand what has happened; but beforehand it is not easy to forecast it, and many cases occur in which a correct forecast is, at present, impossible. According to Mr. Abercromby,

‘When a cyclone takes an unusual path, the general character of the weather will remain bad, but the direction of the wind and the details in different districts will be wrongly forecast. . . . Sometimes the path will describe a complete circle of no very great diameter; but the commonest case in western Europe is when the path of a cyclone takes the form of the letter V. For instance, a cyclone comes in from the Atlantic from about due west, and after it has gone as far as England, it moves back again in a north-westerly direction, as it has not been able to pass the area of high pressure which would then be lying over northern and central Europe. In another common case, the cyclone comes down from the north-west on to England, and then passes off in a north-easterly direction, towards Norway. . . . But the tracking of well-defined depressions forms but a small portion of the forecaster’s business. On the larger number of days he has to estimate how or where cyclones will form in an ill-defined area of low pressure, or how far an area of low pressure will encroach on another region of high barometer. In this he must rely on his own opinion

and experience alone; that must be fallible sometimes, but better results are obtained by trusting to personal skill than by attempting to use any mechanical rules or maxims.'

A frequent cause of error is the sudden and unexpected formation of a small cyclone, or, as it is properly called, a secondary, in the southern rim of the primary, by which the whole forecast is upset, and the weather is necessarily much worse than was anticipated.

'Secondaries and non-isobaric rains,' says Mr. Abercromby, 'are the forecaster's bugbear: they form so quickly, show so little on a synoptic chart, and move so irregularly, that rain, in general terms, is all that the forecaster can usually say. . . . Sometimes, too, secondaries are so small that they do not show at all on a synoptic chart, which is constructed on reports received from stations often a hundred and fifty or two hundred miles apart. The whole loop of a secondary need not be nearly so large, and then a depression of that class might lie between two stations, and yet be indicated at neither. The weather, however, would be profoundly modified, and the forecasts would probably be erroneous. There is also the important difference between wind and rain, that the former is always in the main determined by the steepness of the gradients, while the amount of precipitation bears no relation to any known meteorological element.'

Mr. Abercromby rightly dwells on the peculiar difficulty of forecasting in this country. Being on the advanced outpost of Europe towards the west, we have no knowledge of what is coming in from the sea till its actual indications arrive; we have no knowledge of the probable track till our own observation has revealed it. In Germany, on the other hand, the forecaster has the benefit of our previous experience. It is not often that a storm can reach the German coast without having been reported from this country. But it is not only that our geographical position is unfavourable; our meteorological position is still more so. When, as is frequently the case, a large anti-cyclone lies over the Scandinavian peninsula, the North Atlantic is an area of low pressure and bad weather; when this is reversed, the anti-cyclone forms over the ocean, the low pressure and bad weather over Sweden and Norway. In either case, Great Britain is the debateable ground between the two systems; on it their struggle for the mastery is fought out—and, as on other battlefields, the inhabitants suffer the inconvenience.

This does not seem very hopeful. It is more so to find that, with all disadvantages, about eighty out of a hundred of the forecasts daily issued by the Meteorological Office in

London are wholly or partially correct. For the year ending March 31, 1894, the percentage of success, complete or partial, was 84, and for the south-eastern district, including London, was as high as 89, while for this same south-eastern district the percentage of complete success was 65, and for the whole of the British Isles was 59, or 10 greater than the average of the previous ten years. Such a statement is, perhaps, not in accordance with the popular idea. This is because the partial failures are, for the reasons already given, generally as to the rain, about which the ordinary citizen is the more inquisitive. About the wind he cares comparatively little; and if he has got drenched by an unforetold shower, he writes to the 'Times' to say that the forecasts are worthless, and the money voted for the Meteorological Office is thrown away. To the fisherman or the small coaster, to whom a wetting more or less is a thing of little consequence, but whose property and life may depend on a correct forecast of the wind, the work of the office, imperfect as it admittedly is, is a priceless boon. There is probably no one in all England more conscious of the shortcomings of the forecasts than the Secretary of the Meteorological Office, under whose name they are issued; but it is because, better than any one else, he knows where, and how, and why they fail, often without a gleam of hope that he may be able to avoid similar errors in future. In the United States, where storms, forming near the Rocky Mountains, traverse a country thickly studded with telegraph stations, it is not surprising to learn that about 90 per cent. of the forecasts issued from the Bureau in Washington are more or less correct. In Canada the percentage is about the same. At Hamburg it is about 85. Mr. Abercromby believes that, with more experience, better results will be obtained, but that the work will be carried on on the same lines as at present; he sees no probability of any radically different method being discovered. .

'Forecasting,' he says, 'depends neither on any theory nor on any calculation. The whole science, from beginning to end, rests solely on observation. The shapes of isobars, and the relation of wind and weather to them are matters of experience only. We find that certain kinds of weather are associated with different portions of each fundamental form of isobars, and we classify accordingly. We give each shape of isobars a conventional name, but that does not bind us to any theory of atmospheric circulation. . . . It is impossible to suppose that we have yet nearly reached the highest perfection of which forecasting is capable; but still we know enough of the nature of the

subject to say with certainty that calculation will never enter much into the science of weather prevision.'

There are very few who are more capable than Mr. Abercromby of forming an opinion on this point, and we do not know that those few would differ from him. It is certain that, at the present time, no possible method of calculating weather in advance has appeared. But, considering what we have learned during the past thirty years, we find it difficult to pledge ourselves to a belief that results still more important are not waiting for the arrival of the man and the hour. 'Never' is a word which, on second thoughts, Mr. Abercromby may probably wish to modify.

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